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ENCIRCLING THE GLOBE

BY

W. W. WHEELER



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ENCIRCLING THE GLOBE

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A Trip Around The World

==== Calling at =====

HONOLULU

JAPAN

CHINA

PHILIPPINES

BORNEO

JAVA

SINGAPORE

BURMA

INDIA

EGYPT

EUROPE

TO MY WIFE
WHO WAS MY CONSTANT COMPANION
AND ENJOYED THIS TRIP WITH ME,
THIS LITTLE BOOK
IS AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED BY
THE AUTHOR

Preface

Many of my friends who have read my booklets, "Three Months in Foreign Lands," and a "Glimpse of the Pacific Isles," have urged me to print my notes and photographs taken on my trip around the world, and for the benefit and pleasure of those friends who do not have time and opportunity to make this trip I am publishing these notes.

As I found a great demand for my former books, I am encouraged to publish this, which I trust may add to your pleasure.

The following pages contain a very brief account of some of our travels. Many times a picture gives a better idea of the subject than words. Therefore, I have illustrated with half tone engravings, made from snap shot photographs, and a few from pictures selected in the various countries visited.

I beg you to overlook the lack of literary style and many other defects, as I am not a professional writer, and come with me, we will make the cruise together without expense of time or money.

Before making this trip I had read of these countries and peoples on the other side of our globe, but really had not much idea of what they actually were, and how they lived. In fact, but few of our people who have been born and reared in our own fair land, where every man who has health, and energy, may earn for himself and family food and clothing and even some of the luxuries of life, can imagine the condition of millions of humanity who do not have enough to eat.

After reading this booklet, if you like it, write me, and tell me so. If otherwise do not mention it.

Yours sincerely,

W. W. WHEELER.

ENCIRCLING THE GLOBE

We sailed from San Francisco Saturday afternoon, February 5, 1910, on the steamship Cleveland, bound for an All-Around-the-World Cruise.

The weather was fair and the sea calm, as we sailed out of the Golden Gate, pointing the bow of our good ship toward the setting sun, Westward, ever Westward we sailed.

The crew of the vessel numbered four hundred and sixty (460), and the passengers, seven hundred and fifty (750), making a total of twelve hundred and ten (1210) people aboard, as much as the population of a good sized county seat town.

After reading our many good-bye letters and telegrams from friends, we were ready for our first dinner on the steamer which was attended by nearly every passenger, all feeling happy to have so fine a send off. Sunday morning when we awakened, the weather was pleasant and clear, but a heavy swell was on, which caused much motion to our big ship.

My wife is never sea-sick and I very seldom, so that it caused us no inconvenience, still about half of our passengers were in their berths sea-sick, and many others should have been there, if one could judge by the woe-be-gone expression on their faces. A man who sat opposite me at the table said, he "was only forcing himself to eat a little, but that he was not sea-sick; he was not fond of sailing, and did not think he would ever go on another voyage." An old lady said, "this is my first voyage, and if the good Lord will land



HARBOR, HONOLULU. DIAMOND HEAD IN DISTANCE.

me safely at home, I will never travel again; I am not seasick but I do not enjoy sailing." Such expressions were common, but after two days we left the sea swells behind and gradually all recovered and were hopeful, some of them even joyful over the "beautiful voyage we are having." Then they said "I never was seasick, only felt a little uncomfortable when the ship was pitching. I am a good sailor and love the sea."

After one week of fine sailing, we arrived at Honolulu, "The Gem of the Pacific," as many call it. Rain had been falling for some time before we arrived, but the clouds cleared up promptly for us, and we spent two of the most delightful days on this beautiful island.

Lying in the Tropics, eighteen degrees north of the Equator, it has a profusion of trees, fruits, and flowers, which grow in the warm climates. They gave us green corn on the cob (and it was extra good); they have it all the year around. Sugar cane can be planted at any time of the year, and in that way be made to mature at any time of the year, making it very convenient for the planters, who can thus work all the year, cutting and grinding cane, making it very economical to handle the crop. Sugar is the only crop of any importance here, and it is probably the best sugar producing country of its acres in the world. For the past ten years the sugar planters have harvested *eleven tons of sugar cane per acre annually*. It sounds so large that I almost hesitate to write it, as many may doubt its truth. Great fortunes have been made here in sugar growing.

The cane is usually planted new, once in five years, but there is one variety which is planted only once in twelve years. It requires eighteen months to mature after planting, and after that it is cut once every twelve months. The ground where sugar cane is grown is all irrigated, and the part which



PICKING COCOANUTS—HONOLULU.

we saw on Oahu Island is watered by pumping. Part of the year the rains are abundant, and part of the year the crop must be irrigated.

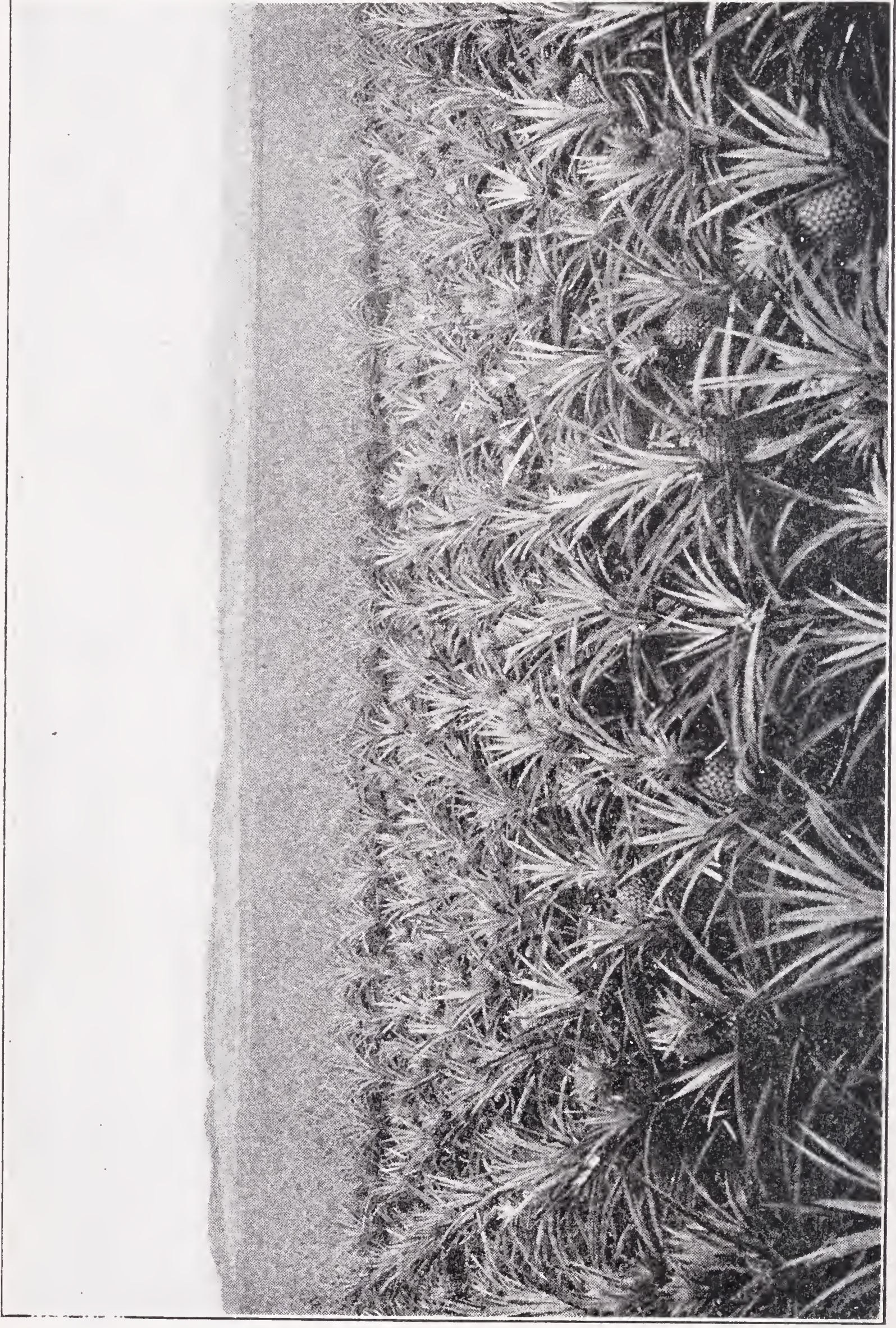
These lands have, some of them, been growing cane for many years, such are now treated to fertilizers each year, which costs \$40.00 per acre—all this with the pumping of water for irrigation is very expensive, but the extraordinary crops justify the expense, and still leave a great profit for the planter.

There is going to be trouble after a while to get labor enough to raise this sugar. At present the labor is all done by Japanese and Chinese Coolies, and Portugese, but our laws now prohibit the importation of Japanese and Chinese Coolies, and this class of labor will gradually become scarce, as those now in Hawaii go home or die off.

At present Hawaii produces one-third of the sugar consumed in the United States. It is the basis of all revenue in Hawaii.

On our arrival at Honolulu we immediately engaged an automobile and started on a general exploration expedition, leaving our bags at the Moana hotel, where we engaged rooms. We drove along the beach road to Diamond Head, which is the highest mountain lying close to the shore. It is about five hundred feet high, looking somewhat like the Rock of Gibraltar. There is a fine paved road, one hundred feet wide, running out to this point, five miles from the city.

From there we drove all the way around the mountain. On the land side of Diamond Head our government is now building a large fort, to be supplied with heavy long range guns, which will be able to sweep the whole bay. The government is also establishing a regular Military Post here, with fine houses for officers and barracks for the soldiers. This is



PINEAPPLE PLANTATION—HAWAIIAN ISLANDS.

in addition to the other Military Post already established on the other side of the city.

Continuing our drive, we went out to Pali, about seven miles from the sea through one of the most beautiful valleys. This valley is about a mile wide, adjacent to the city, and gradually narrows as we climb, so that at the upper end it is only about six hundred feet wide, between two mountain peaks, and ends abruptly in a precipice 1500 feet high, and almost perpendicular.

From this elevation the view is magnificent. The valleys with sugar plantations, and all kinds of tropical vegetation. There is a copper tablet set into the side of the mountain wall at this point, reciting the fact that this is the scene of the last battle of conquest waged by the famous "Kame-ha-meha the Great" in 1795. During this bloody battle, when the Oahu army had been defeated, and disorganized, it became a fleeing mob, and was forced bodily (numbering over three thousand men) over this precipice to an awful death on the rocks fifteen hundred feet below.

Our hotel, the Moana, is situated on the Waukiki Beach, where the surf runs in long breakers for half a mile on the sandy beach. It is the Coney Island of Honolulu.

As we were there Saturday afternoon, it was a great sight to see many people out surf bathing, and swimming, also there were contests in *surf riding*, which were very interesting. The surf rider swims out to the breakers on a board eight feet long and one and one-half feet wide; placing his board in front of an incoming breaker, he is carried towards the shore on the crest of the wave as fast as a horse can run. The natives are very expert in this sport, and when they get their board running on the top of the breakers, they stand erect on it, and we saw one stand on his head. Also, they ride these breakers with their narrow canoes with out-



FOLIAGE SCENE ON DAMON PLANTATION—HONOLULU.

rigger to keep them from rolling over. In these narrow boats two men, and sometimes four will ride the surf.

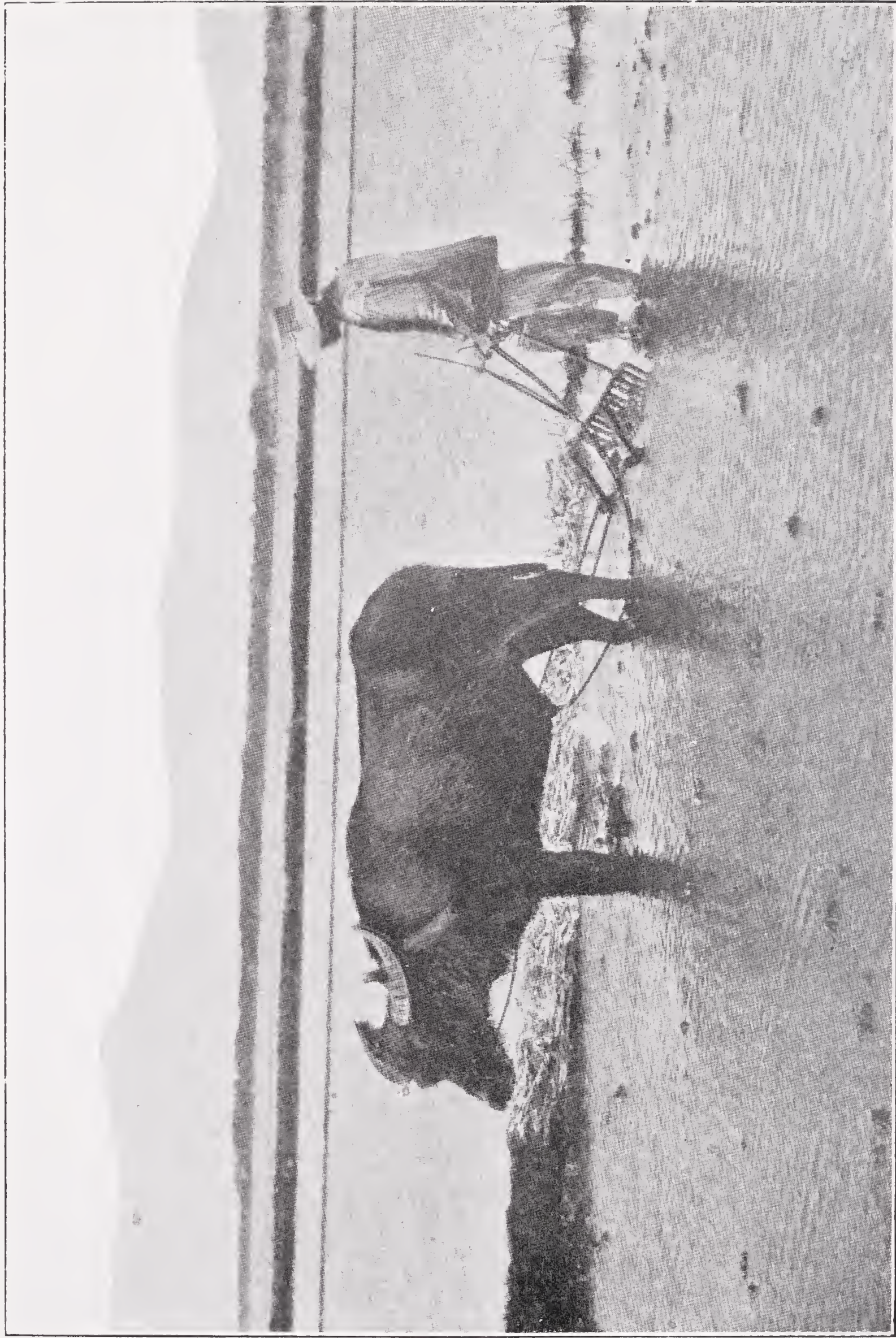
They also had races with three crews of six men each in these out-rigger canoes, each man working a paddle about as big as a snow shovel. These boats being only about two feet wide were made to fairly shoot through the water. An out-rigger canoe has a board fastened across it near the bow, and another near the stern, about ten or twelve feet long, and have a wooden buoy at each end, which effectually prevents their turning over. We were anxious to get a snap shot photo of these surf-riders and boats but the breakers were so far from the shore that we did not have an opportunity.

The water on this beach is 78 degrees the whole year round. The beach slopes so gradually that it is half a mile out before the water is over a man's head. A great many of our passengers went swimming.

The next morning was as delightful as any we have in June—the mountains on one side, and the sea on the other, with the air as balmy and smooth as the “inside of a pussy cat's ear.”

Taking an automobile again we were off for more sight seeing. This time we drove to the east of the city, passing Oahu College and grounds. This is a very large institution, having one building for boys and another for girls, with spacious grounds occupied by academic school buildings and dormitories. The grounds cover many acres, laid out by a landscape gardener. The school was a donation by a wealthy sugar planter's widow. All pupils who are educated here must be native Hawaiians, or have some native Hawaiian blood. There is room for one thousand pupils in these school buildings, and they are well patronized.

After this we drove out to the property owned by Mr.



PLOWING FOR RICE—HAWAIIAN ISLANDS.

Damon, which lies adjoining Honolulu, and extends several miles over the hills and valleys.

Mr. Damon loaned \$45,000 to Queen Lil many years ago, to repay this she gave him this beautiful tract of land; being a public spirited citizen and wealthy, he spends much money every year in beautifying the extensive grounds, keeping fifty landscape gardeners and assistants continually making improvements. Mr. Damon has built a Golf Club house here, and laid out a splendid golf course, also Polo grounds, and a saddle horse road, all of which is free to the public.

Through these extensive grounds runs a charming little brook with many beautiful water falls, and a finely graded macadamized road winding around the valley and over the hills, curving and turning this way and that. At one place we saw a beautiful lake half a mile long, and at the highest point we have a delightful view of the Pearl Valley, in which are located Mr. Damon's sugar plantation and sugar refinery, also *Pearl Harbor* where our government is now building the largest dry dock in this part of the world. This is a great harbor, and will be devoted exclusively to the use of our navy. It lies eight or ten miles from Honolulu, and is entered by a very narrow channel, still there is room enough for all war ships, and it has deep water in nearly all parts.

This island is traversed in every direction with the best graded and macadamized roads. It is the most delightful place for automobile driving, and there are over 500 registered automobiles in a city of only forty thousand population, and more than half of them are public conveyances for hire.

We only had two days in Honolulu, but the weather was perfect, and we made good use of each hour of our stay, and left with reluctance. We would have been glad to remain a week, and in our minds are promising ourselves that sometime



MOANA HOTEL—HONOLULU.

we will return and make a good long visit to this beautiful place, rightly called the "Gem of the Pacific."

We arrived in Yokohama, Japan, after twelve days uneventful sailing, and all were glad to be ashore again for a few days.

This is the winter season in Japan, February being the coldest month, and while the temperature gets only a few degrees below freezing, it is a damp cold, and with a chilly wind is as uncomfortable as our coldest winter weather.

This country does not look well in winter; there is as much difference between winter and summer, as in our own fair land, still there is something of interest every moment in Japan—every way one turns the sights are new and strange.

The Grand Hotel where we stopped is excellent, the cooking, European, in fact in every important city in Japan, we find good European or American hotels, and do not have to eat the Japanese cooking. For this we were very thankful, as it is not such food or cooking as appeals to the American palate. A missionary was once asked in conference, whether he asked the blessing at the table before partaking of the Japanese food; "Yes, said he, I am thankful to get it, and more thankful if I can keep it down."

The people here suffer much with cold, as most of them are in direst poverty, and have not sufficient clothing to protect them from the cold. Many have no shoes and use simply a hemp or wooden sandal to protect the bottom of their feet.

In their houses, which have frail thin walls with paper windows, they have no fire, only a brazier of charcoal, which keeps a very little fire for a long time, and they hover over it, trying to get a little warmth. Every Jap seemed to have a bad cold, and consumption is more prevalent here than in our country, still the babies come faster than the people die, so that the population is rapidly increasing.



LEMONADE STAND—YOKOHAMA.

The more we are with the Japanese the better we like them, as they are always extremely polite, bowing almost to the ground in salutation, and in hotels often anticipate our wants. They are always cheerful, and do their work laughing and talking. We saw no quarreling or fighting, nor any indication of intemperance and were told that intemperance is not as common here as in America.

They are alert and quick as traders and shop-keepers, and ask larger prices for their merchandise than they expect to receive. They use all the tricks that are known to any country to get a few sen from a customer. The only way to trade here is to be a judge of goods and materials, and use your own judgment in selecting, and in offering a price, otherwise one will often pay more for an article here than it would cost at home. A price named to a lady for silver spoons was *nine* yen; after long bargaining, she purchased them for *two* yen, and told her friend about her bargain. The friend went to buy some of the same spoons, and bought them for one and a half yen. I saw men's white silk shirts made of Japanese silk, offered at four yen each (or two dollars), while we import the Japanese silk, paying a heavy duty, and make the same shirt in our factory in St. Joseph, and sell them at one dollar and seventy-five cents, to two dollars. The Japs say their custom duties have advanced since the Russian war, and their prices on goods have advanced.

Five years ago a Mohammedan Prophet at the Mosque of Omar in Jerusalem blessed me, and gave me a pass to Paradise and only charged me a franc (20c); yesterday a Shinto priest performed the same service for me and charged a yen, his blessing was not worth a cent more than the Jerusalem blessing. This illustrates the rapid advance in prices here, more rapid than the advance in cotton goods in the American market.



SELLING FISH IN STREETS OF YOKOHAMA.

Yokohama is the greatest shipping port in Japan. Last year their exports and imports amounted to three hundred and fifty million yen. At present ordinary ships come along side docks to receive and discharge their cargoes, but new docks are now being built which will allow the largest ships to load and unload directly from the wharf, which is very uncommon in this part of the world. Also, many new warehouses are being built, some of them four stories high, makes them look quite European, and connected to the loading docks by railway tracks. All the streets and the wharves in that vicinity are being paved with granite or cement blocks, such improvements will greatly facilitate their large shipping business.

The city is only eighteen miles from Tokio, the capital and largest city in Japan, with over two million population. It is the shipping and receiving port for Tokio, as well as for all the eastern part of the Empire. To handle all this great traffic as is done at present, requires a great number of men, nearly everything is transferred on small wagons pulled by men. We saw but few horses in Yokohama. The streets are level, and a man hauls about half as much as a horse would pull. The few horses they have here, are very inferior, poorly fed animals, in fact, man power is cheaper in this country than horse power.

There are many hundreds of very small warehouses along the canal in Yokohama, which receive and ship by boats on the canal. This is a cheap way to handle the freight, as these canal boats run along side the ocean steamers, and lift their wares directly into the steamers.

Much of the Japanese work is done directly opposite our way, for instance, if they wish to rip a log lengthwise, instead of sawing up and down, they run their saw through the log horizontally, or flat on the side, also their saws cut as they



COOPERAGE FACTORY—JAPAN.

pull them, while ours cut as we push. They turn to the left in passing; the lines in their books run up and down. When a Japanese woman has a baby, she does not stop work, but simply swings the infant on her back and goes about her usual duties. We saw a woman today with a baby on her back, and a pole swung across her shoulder carrying a heavy load. They do almost all kinds of work with a baby on their back. We saw many of them along with the men passing coal baskets up the side of a steamer in loading coal.

The largest and best stores in Japan are to be found in Yokohama. Good stocks of all classes of goods, such as are used by foreign trade, are carried in these stores, but when one goes into the shops which cater to Japanese trade, they will find them very small indeed.

As we go trotting along these narrow streets in Rickshaws, the smells are bad, there being few sewers, every little while one will notice an odor still more unpleasant than usual, glance around and a fish store will be discovered. They have excellent fish, and we ate fish every day at the hotels, but they were not so old as some that were kept for sale by the natives. It seems that they keep the fish until they are sold, without regard to smell. While the whole nation is certainly more cleanly than any other nation in the "Far East," their sense of smell is not acute, or at least, if they do smell the odors on their streets, they disregard them.

After a few days in Yokohama, we departed by express train on the Imperial Government Tokaido Railway for Kyoto, a distance of three hundred and ten miles—fare \$5.20, or about $1\frac{2}{3}$ cents per mile, the best train in Japan.

This is cheap railroad fare, as compared with our fares in United States, and their roads have greatly improved their running time since we were here three years ago. This journey was made in ten hours, or an average of thirty-one miles



TEMPLE—KYOTO, JAPAN.

per hour. The second-class fare on this trip is \$3.28, or one cent per mile, and the third-class some cheaper. Most of the Japanese travel on third-class tickets. Their passenger cars were filled to the limit. We were surprised at the great numbers of Japanese traveling, but the third-class fares, are as cheap in proportion as their low rate of wages.

There was a compartment reserved in our car for royalty, there being no royalty aboard, we were given this compartment, which was quite comfortable. We were pleased with the accommodation, and gave the train boy fifty sen (equal to twenty-five cents) as a tip. He was evidently surprised at the large amount of the tip, and came back in half an hour and inquired "did you give this as a present to me?" We thought he must be a christian.

We took the day train especially to see the country along the line. The low-lands along this road will average about ten miles wide, with the mountains on one side and the sea on the other; every acre of this land is irrigated, and cut up into little plots about one hundred feet square, a little dam raised around each plot, two feet high, so that they can flood each without watering any other.

There are a great number of rivers and canals running from the mountain to the sea, and they furnish more water than can be used. The immense amount of labor which was required to make all these canals and dams, and dyke the rivers, is almost beyond conception. Every river has dykes on each side, so that the water can be controlled at flood time. All this labor is done by man-power; they have no horses or oxen to pull plows. We saw only one animal in all this day's trip and that was a lone steer pulling a plow. The soil is turned over with spades and hoes by men and women.

The principal crops are rice and barley. They often raise a crop of rice, which they plant about June 1st, and harvest



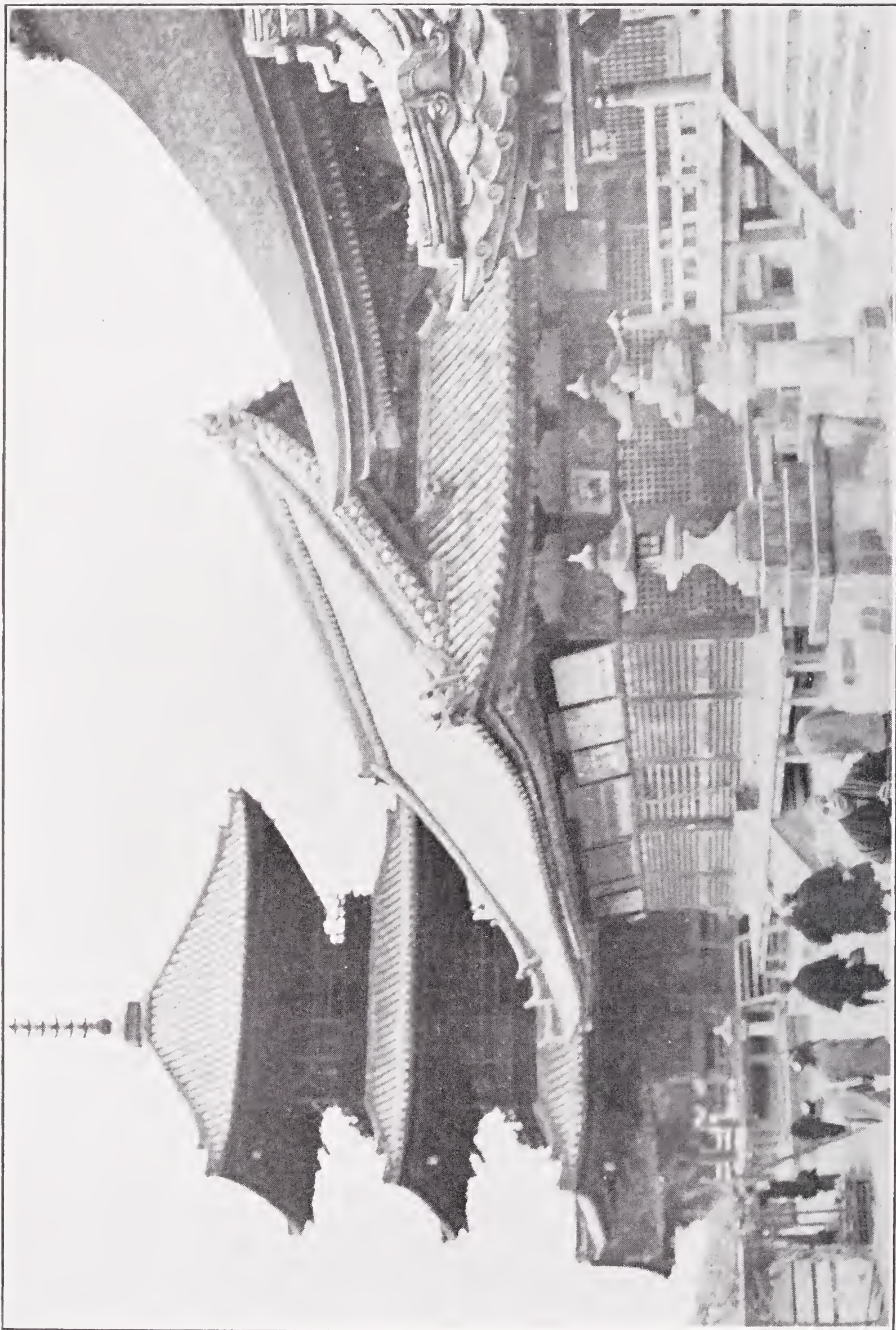
TEMPLE SCENE—KYOTO, JAPAN.

about October 1st, and on the same ground plant barley as soon as the rice is harvested. The barley matures and is harvested in May, out of the way in time for the rice again, thus making two crops a year. It seems incredible that the soil would produce crops, even two crops a year for a thousand years. They have one great fertilizer, that is plenty of water for irrigation, the rice land which may bear only one crop a year is flooded and water stands on it for months at a time. Half the land between Yokohama and Kobe is now covered with water an inch or two deep, and it is three months yet before rice will be planted. In many places we saw large windmills set up to pump water for irrigation, a new kind of windmill to us. They are set just high enough to clear the ground; a light frame is made for the wings, and these are thatched with straw. The wind prevails regularly enough in this coast section to make these primitive mills of much benefit.

There is a large cotton factory at Oyama where they work five hundred girls. These girls sign an agreement to work five years, and are fed and clothed by the cotton factory. They have fine large buildings for the mill and barracks for employees, where they sleep and eat. The factory buildings look neat and clean, and are built of brick.

At Shinada there is a large paper mill. The power to run this mill is electricity, generated twenty miles distant in the mountains by water power.

There is a great amount of water power to be utilized in these mountains, and near enough for general use in generating electricity for all their cities. Some of it is now being used, and it will not be very long until all the power in this section for mills, street cars, lights, etc., will be electricity. The telephone is already in general use in all the coast cities,



PAGODA AND TEMPLE—KYOTO, JAPAN.

and extends for miles out in the country, almost as generally as used in America.

We noticed many cemeteries, and were told that generally bodies are cremated, the ashes buried in these cemeteries, and a small stone set up to mark the grave.

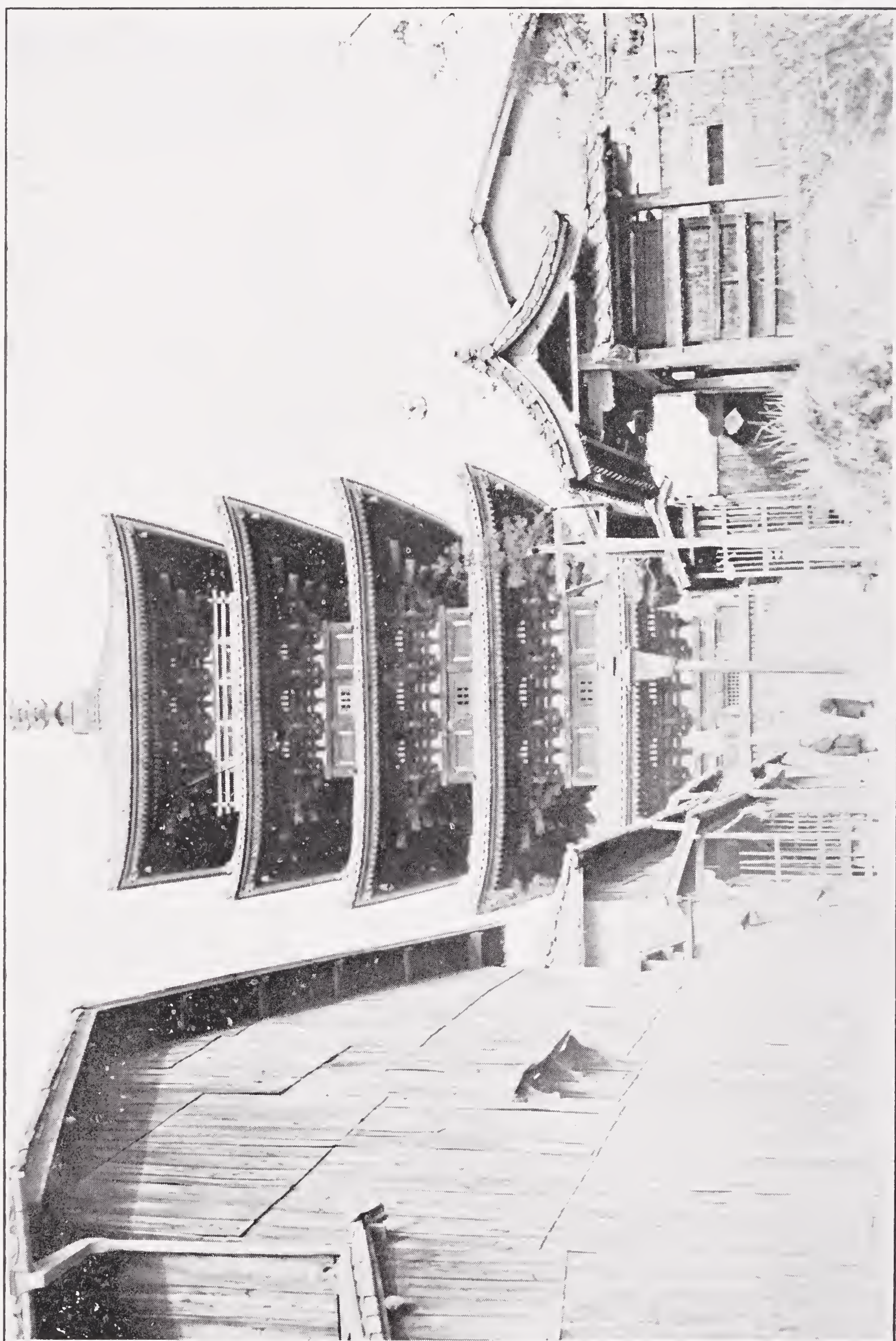
The Nagoya Castle, five stories high, built in Pagoda style is plainly to be seen from the railway station. It is surmounted by a pair of dolphins covered with pure gold scales (called Kin-no-Shachihoko), which glitter brightly in the sun. These dolphins are eight feet eight inches in length, and seven feet in circumference. One of them was exhibited in Austria in 1873 at the Exposition. The scales on these two gold fish were made from old Japanese coin, valued at three and a half million yen. This castle, three hundred years old, was built and used by one of the Shogans; it is now empty, but considered an Imperial Palace, and a permit is required from the Imperial Household for a visit to it.

We arrived in Kyoto March 2d. This is the third city in size in Japan, claiming a population of half a million. It is a level city, five miles long and three and a half miles wide. The river Kamogana flows through it, and is crossed by many stone bridges.

This place was the capitol of Japan from A. D. 794 until the Revolution in 1868. The next year the Imperial Palace was removed to Tokyo, where the Mikado has since lived.

Kyoto is a great city, but similar in many respects to all Japanese cities, built almost entirely of one story wooden buildings, which are never painted. The streets are usually about twenty feet wide, with many cross streets which are not more than eight feet wide.

As it is the oldest city in Japan, it has more temples than any other. There are no less than 878 Buddhist Temples, and 82 Shinto Temples—truly a city of “many strange Gods.”



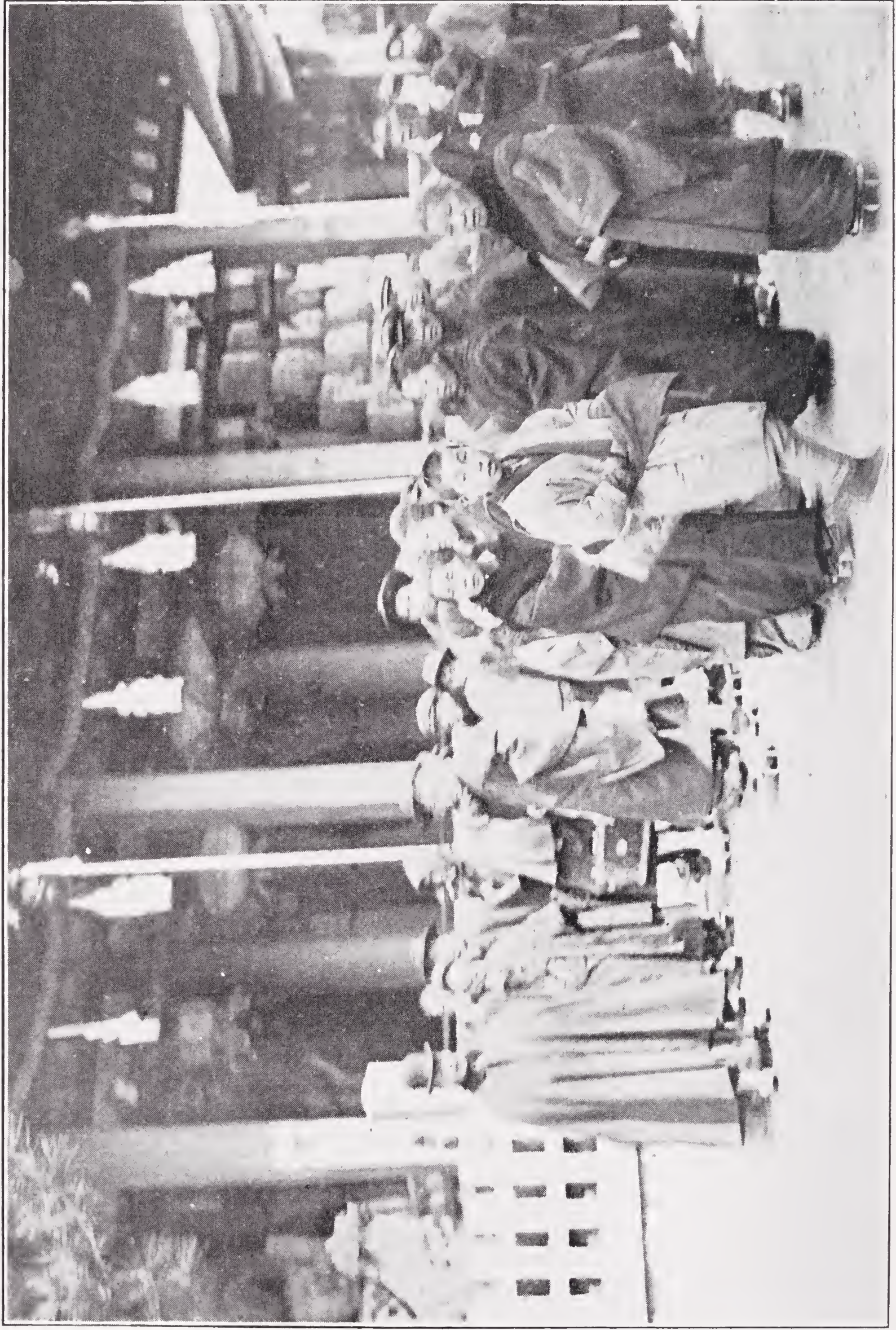
PAGODA—KYOTA, JAPAN.

As we could stay but a few days, we only visited eight hundred of these temples, leaving the remainder for a later visit. There are many images or gods set up in them, and usually each god has his special line of business. For instance, one will be the god of Health, called the Doctor god, and this image receives much attention. The devotee, if he has the headache, rubs his hand over the head of this god, and then over his own head, or if his digestion is bad, rubs his hand over the god's stomach and then over his own, and so on, for all ailments of the different parts of the body. We noticed that the Doctor god was much worn on the head and stomach, indicating location of pains which troubled most of his worshipers.

Another is a god of love. This god has a lattice frame work before him, which is covered with small white papers tied in bow-knots. If the lady does not get along well with her lover, she goes to this god, and ties a paper knot on the cage in front of him. If that does not have the desired effect, she does the same thing again. If still no result, she jumps over the side of the temple wall, a fall of one hundred feet on one side, to the rocks below. As none had made this jump recently it seems that the bow-knots must have had the desired effect.

Kyoto is an all Japanese city. The hotel clerk told me there were but thirty foreigners in the city. I think there must be more than that, but the number is small. Only a few of the Japanese speak enough English to make themselves understood.

They have missionaries here, and mission schools. We saw one small Episcopal church and one small Catholic church. The most important Christian undertaking is the Y. M. C. A. in Kyoto. They have a good organization, the manager is an American from Dayton, Ohio. At present he is in the



WINTER SCENE—KYOTO JAPAN.

United States, and his Japanese assistant could speak but little English; they have just built a new brick building, three stories high, having all the usual rooms for lectures, gymnasium, billiard rooms, night schools and offices. It was not quite finished and not yet occupied.

It is said that one American gentleman donated \$30,000 and nearly all the funds to build it came from America.

We visited the Imperial Palace, which was formerly occupied by the Mikado. The palace grounds cover twenty-eight acres, surrounded by a stone wall about twelve feet high. Before we could enter the palace we were requested to put cloth shoes over our own, and to leave our camera and hats at the gate. The palace buildings are one story, wooden structures, with no point, and the floors are covered with straw matting. It is kept as clean as if it was occupied.

There are many fine paintings on the walls by celebrated Japanese artists, but no other decoration or furniture.

When the Mikado lived here, he had very little power. It was then considered that being a direct descendant of the gods, he was too sacred to come in contact with the public, and the Empire was really ruled by the Shogun. During the Revolution in 1868, the Shogun was displaced. The Mikado took personal charge and since then has personally directed the affairs of state. This palace was burnt and rebuilt about fifty years ago.

We next visited the Nijo Palace, where the Shogun lived and ruled. These buildings were erected in 1603, over three hundred years ago. They also are one story wooden buildings, with no paint on the outside, but the inside is quite profusely decorated. Many of the ceilings are elaborately painted, and the walls are painted with the finest pictures by celebrated Japanese artists, mostly landscape scenes. The lattice work between the rooms is the finest wood carving, and dec-



FEEDING THE DEER—NARA, JAPAN.

orated with pictures of peacocks and other birds of beautiful plumage.

These buildings have high ceilings; the rooms are empty, and floors covered with heavy straw matting. Everything is kept remarkably clean and free from dust.

This palace is larger and better than the Imperial Palace, and has an imposing gateway or entrance, although so old, and never painted, the timbers show no signs of decay.

A small army of servants and officers are required to keep these palaces in order, and a special permit from the Imperial Household at Tokyo is required to visit them. Apparently they are of no benefit to anyone. When I meet the Mikado, I am going to suggest that he make use of them for public high schools, so that they may be of some benefit to the Japanese people.

One day we made a trip to the old city of Nara, twenty-six miles from Kyoto by rail, this is a small place of three thousand population, and one thousand deer. Next to Nikko, it is said to be the most picturesque spot in all Japan, and one of the oldest temple towns. The Mikado had his palace here from A. D. 710 to 794. The largest temple in Japan, the Todaiji, founded in 728, is located here, and contains a colossal Buddha Idol fifty three feet high. The temple itself is 290 feet long, 170 feet wide and 156 feet high.

They seem to have bad luck with their Buddha Idols, as this Temple was burned three hundred years ago, and Buddha's head melted off (at least that is tradition, but it does not look reasonable to me). They put a new head on him, so that probably he is as good as new now, but we could only see one side of his face, as they are rebuilding the Temple, and have so much scaffolding around that we could not get a good view.

The Shinto Temple, called Kasugajusha, built A. D.



SPINNING COTTON—JAPAN.

768, is also here. It is approached by a road lined on either side with three thousand temple lanterns, each about ten feet high, some made of metal, others of stone. There are several hundred tame deer around the temple grounds. One is expected to buy a few cakes and feed them.

The streets around this temple are shaded by tall pine trees called Cryptomarias. The temple is built on the side of the mountain, with a very fine view of the surrounding country.

There are about a dozen separate buildings on these grounds each being a part of the main Temple, and having some special part of the Temple business of its own. They have many special fete days here, and pilgrims throng the grounds on such days, and indeed all other days, as there was a concourse of native pilgrims ahead of us and behind us. They come by train loads, many of them carrying their food with them, and look too poverty stricken to pay their railroad fare.

In one department of the Temple they have a large Japanese restaurant. We ventured in, not to eat, but to see what was being cooked. The food may have been satisfactory to the Japs, but it did not appeal to us.

Among other attractions: There is a fine Pagoda at Nara. Also a new hotel, the finest in Japan, has just been built on a beautiful location. As we have visited all of the best of them we are competent to judge. It is built of the native hard wood, the same as is used in the temples, painted white on the outside, but no paint or varnish on the inside; just rubbed down dry, only two stories, and has many rooms, all of which have a fine outlook.

We took lunch here, it was excellent, and we left the place with regret. A few days could be spent delightfully at



STREET SCENE—KOBÉ, JAPAN.

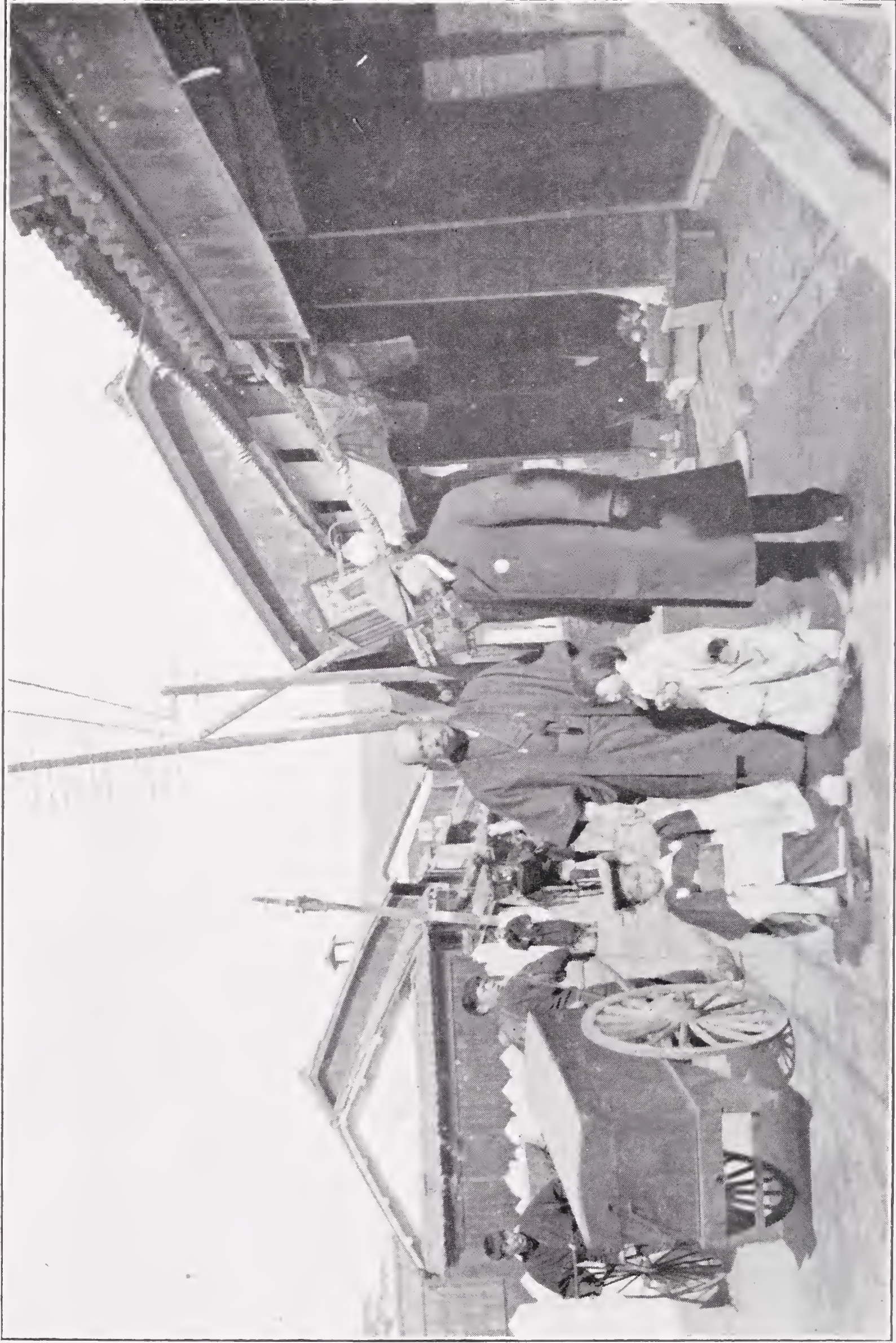
Nara in summer. It is a summer resort of some importance. If you go there, don't fail to stop at the *Nara Hotel*.

On the road to Nara, the hills are covered with Tea plants, as they do not need much water, they are planted on the hill sides which cannot be conveniently irrigated. The tea-plant is a hardy shrub, from one to three feet high, and ever-green. The tender spring leaves are picked for tea, and when first picked they do not taste at all like tea. This section has the reputation of producing the best quality of tea in Japan.

Kobe, where we arrived by rail March 5th, is the second seaport city in Japan, with a population of 300,000; Yokohama only is ahead in shipping, and is gaining faster than the latter city in business. Kobe's exports and imports last year were over 300,000,000 yen.

If you were dropped into the European quarter of Kobe, you would think you were in an American city, as the streets are well paved, the buildings are of modern style of architecture, two or three stories, and built of brick. There are three or four streets built up this way, occupied by foreigners. There is no other city in Japan which has so much the appearance of an American city. There is also one street on the side of the mountain where the foreign schools are located, and where the missionaries have their residences, and which are built like our homes.

There are several foreign churches, also church schools and hospitals; also a well organized Y. M. C. A. in Kobe. The association is about to erect a new building to cost over 140,000 yen. Of this amount about 26,000 yen was raised by public subscription among the Japanese. Many of the largest subscribers are not Christians. This shows that the Japanese feeling is quite favorable to Christian institutions, and they have good reason to be favorable to Christianity as



STREET SCENE—KOBÉ, JAPAN.

nearly all public charitable institutions in the country have been built by foreign Christians. The money to build the Y. M. C. A. above mentioned was mostly contributed by Americans.

We had dinner with Rev. H. W. Myers and family, a Presbyterian Missionary, and went with them to see the new Presbyterian Theological Seminary just completed. They have a good location on the side hill, a healthy place, with an excellent view of the harbor. The school has rooms for thirty students. The faculty anticipate doing much good in educating natives for Missionary work.

This city has many Buddhist and Shinto Temples, also two Buddhist Idols or Diabutsu, the largest of which is 48 feet high, cast of bronze, set up in 1891, but is not nearly so imposing in appearance as the Diabutsu at Kammakura, which was built six hundred years ago.

The Japanese here are not so poorly clad, and so poverty stricken as in some other cities. There is much work to be had, and a better opportunity to earn food and clothing.

Osaka, a city of over a million population, only eighteen miles distant, is the largest manufacturing city in Japan, and all their receiving and shipping is done at Kobe. We did not stop at Osaka, but it is rapidly growing, and the many factory smoke-stacks which we saw as we passed through, make it look like our manufacturing city of Pittsburg, Pa.

Kobe has a little reservoir on the hill for city water. From it the water flows over Nunobiki Falls, 82 feet high, and makes a beautiful little water-fall.

The monument Jusan-so-sekitoba, or thirteen storied Pagoda, as it is called, located in Kobe, was erected to the memory of Taira-no-Kigomori, the head of the Great House



BUDDHIST IDOL, DIABUTSU—KOBÉ, JAPAN.

of Taira in the 12th Century. He ruled the Imperial Palace which was then located near here.

The Shinto Temple Ikuta-Jingo near the railroad station, was founded by the Empress Jingo, in the third century, dedicated to the Goddess Waka-hime-nu-mikoto, looks extremely worn, but is still occupied.

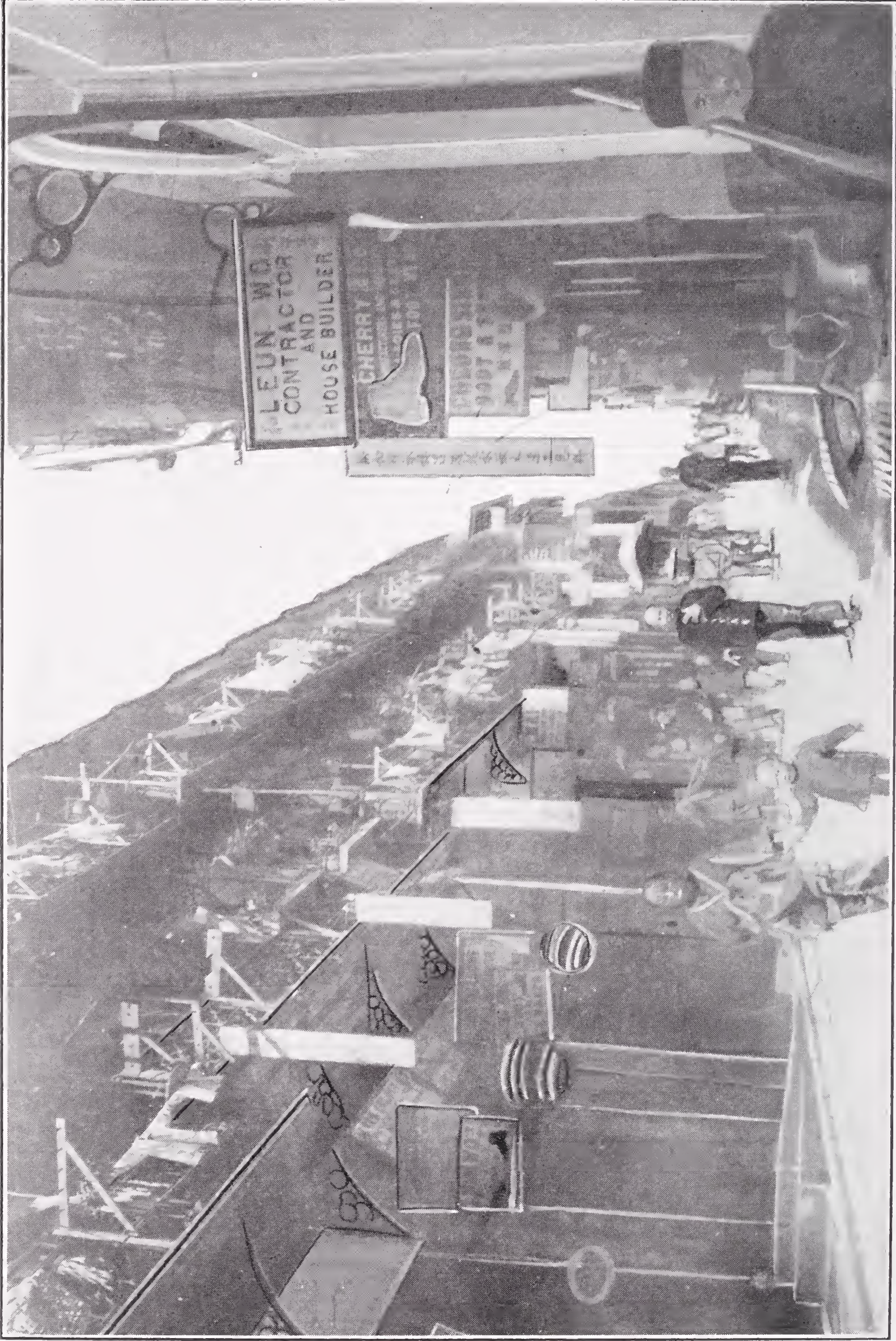
Kobe is situated on a large bay, which is enclosed by mountains, but all large vessels are compelled to anchor half a mile or more out, and load or unload by lighters, which is much more expensive than loading at the dock, as at Yokohama, but Kobe is geographically situated in the central-southern part of Japan, where she has probably the best part of the Empire to draw from, and undoubtedly has the greatest prospects for future business.

The climate is excellent, only a few degrees below freezing in winter. Oranges are raised all along the southern coast of Japan, but they are of the hardy variety, and some of them are tied up with straw to protect them in winter. The fruit is not to be compared with California, Florida, or Italian oranges.

We think Kobe the most desirable place of residence for an American in Japan.

On March 8th, we sailed from Kobe for Nagasaki through the inland sea, and through the strait of Shimonoski, arriving at Nagasaki March 10th.

This is the greatest coaling station for vessels in this part of the world. We took on 5,000 tons of coal here, and to see it done is an interesting sight. We had over two thousand Japanese men and women around our vessel on barges loaded with coal. They built a light scaffold up the side of the ship and placed a Jap about every four feet along the scaffold, loading the coal into small baskets holding about half a bushel each. They passed these baskets up from one



STREET SCENE—HONG-KONG.

to the other, a regular endless chain, and dumped them into the hold in a stream. It took about twenty-four hours to put 5,000 tons of coal in the hold. Many of them were women with babies tied on their backs. They all worked cheerfully and diligently and seemed delighted to get the opportunity to work, although they only receive about twenty cents per day.

The City of Nagasaki and suburbs claim a population of 150,000, but it does not look so large. The place is not so prosperous as it was some years ago.

The largest hotel, The Nagasaki, is closed for want of business. We took lunch at the Belle-vue Hotel, and the clerk told us that before the Russian war, they had much trade from the Russians, as this was their first port off Vladivostok, but they get no Russian trade now, and business is much depressed.

The city is pleasantly situated between the mountains on the best natural harbor in Japan, an arm of the sea two and one-half miles long, half a mile wide and fifty-two feet deep, surrounded by mountains 500 feet high. As all these hills are fortified, we were warned to take no photographs.

We took a rickshaw ride five miles over the mountains to *Mogi*. The road is well graded and macadamized, and the scenery is fine, as we rise over the mountain and descend to the sea on the other side.

Mogi is a small fishing town. There are about five hundred grown people, and twenty-five hundred children here, which really is the proportions all over Japan.

The valleys on this road are very narrow, and the small patches of ground that can be tilled certainly do not produce enough to feed their people, and this is true of Nagasaki. The food for the people must be grown elsewhere.

The second day we made a trip by rickshaw about three miles up a mountain to the Nagasaki water-works. There are



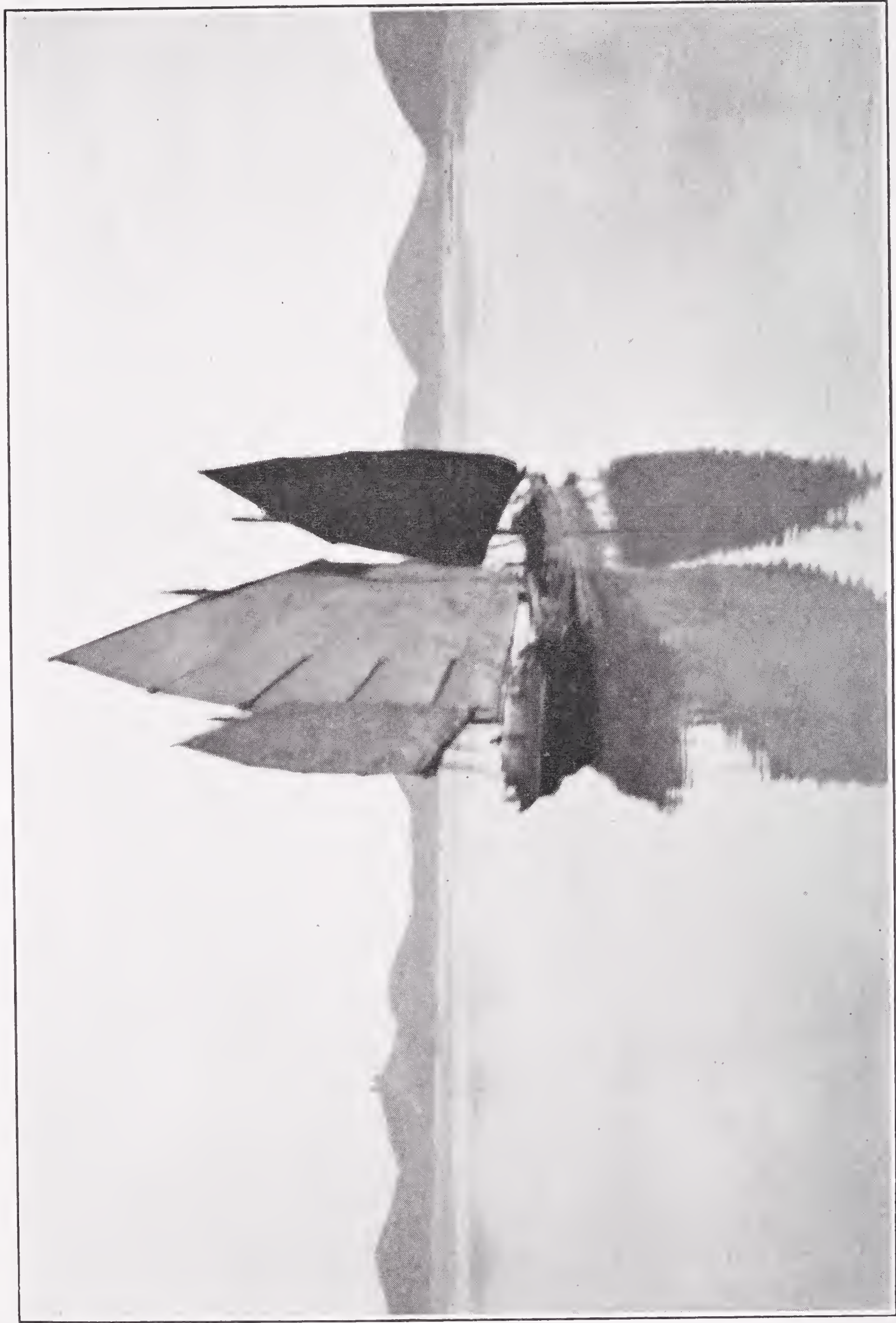
ON THE PEARL RIVER—CANTON.

two reservoirs on an elevation, the highest about 400 feet, and the lowest about 300 feet, both made very cheaply and simply, by throwing a dam across a narrow ravine, these reservoirs are about two acres in extent, and fifty feet deep, rather small supply for so large a city; no pumping, simply storing what water comes into them in the rainy season.

The principal means of livelihood for the people of Nagasaki is laboring in the dry docks, where there is some ship building on a small scale, and much repairing of ship machinery, and overhauling ships. About 5,000 men are employed at this work. Also the coaling of vessels is an important source of income. The coal is of a poor quality, being more than half slack, but makes good steam fuel. As coal is very scarce in this part of the world, the coal mines of western Japan supply most of the ship coal used in this far eastern trade.

There is a very good Y. M. C. A. building here. We called and had a little chat with the Japanese young man who is in charge, he was partly educated in the United States and speaks English very well. Their building is a two story wooden structure, built in modern style, painted outside and plastered inside. Cost Fifteen Thousand Gold Dollars, *which was largely contributed by people in the United States*. There are offices, gymnasium, and billiard room on the first floor, lecture room and class rooms on the second floor. They have lectures twice a week, and night schools, principally to teach English.

There are about three hundred members, mostly Christian men, but not all, as it is not required that all shall be Christians to become members. The association is governed by ten trustees, two of which are American and eight Japanese. The Y. M. C. A. is making excellent progress in all



CHINESE JUNKS ON THE PEARL RIVER, NEAR CANTON.

these Japanese cities, and they should be a great power for good.

The people of Nagasaki insisted that we should stay one night longer than we had intended, that they might give us a complimentary Lantern Parade, and they did make a very interesting and pleasing show, as thousands of them formed in line and marched along the shore in front of our ship, saluting us with fireworks. The demonstration resembled a political rally in the United States. The Mayor and City Fathers met us on our arrival, in frock coats and high silk hats, and received us with a speech of welcome, giving us the freedom of the city, just like our enterprising American cities do.

The towns all through Japan have been decorated with American and Japanese flags—whenever we were in port. Our party were given a perfect ovation. We never saw more American flags used in gala decoration than we saw here, also all the school children in the cities were furnished with United States flags, and welcomed our party continually on the streets, and in their school grounds, waving the flags and shouting “Banzai, Banzai.” There is a proverb that children and fools tell the truth. This would indicate that the people of United States are greatly in favor with the Japanese, and I believe this to be a fact. They certainly have great reason to feel under obligations to our nation, for there is scarcely a place in Southern Japan that is not more or less obligated to individuals of our country, who have done so much to uplift them, by building Y. M. C. A., church, school and hospital buildings, continually ministering to their advancement. I think more of this work has been done by the United States in Japan than by all other nations combined.

CHINA.

We had a delightful visit of four days in Hong-Kong,



HEAD HUNTERS—LABUAN, BORNEO.

and Canton. The weather was balmy and spring like, and we were continually out sight seeing.

The European quarter of Hong-Kong looks much like a European city, except that the buildings have an outside wall or collonade, all arched, and an inside wall about ten feet back of the first, the idea being to shelter the inside from the hot tropical sun.

This is headquarters for the British Army and Navy in this part of the "Far East." A strong garrison is maintained. We saw four large British warships in the harbor, and one small American gunboat.

"The Peak," 1850 feet high, immediately back of the city, is reached by means of a cable railroad about two miles long and one mile in sedan chairs, then a climb on foot of five hundred feet. The view over the harbor is magnificent; the elevation makes it an ideal place for fortification. There are enough British guns here to keep peace in Hong-Kong. The officers' homes and the army barracks are located high up on this mountain, a very desirable place for the hot weather.

Hong-Kong harbor is one of the best in the world. One morning as we were going from Hong-Kong to the steamer Cleveland, early, before our steam tender was running, we took a Chinese Sampan, of which there are thousands in this harbor. This particular Sampan was manned by the whole family, except the able bodied men; they were not there, probably on shore carrying sedan chairs, pulling rickshaws or other heavy work on the streets.

This boat was about thirty feet long. There was one good strong young women, and one blind man pulling at the oars in the bow; two half-grown girls handled the large sail, while the mother was steersman and commander. The balance of this family of nine were small children, and one aged grandmother. A little charcoal fire in the stern was used for cook-



STREET SCENE—LABUAN, BORNEO.

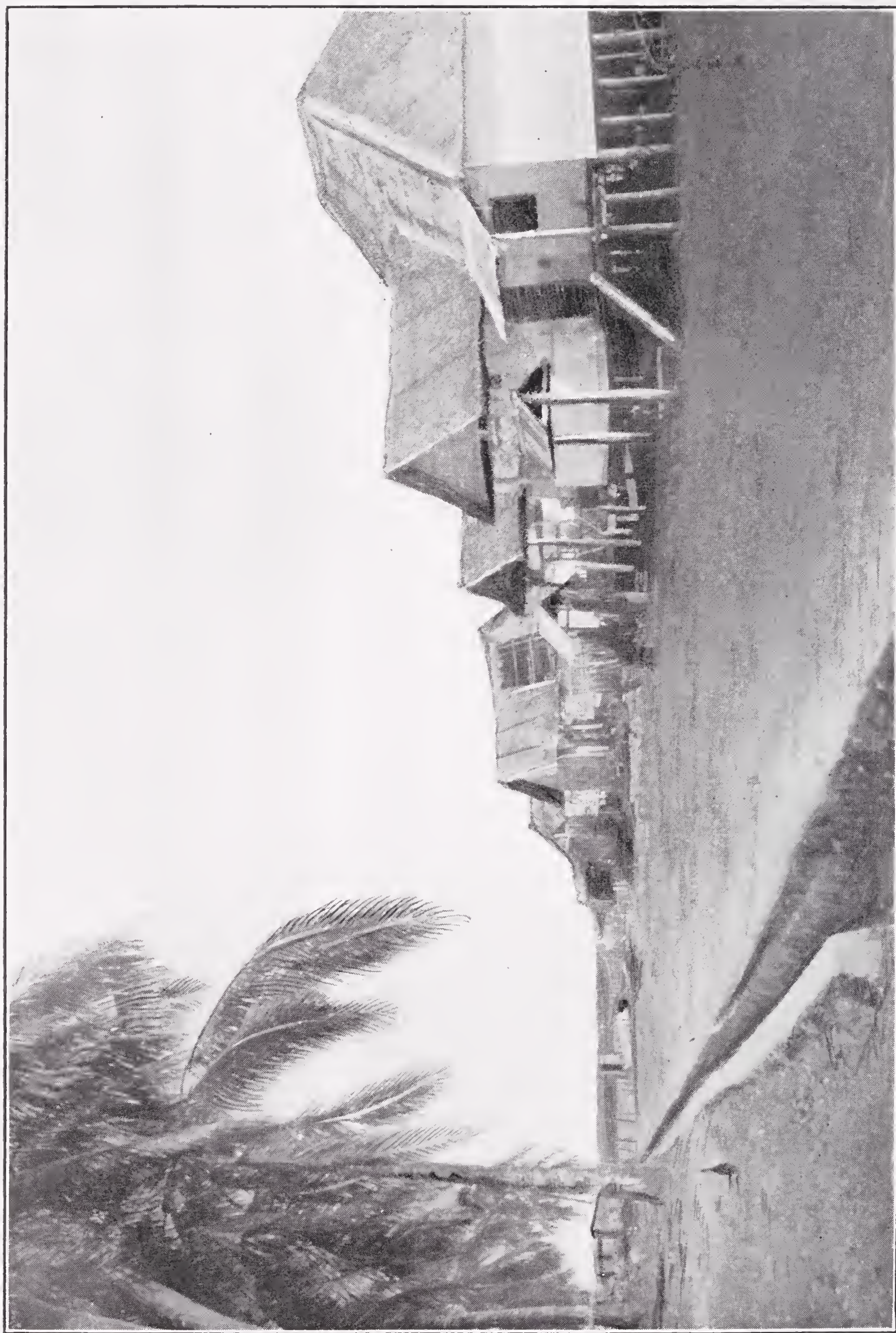
ing. The central part of the boat was clean and covered with new straw matting. There were no seats; we were invited to sit on the floor, which is the usual place for the Chinese, and the best place to sit if the sea is rough, and there is a bit of a breeze, like we had, to turn the little craft well over on her heels, and made us feel that may be we were going clear over, but these women are born sailors, having never had any home except the Sampan, and only smile when they see a look of fright on the faces of their passengers. They know there is no danger.

As we were coming down the incline railroad, after visiting "The Peak," we stopped off at a station about half way called "Bowen Road"; taking sedan chairs we had a delightful ride of an hour along the side of the mountain overlooking the city and harbor. This is a rock road about ten feet wide, built into the side of the mountain in some places, and crossing the high ravines on strong iron bridges. There is an "East Indian Policemen" every few hundred yards, to see that everything is always in good shape.

This road passes the waterworks, reservoirs, and several settling basins. There is a fine water works system here and the pressure is great; as the elevation of the reservoir is about 1,000 feet, the water is clean and good, which is not always the case in China.

After a time we zig-zag down the mountain through the most beautiful residence portion of the city. All those who are able build a residence on the steep mountain side, making a terrace wide enough for the residence and a grass plot for trees and flowers. They have a delightful view, and good cooling breeze for summer.

Canton is thoroughly a Chinese city, founded 1400 B. C. and supposed to contain two million population. "No man can number them." It is said that this city was further ad-



STREET SCENE—LABUAN, BORNEO.

vanced three thousand years ago in the Arts and Science, than it is today.

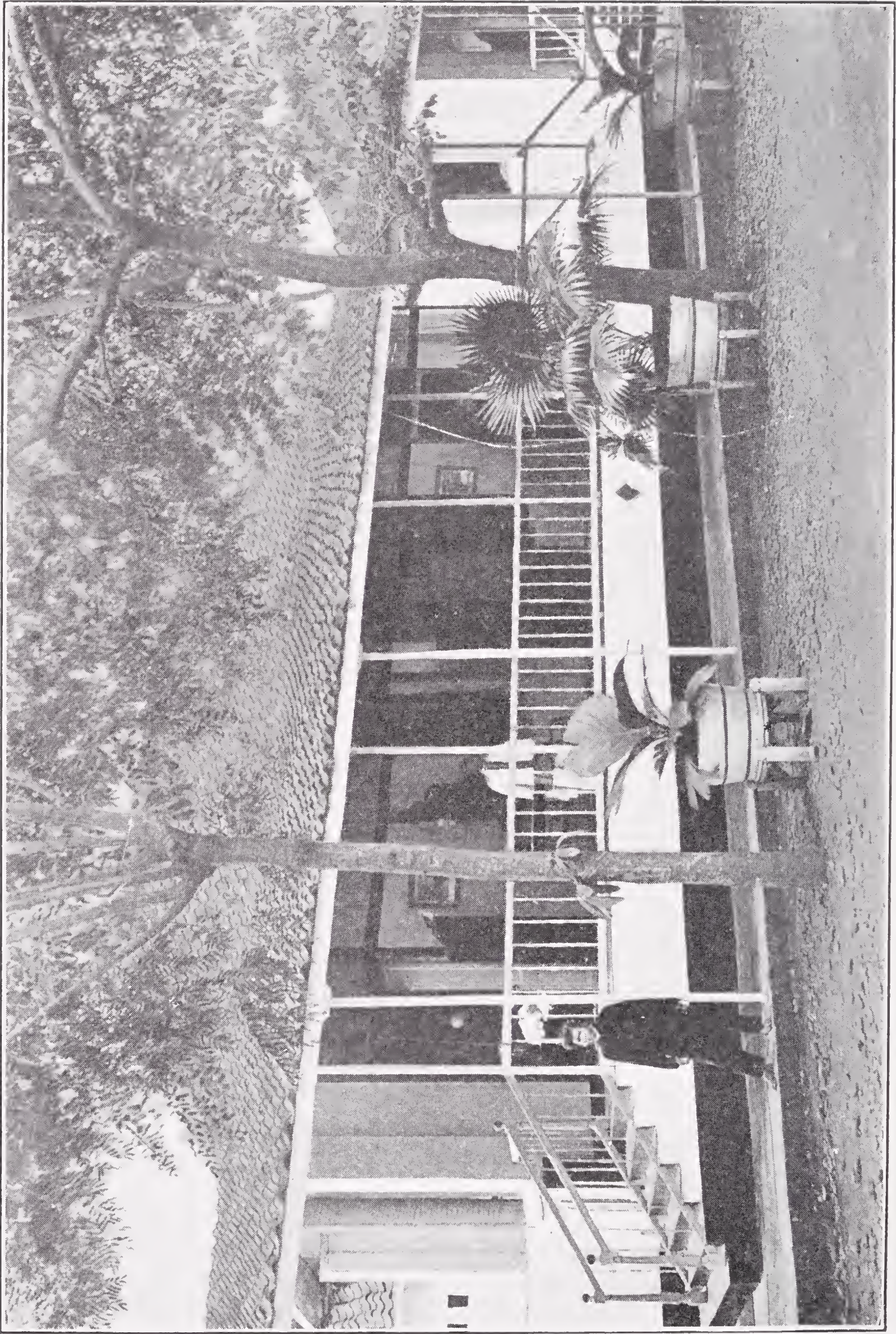
It is one of the largest cities in the world, and by many it is claimed to have the *loudest smells* of any city on Earth. Built on the *Pearl River*, it has half a million population which live in boats. The greatest sight we have ever seen on water is the scene on Pearl River at Canton. The river is half a mile wide, and full of all sorts of water craft. The river passenger steamers, the Chinese freighter, which carries everything, the Chinese junk, the pleasure boat, the Sampan and row boat, all bent on business of their own, and pushing through the water in every direction. We were enchanted with the moving panorama.

On our arrival at Canton we were taken from the small river steamer in sedan chairs to the world famous Victoria hotel. We had for many years heard that this was the "worst hotel in the world," and now we believe it has a justly earned reputation.

It is the only foreign hotel in Canton, and one must stop there if they visit this great city.

After breakfast we immediately set out on our tour of investigation to see the sights. As for streets, there are none, such alleys as they have are from four to ten feet wide.

The houses, built of brick, are four stories high, in the most populous part, running down to one story in other parts, and streamers for trade signs fill the air above, so that we had the smells with very little opportunity for fresh air. The light is dim in broad daylight, and the people swarm everywhere. We have a depressed, shut in feeling, requiring an effort to breathe, but the Coolies who carry our chairs keep pushing through the crowd, and all of them yelling at the same time, continuously calling for everybody to get out of the way, for these high and mighty persons. Sometimes we met a string



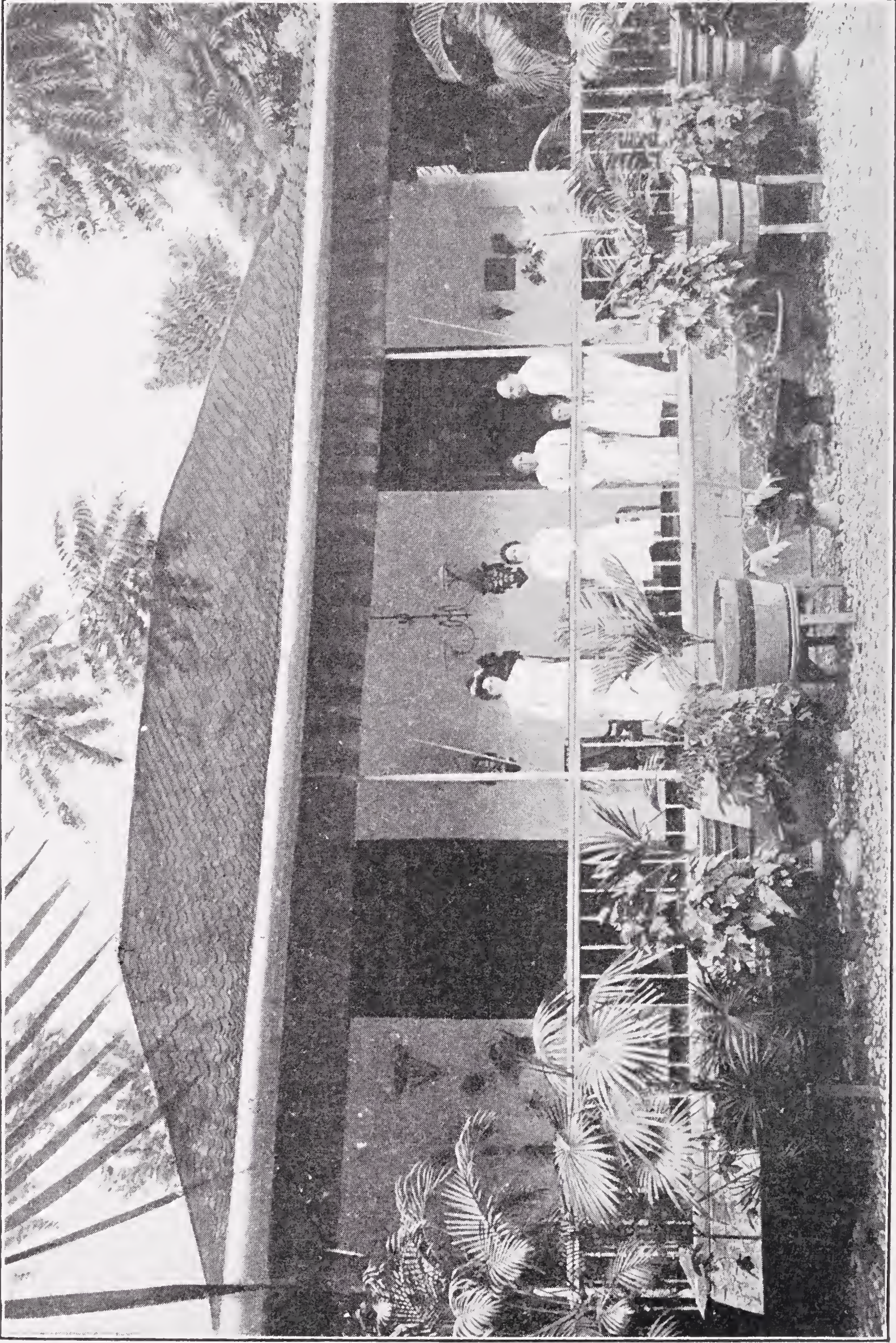
OUR ROOM, JAVA HOTEL—BATAVIA.

of men carrying fish tubs, hanging from a pole across their shoulders, or meat, or vegetables, or fertilizer (which smells louder than other merchandise), bolts of cotton cloth, cans of kerosine, furniture, hardware, and every other conceivable kind of material; then the other man must stand and hold his load until we pass, or lay it on the ground, as the alley is often too narrow for two loads to pass.

The houses on either side have no street fronts or street walls, but are wide open; every conceivable calling or business is going on. The cook has his pot boiling so close that we can see what he is cooking. The baker makes his little loaves, and cakes, and leaves them on boards within reach of the passer by, who may select what he wants, and have them baked fresh to order. The butcher has his fish, pig, dog and rat, hanging so close to the passing throng that often one will get the drip from these meats, if not careful to keep in the middle of the street. Also, the jeweler, the blacksmith, the carpenter, the shoemaker, the candy dealer, the second-hand clothes dealer, and every kind of trade, all so close that it is marvelous how we can pass at all. Bear in mind that all this time the men carrying our chairs keep up their continual yelling. Under such circumstances, so strange and unusual, all our senses are alert, we can see, hear, *smell*, touch and *taste* at the same time.

While at first it is something of a jumble, gradually we get accustomed to the strange and very interesting surroundings, and carefully watch the scenes, to be sure that we may not miss anything as we pass along.

About this time the guide halts to take us to a shop where we may buy embroidery, idols, jewelry, hats, table cloths, center pieces, old curiosity boxes, ivory carvings, pajamas, Mandarin coats, and a thousand nick-nacks which will be priced "at the lowest possible price." "How much you give?"



ON THE PAVILION, JAVA HOTEL—BATAVIA.

Be careful and not offer one-third the asking price, or you will be the purchaser at more than the article is worth. The stop is only a diversion to allow us to buy, that the guide may get a commission on what we may purchase.

Resuming our seats in the sedan chairs we proceed through many long and crooked alleys, until we come to the "Temple of Five Hundred Gods," which are simply wooden images, bronzed until they look like brass. They are about two feet high, and ranged along the wall on a shelf. They are Buddhist gods, many having different names, and different missions to perform.

Among them is the bust of the first white foreigner who visited China, Marco Polo. He was a great benefactor, so that his bust is set up with the Gods to be worshiped.

The largest idol is an image of a former Emperor of China, the grandfather of the present Emperor (who is yet a child). This idol is twice life size, made of wood, lacquered and bronzed, and occupies the central position in the temple, as though he might be the father of all the other gods.

Again we resume our chairs, and proceed to the outskirts of the city, along a wide canal, but still inside the walls, along a very poor street of one story houses, where the smells still continue the same as usual, across the canal is a strip of ground two or three hundred feet wide, where all kinds of garden products are growing; they look very green and luxuriant, and we would think it a treat to have some of this lettuce, turnips, spinach, beets, or strawberries for luncheon, but we notice the kind of fertilizer or top dressing used to grow these garden vegetables, and decide we will not eat any vegetables in China.

Next we stop at the "House of the Dead," which is really a series of rooms, arranged like a one story hotel, those who have the means, deposit their dead here to remain for a



BOYS IN THE STREET IN BATAVIA, JAVA.

time. Many of these caskets occupy a room in this place for a long time. One we saw contained the body of a Prince; this casket had been here for sixty years. A rental is charged for the rooms, and none but the millionaires use them. Our guide says, "a millionaire here is a wealthy man, maybe worth as much as twenty thousand dollars."

Resuming our chairs, we proceed to the five story Pagoda, which overlooks the hills, used for burial grounds, also the old city wall. When this wall was built, history does not tell, but it is overgrown with moss, and is probably some thousand years old, and still intact, doing service as a city protection.

We now retrace our steps to the Victoria Hotel for lunch. The tropical sun is too hot for out-of-doors trips from twelve to three o'clock. Later we take our chairs to see other parts of this vast bee-hive of humanity.

One place visited is called the "Hall of Ancestors," and here in a large building, better than any temple we saw in Canton, is the family record of many generations. One whole side of the hall, about one hundred and fifty feet long, and forty to fifty feet high is filled, or nearly filled with little wooden tablets about six inches long, and two inches wide. This represents one individual and has his record painted on it. These tablets are ranged in rows and so placed that the living can trace his ancestry back many generations. It costs money to have your shingle inserted in this hall; some pay as much as one thousand dollars (Mexican dollars) for the privilege. As the place is nearly all occupied with shingles or tablets now, they will find it necessary to soon build another wall to increase the space or stop the record.

About five weeks ago a riot occurred among the soldiers here, and two hundred of them were killed. This caused much doubt as to whether it would be wise for us to visit Can-



STREET SCENE—BATAVIA, JAVA.

ton at this time. The Canton officials seemed afraid that some trouble might arise while we were there, but there was no indication of hostility toward us. Indeed, the people seem to have no curiosity about us, and pay no more attention than if a string of their own countrymen were passing along their narrow alleys. In the United States if a few Chinamen were passing along our streets we would all run to the doors to see the foreigners, but these people continue their work without looking up while we are passing. We never saw a class of people who attend to their own business, without taking notice of others like the Chinese.

Of course, we had as guide, a native who spoke English, to take us to those places which were of most interest to strangers, and without being asked the police authorities sent a soldier along with us, but it was not at all necessary.

Recently there has been a desire to tear the old Canton wall down, and use the space for a good road around the city, but since the riot, when it was thought best to close the city gate, to keep the mob out, it has been decided that the old city wall should be left where it has stood for thousands of years.

Leaving Canton on our return, the country for miles on each side of the river is a well cultivated plain, a few feet above sea level, with occasionally a low hill for variety. The beautiful green of the growing crops and many Chinese Junks along the river, with several nine story Pagodas quite near the shore, was an enchanting scene, long to be remembered. We voted with one accord that it had been one of the most interesting days of our lives. Seeing Canton life in the city, and the thousands on the river, one will see the primitive life of the Chinese.

We hope that soon a Chinese ruler may arise, who will build a complete new Canton, with wide streets, regularly laid



NATIVE RESIDENCE—BATAVIA, JAVA.

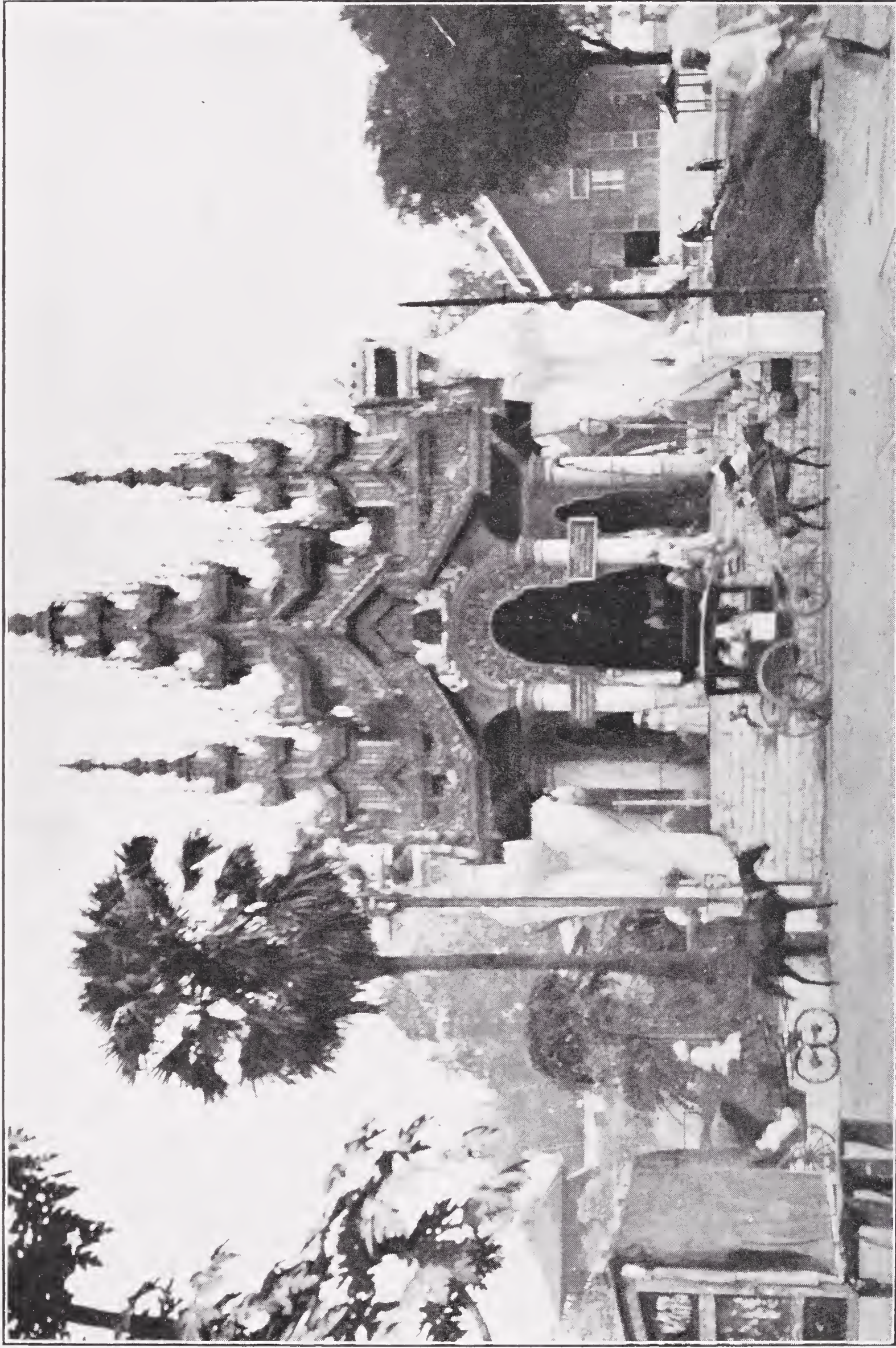
out, with water, gas, electric lights, sewers and telephones, and move the whole city to a new location, where the health of the people may be properly protected, and then wipe out Old Canton with a bonfire, as it is impossible to ever make a healthy city of Canton on its present site.

We reached Manila on Sunday, March 20th and were received with the greatest enthusiasm. Numerous small launches came out to meet us in the bay, with brass bands, and several hundred of the representative citizens to give us a welcome. The American in Manila is glad to have an opportunity to entertain the home people when they visit the city. A great many automobiles and carriages were on the dock, and in a short space of time our passengers were wheeled away to the various attractions of the city.

The United States Government has spent a large amount of money in and around Manila to make it a healthy city.

The sewerage system of the city has been greatly improved at an expense of two million dollars. The harbor has been improved at an expense of one and a half million dollars, by building a sea wall or breakwater, dredging and building extensive docks, so that the largest vessels now come along side the docks to receive and discharge cargo. Also Fort McKinley, the largest army post occupied by the United States, has been built six or seven miles out from Manila, at a great expense. All this distribution of cash makes this a lively city. Many improvements have been made since we were here three years ago, so that this is now considered one of the healthiest cities in the Far East. Cholera, yellow fever and bubonic plague, which were frequently epidemic, have not troubled the city to any extent recently.

Manila is carefully and systematically policed by Americans; all disease breeding places are cleaned up and required to be kept clean as possible. A great improvement has been



ENTRANCE TO GREAT SHWE DAGON PAGODA—RANGOON.

made in this respect. The army post here is considered healthy, eight and one-half deaths to the thousand is the last yearly report, which makes it one of our healthy places for the army boys, even if it is in the Tropics.

There are at present twelve thousand United States soldiers in the Philippines, besides five thousand native soldiers. The latter have American officers, and are chiefly used as scouts in the interior. There is no warfare going on now, and has been none for a long time. We think that the force here could be reduced by taking home six thousand of our United States soldiers, leaving six thousand on duty, with the five thousand native soldiers would be ample to keep peace in these islands, as there is no war or uprising of any importance likely to disturb the peace of the Philippines. It costs at least twice as much to feed our soldiers here as in the United States, and \$200,000,000 has already been spent here by Uncle Sam; therefore it is time to begin economy in the Philippines.

We visited Bilibid prison. It belongs to the Insular government, and the prisoners are Filipinos, who have been sent here for all kinds of crimes, a great many of them being murderers. We were shown the greatest courtesy by Mr. Wolf, the superintendent, who has been in charge since we took the islands. Mr. Wolf certainly has great ability as Prison Superintendent.

This prison is located not far from the central part of the city, and covers over seventeen acres, divided into many houses, wards, and sections; a large sanitarium is maintained in the prison for tuberculosis patients. There are many of these prisoners affected by this disease; over one hundred who came to the prison in the first stages of tuberculosis have been permanently cured.

There are at present three thousand prisoners within these walls, and over two thousand outside, employed by the



THE GREAT SHWE DAGON PAGODA—RANGOON, BURMA.

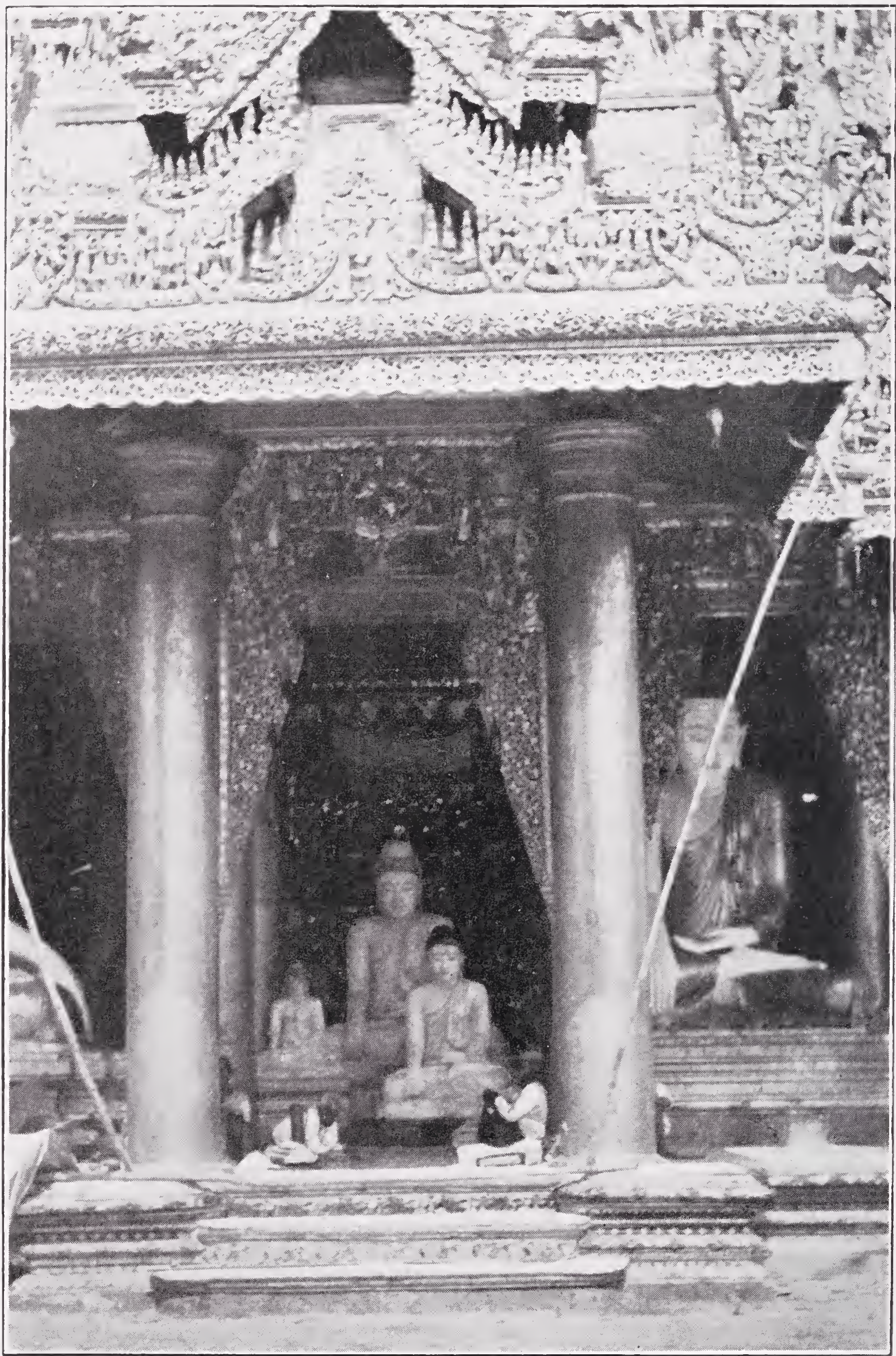
Insular Government at building roads, and various other kinds of state work. The prisoners do many kinds of work, such as making willow chairs, blacksmith work, carpenter work, jewelry work, and such class of labor as can be done inside prison walls. The institution is more than self supporting if they get credit for the work done by the prisoners on the outside. The whole place is kept neat and clean, and the health of the prisoners is good, as they are all taught some trade, they are in much better shape to do useful work in the community when their time is out.

As the Filipinos are quite musical, the prison maintains a class in music, and makes good musicians of some of them.

When the prisoners are discharged, employment is found for them, so that they have the opportunity to support themselves in an honorable manner. Mr. Wolf says that at first they had much trouble to maintain order and discipline, and had two unsuccessful riots, which were joined by several hundred of the inmates in an effort to gain liberty by killing the guards, and scaling the walls. As these riots were put down with some loss of life and limb to the prisoners, the officials have had no trouble recently. The prisoners get a reduction of time for good behavior, and about ninety per cent of them are now on the good behavior roll, which is considered a very high percentage of honor prisoners in any country.

We took a boat excursion up the Pasig River, a few miles, there are four large bridges across this river, and it is navigable for small boats about twenty miles; it cuts Manila into two nearly equal parts.

The Standard Oil Company have a large plant on the river, also the native cigar factory. This factory is the only one owned by native Filipinos; they work a large force. The Governor's home is on the river bank. It has large garden, and is a beautiful place. There are several other hand-



BUDDHIST IDOLS, IN SHWE DAGON PAGODA.

some homes, and club houses located along the river banks.

As we proceed up the stream we see many little native towns, one with a large church, which was much damaged during a battle between the United States troops and Filipino Insurgents, shortly after we took possession of the islands.

I do not think the Filipino will ever become a good worker, although education may improve him, as he will want more things when he is raised to a higher standard of education. The effort to teach the Filipino children is meeting with good success. In Manila alone there are 25,000 pupils enrolled; each pupil receives industrial instruction for three hours daily, the making of hats and embroidery is being taught in the schools.

In the country, wherever it can be done safely, our government has established schools. Many American women are engaged in this noble work. The natives are glad to have these teachers in most places. A lady teacher is entirely safe in many places in the country where a man teacher might have trouble. The children are learning the English language, and by another generation the problem of self-government may begin to be clearer than today.

The Payne Tariff Bill recently passed, taking the tariff partially off the Philippine products, is a step in the right direction, and will encourage these people more than anything that has been done for them recently. We ought to remove the tariff from all their products, and give them a fair show; as one step in that direction has been taken, quite likely all tariff may soon be taken off their products.

In our going the rounds of Manila we visited the Old Paco cemetery, established over one hundred years ago. It covers three acres, and is fenced in by a thick high wall, which is built so that coffins may be placed as in a vault, and sealed up with a memorial slab at the head, built into the



ON THE TERRACE OF THE SHWE DAGON PAGODA—RANGOON.

wall, making a tier of vaults all around. There is room in this wall for over 2000 bodies. The enclosure is laid out in walks, and planted with flowers and shade trees. A yearly rental is charged for these vaults and when the rent is not paid the tomb is opened, the bones taken out and thrown into a pile back of the cemetery, and the space rented to others.

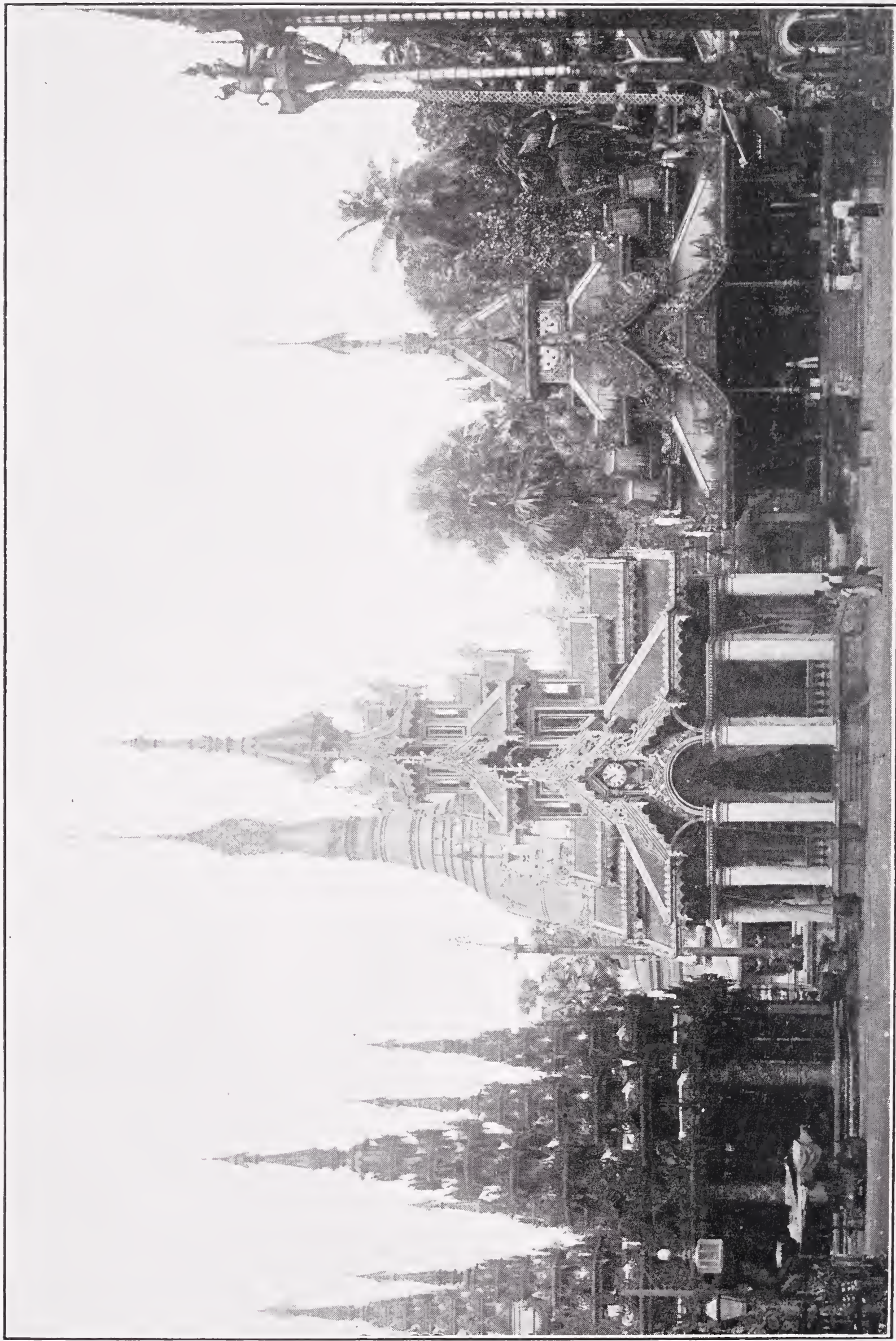
I was looking for these human bones which "could not pay the rent," to photograph the pile, but the authorities have removed them, and they are not now allowed to accumulate.

In our stroll we entered the San Augustian Church and Convent, three hundred years old, the oldest in this country. It is built in the Spanish style, with massive walls, and a high altar with candles at the end. There is also quite an establishment on one side, being an open court with rooms and porticoes all around, and a palm garden. This church has stood the test of time and war very well.

We also entered the Church of St. Ignatius, said to be the most beautiful interior of any church on the islands. The interior is all native wood carving, rubbed down dry without varnish. This gives it a golden brown appearance, and produces a handsome effect. It has a very fine audience room, with a gallery all around, built quite close up to the roof.

These churches are both Roman Catholic, as are all the old churches here. The Episcopal Church, built of stone cost \$150,000. The Methodist Episcopal have a fine church building, and the Presbyterian Church has a new stone building, *with a Roof Garden*. This is certainly the latest novelty in church building.

There are several mission churches where the Gospel is preached in the native Filipino tongue. The Y. M. C. A. are now putting up a new building to cost \$100,000 and are said



SHRINES, ON THE TERRACE OF THE SHWE DAGON PAGODA—RANGOON.

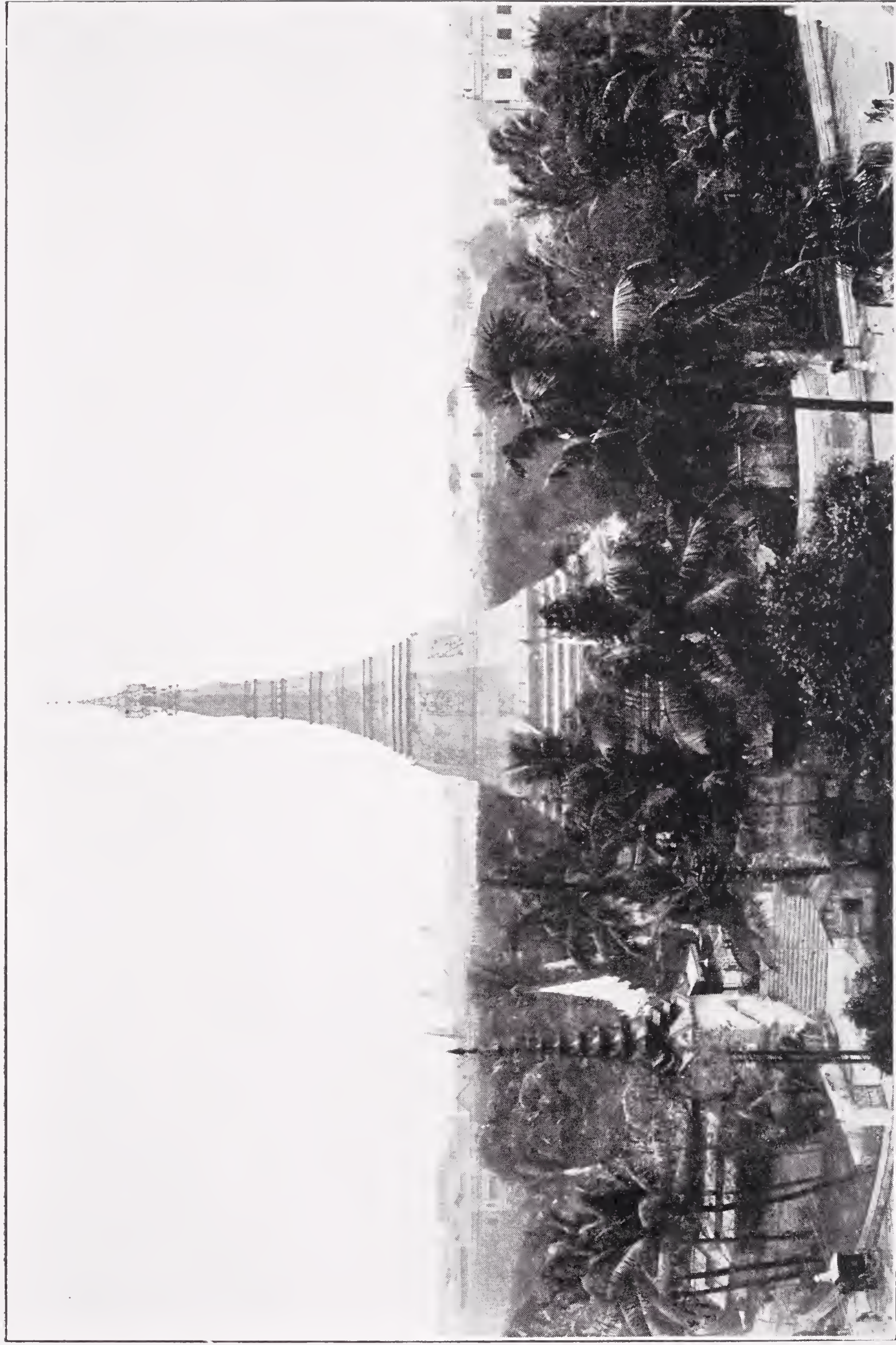
to have a good strong association, but we did not have time to call.

The Philippine Legislature is about to convene. All the members have written that they will be here next week, except two, one of them is dangerously sick with fever, and the other has recently been sentenced to the penitentiary. As our government has done so much for these islands we should assist them further, and pass laws giving the Philippine government the legal right to bring Chinamen into the islands on five year contracts, with transportation back to China. With such a law, the Philippines would at once make better progress than ever before, as they could then get all the labor needed to greatly increase their production of sugar, tobacco and hemp. It would be the speedy and permanent up-building of the agricultural industries of the islands, and would undoubtedly in time cause many manufactories to be established here. If this is not done, the advancement of agricultural and all other interests will be very slow, as the Filipino is not inclined to work, and will only do enough labor to get food and clothing, and it does not require much labor to supply his primitive needs.

At present there are no sugar refineries in the Philippines. The islands had the privilege of bringing in contract labor under the old Spanish regime, and there are many Chinese in the country now, who came here before the Americans, but their number is getting less every year, by death and old age, and no more can come in to take their places.

BORNEO.

Borneo is the largest island in the world, about 800 miles long and 700 miles wide. On march 25th, we called at Victoria harbor, *Labuan, on Borneo Island*. This is a small town in that part of the island governed by the British; population



ZULU PAGODA—IN THE CENTRAL PART OF RANGOON.

about one thousand, natives and Chinese. The town does not amount to much, but there was some festivities going on at the time of our visit, and an effort was made to entertain us, by having their "Native Head-Hunters" (a Head-Hunter is a native who covers himself with glory by getting as many heads of the other tribe as may be possible, without losing his own), come in and make a display of their ability in shooting arrows, but they did not show much skill. In looking for something to shoot with my camera I walked around *in front of their target*, and some one yelled for me to get out of that, or I might get shot. I got out as requested without delay, and then watched their shooting with arrows. I found that I had really been in danger, as their arrows fell all around where I had been standing, but did not touch the target very often; really it looked like the only safe place in that part of the field was the target.

The Head-Hunters did not have much clothing to speak of. Their attire was principally feathers, and a few strings tied around their bodies.

They have a market here, most of the food offered for sale is the banana and the cocoanut, both of which grow wild.

These people are dark brown and quite small. Some of the native women and girls were dressed in the brightest colors, green and yellow silks embroidered. Very few wear anything on their feet, but many silver bracelets on their arms and ankles. The men usually wear only trousers. We saw some Malays here who wore a turban and coat, and no trousers.

The *East Indian Mohammedan* is the policeman who guards the people here, as in most of these countries held by England, and he is well suited for his work, usually large, at least six feet tall, wears a white turban; his face is black with a black beard, and looks like a person well fitted to keep the



STREET SCENE—RANGOON, BURMA.

peace, where it might be necessary to kill a man occasionally.

The island near Labuan is nearly level, with some low lying hills in the distance. Lying near the Equator it has the tropical appearance of perpetual Spring; great crops of everything grown in the tropics could be grown here, as it is the most fertile and easily cultivated (having no mountains) of any country we have seen in the "Far East." Today it is not excessively hot in Borneo, as the thermometer registers only 85 on our steamer at midday.

The principal occupation of the natives is fishing, but Labuan is really made by the coal business. There are excellent coal mines on the island, and a railway has been built from the mines to Labuan; large coal sheds are built here, with corrugated iron roofs, a wooden pier extends out into the bay about one hundred yards, so that boats of medium draught can come alongside the pier, and take on coal. Our steamer drawing thirty feet of water was compelled to anchor half a mile out.

Many things are done in the most primitive way in this part of the world. The cars unloading into these coal sheds are run along side the shed and the coal shoveled into buckets and carried into the shed on the backs of the Chinamen. An American coal dealer would very soon elevate these tracks and run them over the tops of the coal sheds, using dump cars, and drop a train load of coal into the shed in fifteen minutes. There is a large amount of coal stored here, and it is much better quality than that mined in Japan. As this place lies mid-way between Hong-Kong and Singapore, and has a fine grade of coal, it certainly must in time become one of the greatest coaling stations in the "Far East." This coal is mined with Chinese labor, which is efficient, cheap, and unlimited in supply.

From the map it appears that England only claims a strip



STREET SCENE—RANGOON, BURMA.

along the northern coast of Borneo, the most of the island is still occupied by the "Wild Man of Borneo." It is very seldom that travelers visit or even call at any place on this island, and we were more than pleased to have an opportunity to visit this unfrequented place.

Mail is sent from here every three months, and probably then only a small mail.

There are but fourteen white men in this part of the island, and we were not able to see any of them. We inquired all along the street, and the town has not much more than one street, but that is a long one, and could not find an individual that could speak English, therefore, could get but meagre information.

I predict that some day this beautiful island of Borneo will be densely populated, and its fertile lands made to produce all kinds of food for the over-populated portions of the "Far East," but before that time, the town of Labuan will be a large coaling station, with thousands of population, mostly Chinese. It is much better country for agriculture than the Philippines.

We were in Java, "the world's only paradise," for only two days, while not long enough to give much information about the country, we were busy and will mention a few of the things which we saw, such as are not like what we see daily in the United States.

Landing at "Tandjong Priok," we took cars for *Batavia*, about ten miles inland. This city, the capital of the island, lies seven degrees south of the Equator; has about 200,000 population, and growing rapidly. The whole island of Java, 800 miles long, and average about 200 miles wide, has a population of 30,000,000. It looks as though the figures were



STREET SCENE—RANGOON, BURMA.

wrong, but any one who has been here will agree that Japan seems sparsely settled beside Java.

Old Batavia is about 300 years old, and new Batavia, or Welte Vreden (the city of pleasure) about 100 years old. They are in fact one city, but the styles of architecture, and the appearance are distinctly different. Most of the business is done at Old Batavia, where the buildings are close together, and style of architecture like Holland. Pictures of these streets make us think we are looking at a city in Holland, but the people do not look at all like the Hollanders.

The Holland canals are here however, and run everywhere through the cities and country and are of great benefit for irrigation and transportation.

The city of Welte Vreden, or New Batavia has modern architecture, with electric lights, gas, water works and street cars. The hotels are excellent and occupy several acres of ground. The main hotel buildings are usually two stories high, but the rooms are built on what they call a *Pavilion*, really a street inside the hotel grounds, with rows of one story cottages on each side. These rooms or cottages are built for comfort in tropical weather. They have a large wide window in the back, protected by wooden shutters, and a double door in front, with outside doors, about half the height of the inside doors. Usually the window shutters are wide open, and the doors also, but at night the half doors at front are closed. In front the roof extends twenty feet from the room. Twelve feet of this is a front porch, and eight feet covers the sidewalk. On our front porch we found three easy chairs, a table, and a tea set, on a small table; in the room one large bed, very wide, for two persons, a table, washstand, chairs, wardrobe, two small beds for children, in fact everything needed for house keeping for a small family. There is no glass in the whole city, unless in the front of the hotel, or in



FUNERAL PROCESSION—RANGOON.

front of some store building. It is not customary to use glass in windows in this country.

Our hotel room and front porch is elevated about four feet above the sidewalk so that we are very private. A Malay boy who attends our rooms squats not far away, so that he can be called at any moment.

The grounds cover several acres, and there are a great many rooms, such as we occupy. Everything in and about the place is remarkably clean and neat. Lizards are very companionable here, and are to be seen in every room, usually several of them in each room. They run over the walls and floors as quick as a mouse, but are entirely harmless, and feed on the small bugs and insects which they find in the house. The natives say don't molest them, they should be there to keep the house free from insects. To us, who are not accustomed to such bug killers, they seem repugnant, as they are of the reptile species, but we soon became accustomed to seeing them running up the walls or over the floor, or in the dining room, and pay no attention to them.

The Javanese are of Malay origin, and speak the Malay language. They make good servants, understanding nothing but the Malay language, but are eager to do all they can to make their guests comfortable. They are much like children, and need some one to direct them, they cannot think of more than one thing at a time. For instance, when we wish a glass of lemonade, we must first order a bottle of Appollinaris water, then a lemon, then a glass, then sugar, and ice; in that way get the materials for cool drink.

Our room cost six guilders a day. A guilder is 40 cents in value, making the hotel rates \$2.40 per day, including meals, which were good. The new hotels are in the New City, along the canal, and the street railways run along the canal in front of the hotels. All the new part of the city has much



LUNCH TIME—RANGOON, BURMA.

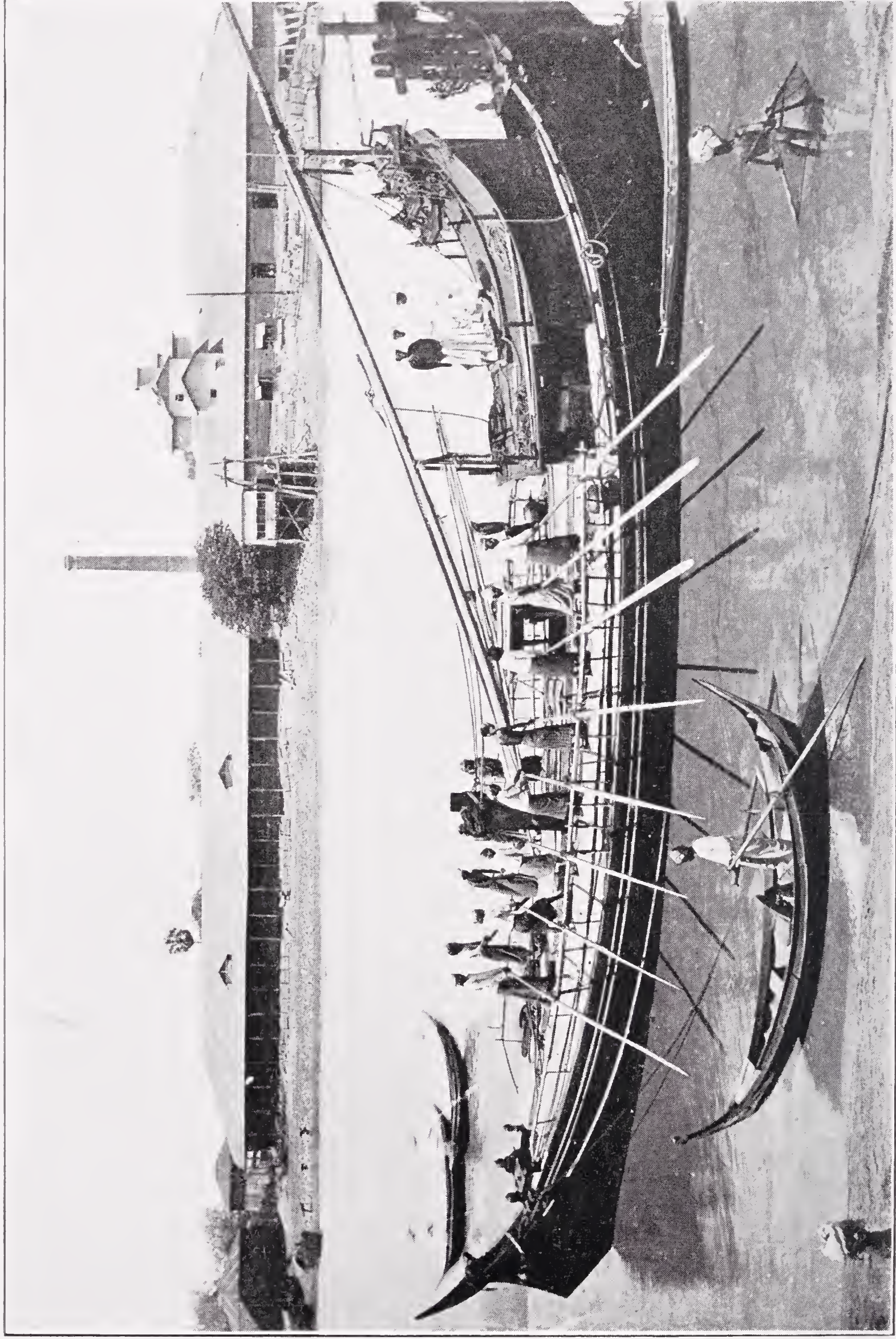
space given to grass plats, trees, flowers, etc; the most beautiful landscape gardening and dense tropical foliage. The grounds are so filled with trees and flowers that one has the feeling of passing through a forest instead of a city. On account of this style of building the city occupies a very large space of ground.

We took an automobile, as the streets and roads near the city are fine and smooth, and drove over much of the place in the morning when the sun was not too hot.

All the city and country for forty miles around is flat and level, interspersed with innumerable canals and bridges. The canals are full of water craft, loaded with all kinds of vegetables and fruits being brought to market, also rafts of bamboo poles (which is the most useful timber here), firewood and lumber. There are great numbers of men working on these canal boats and rafts, some are on the tow-path pulling with ropes, others are on the boats or rafts pushing with poles.

The rice land is covered with water from three to six inches deep. Man and animal wade along in the water and mud to plow, but it is much better than the Japanese way, where they have no animals to use, and have to dig the ground over with spades.

The residences have a charm that is not equaled elsewhere. Standing well back from the street with two rows of royal palm trees, from street to house, and many tropical trees and plants, a smoothly mown grass lawn, fringed with many colored flowers, the air laden with the scent of clove-trees, nutmeg, cinnamon, and other spice trees, tropical birds of many kinds singing joyful songs, the house itself painted white, or pink with green window blinds, and red tile roof, with many drives and walks of red gravel, makes a scene not to be forgotten. And when one drives through avenues of



RIVER SCENE—RANGOON, BURMA.

this kind of residences, varied occasionally by a school house, built just as artistic as the residences, the streets perfectly smooth and watered by a Javanese, with two buckets on a pole across his shoulders, so that there is no dust; a tall row of palms or spice trees on each side of the street to protect us from the sun's rays, all vegetation of the greenest possible green, growing in a temperature all the year round of 80 degrees, with an abundance of water for irrigation, as well as frequent rains—the thought steals through the brain, this is Heaven on Earth. We had read before visiting Java that it was an earthly paradise; we have been to Honolulu, which we thought as beautiful as anything on earth, but Java is certainly more beautiful than any other place, and a continual delight to the visitor.

There is a sense of languor and idleness in the air, which makes ones thoughts keep time to the slow motions of the Javanese Coolie, who carefully sweeps the street clean with his long rattan broom.

It is peculiar to Java that there are no flies, although there are plenty of insects of the crawling kind. While we were taking dinner at the hotel we noticed some of the ladies barefooted, except a slight straw sandal. It seems to be the proper thing here for the highest lady in the land to reject shoes and stockings. It is a great help to keep cool.

This is where the celebrated Java coffee is grown, and one would anticipate getting the best coffee in the world, but it does not work out that way. When we ask for a cup of coffee the waiter brings a coffee cup one-third filled with *coffee essence*, cold, and a cup of hot milk. To make the coffee ready to drink we put in as much hot milk as we like. This coffee is not as good as we get at our own breakfast



ELEPHANTS HANDLING HEAVY TIMBER—RANGOON.

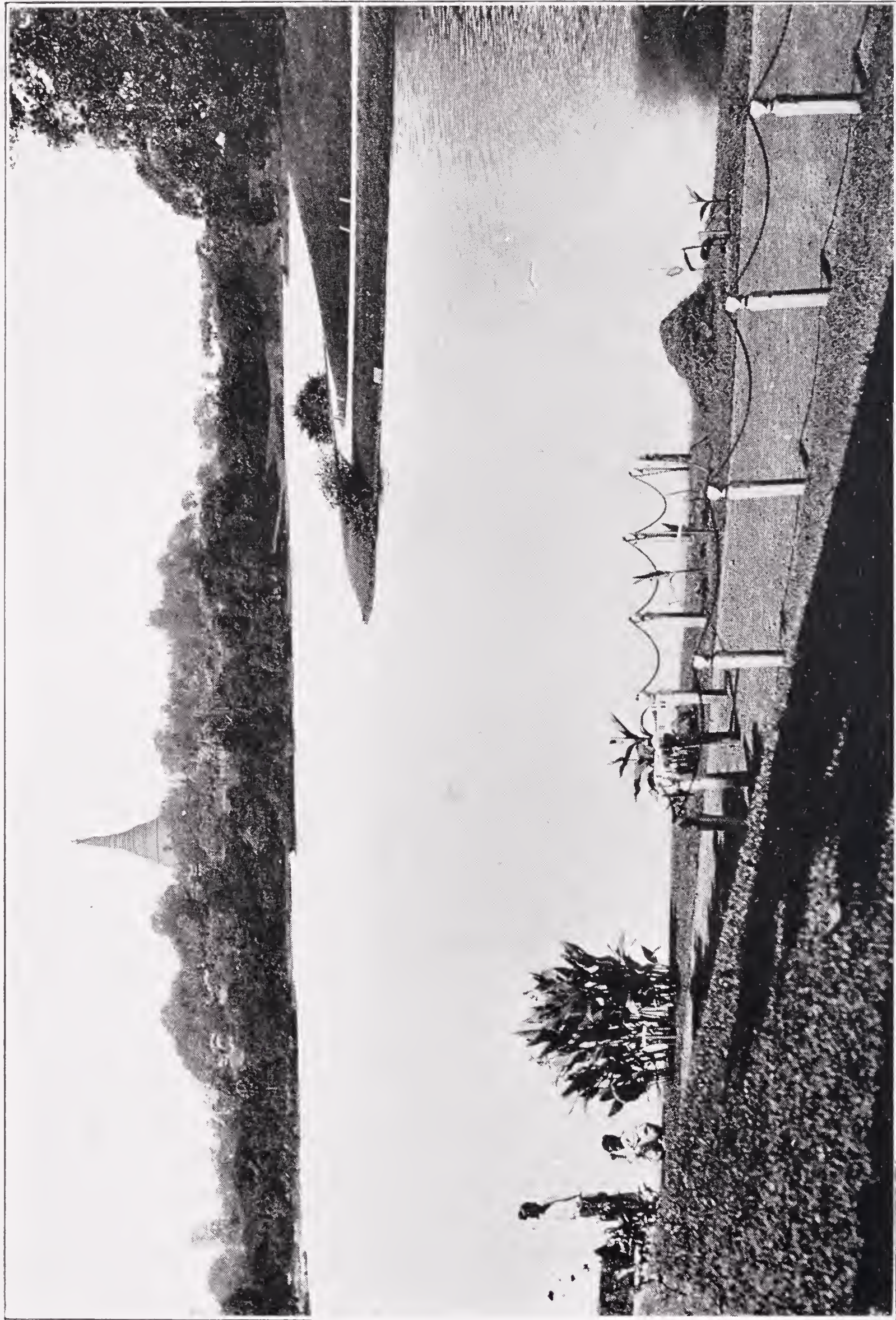
table in America, but it is less trouble for the Javanese to serve.

I called on a photographer to have some kodak films developed and while we were talking under a tree at his door a large monkey, as large as a medium sized dog, jumped from the tree upon my back, the photographer took me by the arm, forcibly jerking me away from Mr. Monk, who was chained to the tree, saying "he Monk, he bite." I thanked him kindly for his assistance, as I would rather have a fight with a dog than with a big monkey.

The principal means of conveyance here is a small two wheeled carriage, with a very small pony, a little larger than a goat. The rig with a very elaborate harness is called a "Sados." With a Javanese driver, one gets around the city quite conveniently; fare, one guilder per hour.

The street car system is very good. The lines running through the central part of the city use power from a high pressure steam boiler. The steam is generated in boilers located at the end of the line; each trip the boiler (which pulls the small train of cars) is filled with steam from the generating boiler to a pressure of 350 pounds which is enough to pull the train five miles to the other end of the line where it is re-filled. The road is level, and this power works satisfactorily here. There is another street railway line, which uses the trolley line electric power. The steam railroads are three and a half foot gauge, trains are very small, with very small engines and light passenger and freight cars, all made in England. The railroad tracks are built with great care; trains are operated very slowly, from ten to twenty miles per hour; employees are all Javanese. There is about 1,000 miles of railway trackage on the island.

The principal food of the Javanese is rice and vegetables. They do not eat fish as much as the Chinese or Japanese.



THE IRRAWADDY RIVER—RANGOON IN DISTANCE.

Nearly every kind of vegetables grow luxuriantly here. The country is particularly adapted to growing nutmeg, cinnamon, cloves, spices, and a great variety of fruit. Their principal exports are cocoa, copra, mace, gutta percha, gum-damar, India rubber, hides, indigo, cinnamon, cassia, cotton, quinine, strychnine, coffee, pepper, rice, rattans, sugar, tobacco, tapioca and tea.

Sugar is their largest export, and the quality is good. The flavor is better than the usual cane sugar flavor.

The island has been a colony of Holland for about three hundred years, and the Dutch have introduced their architecture and economical cleanly habits among the Javanese. While not the best workers, still under Dutch direction they have accomplished great things. At the present time they are generally in a prosperous condition, more so than any nation we have visited since leaving our own country.

We left Java with regret, as we would have been delighted to spend two months in this beautiful country and hope some day to return, when we can stay longer.

On our way to Singapore we cruised along the eastern shores of the island of Sumatra, which also is a colony of Holland, but not of so great importance as Java.

Singapore on Mallacca Straits, was founded by an Englishman, *Sir Stamford Raffles*, in 1819, or ninety-one years ago.

The traveler sees a fine city on arrival at Johnstons Pier, equal in appearance to the best European or American cities; wide streets well paved, buildings three or four stories high, supplied with gas, electric lights, good water, good electric street car lines, in fact, ahead of many cities in Europe of greater size and age.

The population is over 200,000, chiefly Chinese, but there are people from every quarter of the globe in Singapore. The



JAIN TEMPLE—CALCUTTA.

Malays are next to the Chinese in numbers, and their color ranges from coal black to a chocolate brown. Then comes the Arabs, Persians, Cingalese, Siamese, Japanese, Jews, Negroes, Europeans, and very few Americans.

Sir Raffles, the founder of this city, has left his name as a legacy to the city in many of its Public Institutions, such as Raffles Hotel, Raffles Quay, Raffles Educational Institution, Raffles Library and Museum.

Probably no traveler ever visits this city without going to the *Raffles Hotel* for a meal. It is very large, built of stone, with inside marble finish; a dining room which seats three hundred guests, and it was filled the day we were there. It is kept in first-class European style—the best hotel in this part of the world.

The laws prohibit taking photographs in Singapore on account of the location here, of many British fortifications.

The streets of the city present an interesting view to the traveler every moment; first an ox-cart drawn by two white (sacred) oxen with their horns turned back and humps on their shoulders, a black Malay driver with almost no clothing on his shining body. Next a jinricksha drawn by a lusty yellow Chinaman, with no clothing, except a breech cloth, made of blue denim; seated in the rickshaw will likely be a fat Chinese merchant, dressed in the latest eastern style. Then an automobile driven by an English or a German chauffeur, having for its passengers the family of a wealthy Chinese merchant. Next a Singapore four-wheeled carriage, with gaudy colors, a double roof with air space between, having a Malay driver with clothing so ragged that his body is scarcely covered. Next an electric street car filled with all classes of this varied population, while passing between and beside these various vehicles is a stream of pedestrians, mostly Chinese men who have no clothing except a pair of trousers, many of



ONE BANYAN TREE—BOTANICAL GARDEN, CALCUTTA.—Covers one acre.

them carrying buckets tied to a pole about six feet long, which is carried across his shoulders. These buckets contain every kind of merchandise from fresh fish to the finest silk. Such a continual change of scene that we feel as though we are looking at a moving picture show.

Some of our discriminating and critical young ladies went into ecstasies over the color combination of the Malay Coolies working on the street with a "Sarong" for a skirt, painted red, blue, green and yellow, his body above the waist line a shining black, with a flaming red turban around his head.

We landed at Singapore March 31, 1910, and had been led to believe that we would be almost suffocated with the heat, as the location is only one degree north of the Equator, where the nights are as hot as the days, and the days are as hot as —————any place one might think of. We were lucky, as usual, however, as the weather was not as hot as many places we had before visited. The lowest temperature indicated by the thermometer for the last ten years here is 79 50-100 degrees, and the highest 82 31-100 degrees, or less than three degrees variation in the temperature either day or night. It seems almost incredible. The sun is always nearly directly over our heads at noon; it rises at six and sets at six every day. There were 180 rainy days last year, and there is much humidity, yet a little breeze usually makes the weather endurable.

It is the "cross roads" for all ships between the Eastern and Western Hemisphere, on the great ocean way around the globe. The harbor is one of the most picturesque in the world, filled with thousands of shipping craft from every quarter. There is scarcely a time when the flag of every nation is not flying in this harbor.

Singapore is situated on the island of Singapore, which



STEPS TO BATHING GHAT, ON THE GANGES RIVER—CALCUTTA.

is fourteen miles long and seven miles wide, separated from the main land by a narrow channel of three quarters of a mile. Like most of the country in this part of the world which is worth having, it belongs to England.

We took a carriage drive from Johnston's Pier out some miles to the *Botanical Garden*. The roadway is wide, paved with red gravel; and swept daily so that it is as clean and smooth as could be made. The grass is kept closely cut; the trees which are of every known variety in the world, have tropical luxuriant growth.

The garden is about two miles long, situated on undulating hills, and is one of the most pleasant drives we have taken.

The Governor's home is adjacent to this garden, also the waterworks reservoirs, situated on an elevation of five hundred feet. We had a grand view from this point, over this city, harbor and adjacent territory.

We returned to the city through a beautiful residence district, past Missionary schools and publishing houses, which are housed in good five story buildings. Then down to the business part of the city, where we visited many shops kept by Chinese.

The Chinaman here has learned much by foreign touch, and is far keener than his brother at home in China. Their shops are large, many of them carry every kind of merchandise which is salable in this city, but of a poor cheap quality. They are very alert for profits and speak English enough to transact business.

Mr. Robinson, an Englishman, and the largest merchant in Singapore, told me that it was a fine healthy climate, and he has been living here twenty-four years.

They carry stocks running into the hundreds of thousands of dollars. They have about eighty feet front, four



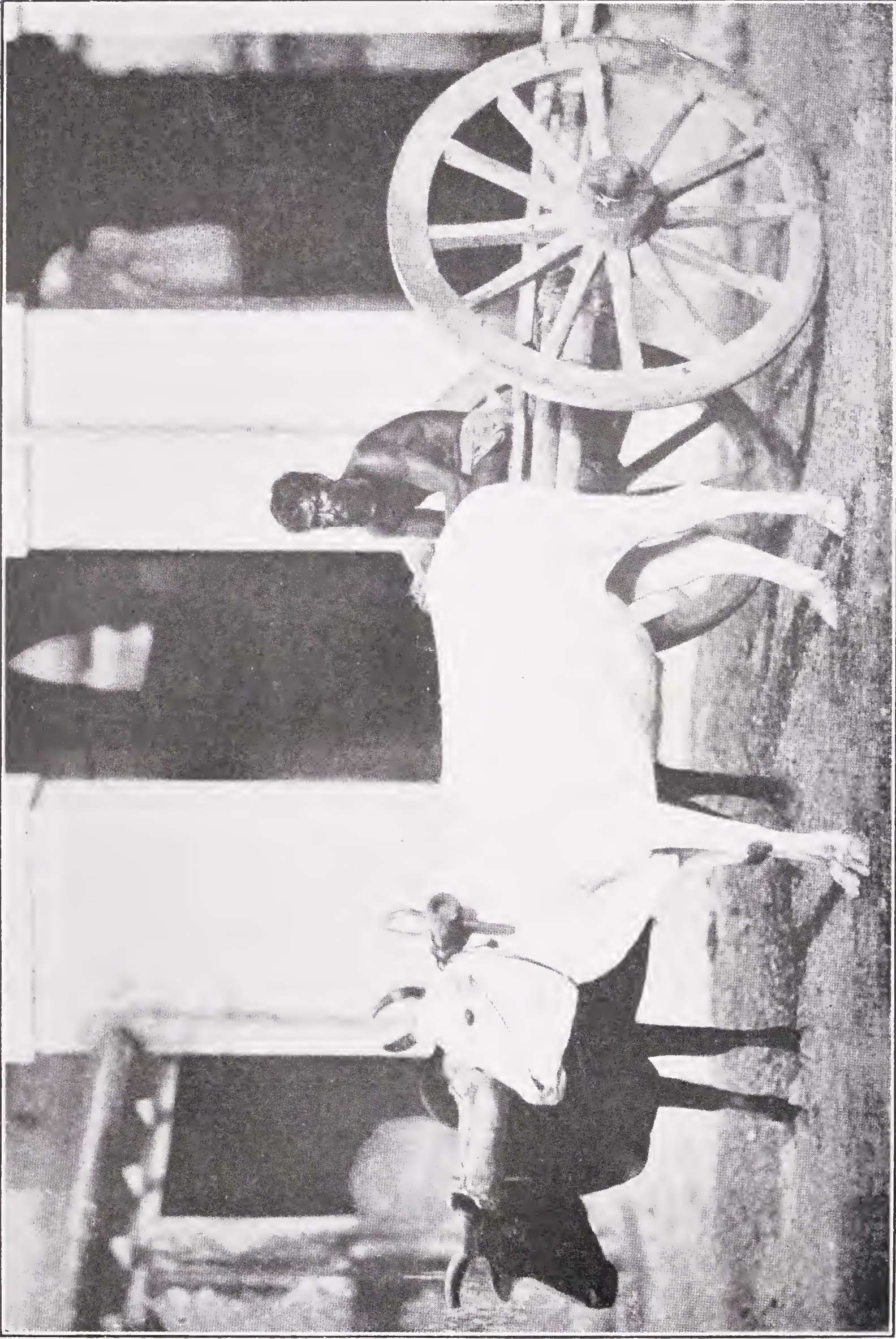
WASHERMAN—CALCUTTA.

stories high, and run back three or four hundred feet. Their stocks consist of groceries, hardware, drugs, dry goods, clothing, hats and caps, musical instruments, trunks, gloves, men's furnishing goods, millinery, crockery, shoes, in fact everything that can be sold in this market. The prices on these articles which I am familiar with, are about the same as in the United States; they have no duties to pay and buy most of their goods in Europe, and should make good profit, as they have a good volume of trade all the year. They do not need to carry any winter goods in Singapore. It is always "The Good Old Summer Time" here. Mr. Robinson told me he paid his English speaking clerks 300 pounds a year, and his rent is \$9,000 per year. The latter item looks cheap to me, most of his clerks are Chinese, and to these he pays very small salaries.

The climate is hard on many classes of goods. It is so hot and humid that many goods will mould if kept in packages in warehouses. It takes one month to get goods from Europe, but with all these drawbacks, it still looks like a good place to make profit in selling merchandise.

Burma—"The land of Pagodas and Yellow Robed Priests." After sailing through the Bay of Bengal for a thousand miles we enter the Irawaddy river, and long before we reach the river the sea is discolored by the mud and silt that flows down this great stream. At its mouth it is so wide that we still appear to be in the ocean, while both its banks are covered with rice fields as far as the eye can reach. The stacks of rice straw are as large as many of the wheat stacks on the most productive of our western prairies.

The many cottages and villages dotted over the level plain, as level as the river itself, and only a few feet above the water, the many little green groves of tropical fruit trees,



BULLOCK CART—CALCUTTA.

and the general air of prosperity in this fertile rice producing country, make a view most pleasant to look upon.

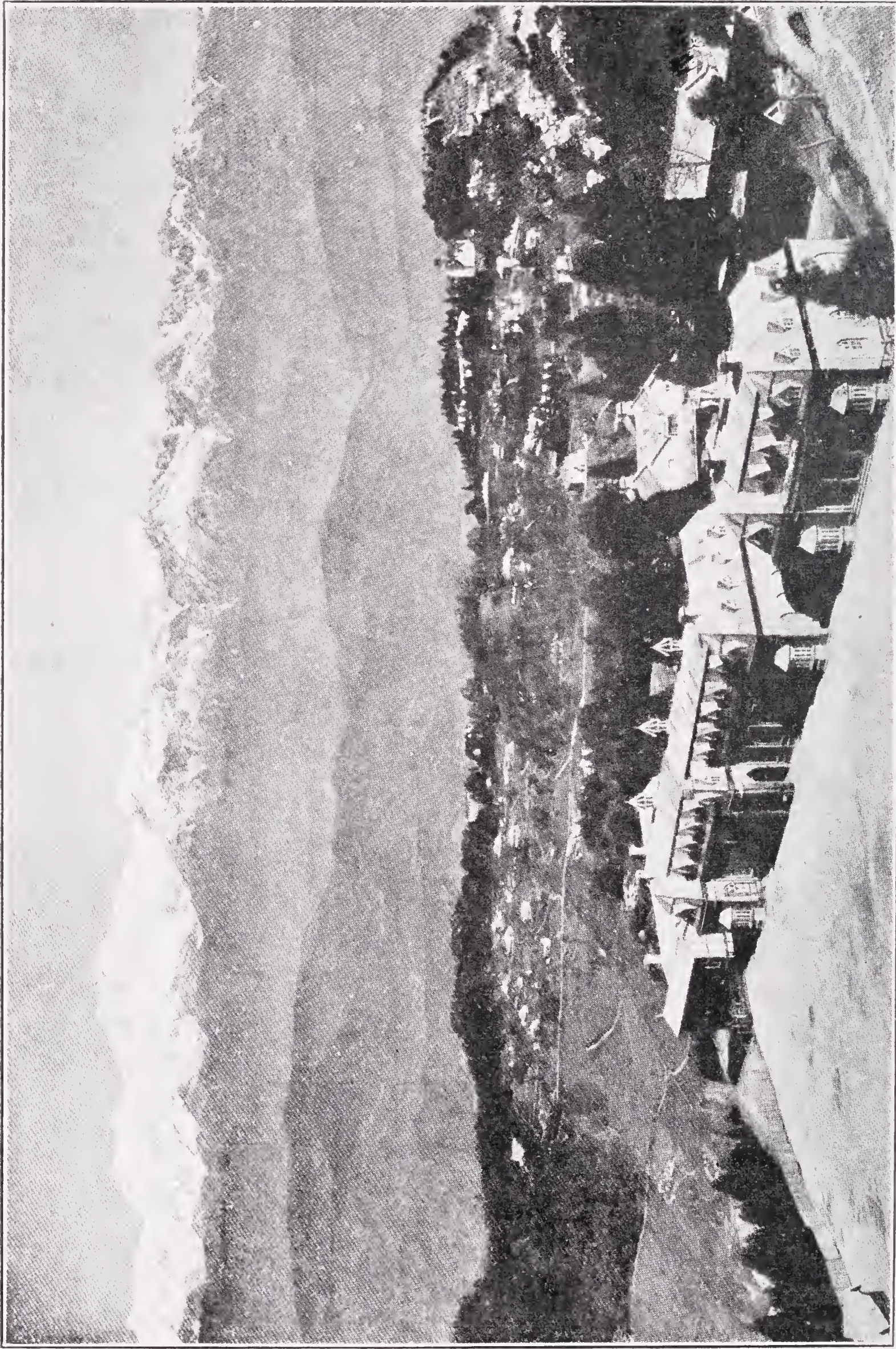
This might be called the "delta" of the Irawaddy (by some called the Rangoon river), as it has every appearance of having grown out of the mud and silt which in ages has been deposited by this great stream, as it enters the sea. Rice is the chief product grown here. The Burmese use the Water-Buffalo to plow, and the soil is so productive that large crops of the best quality of Rangoon rice are grown very cheaply. After the rice is sacked, the boats load at the field, so that there is no expense in hauling to market. Rangoon is the largest rice exporter in the world, and is known in every market.

This great rice growing district on the lower Irrawaddy or Rangoon, is by far the best agricultural region we have seen since leaving our own country, and the farmers have a well fed, prosperous appearance.

The next export of Burma in importance is teak-wood. This valuable timber is grown in unlimited quantities in the upper or mountainous districts, and is shipped to all parts of the world.

After steaming up the river for twenty-five miles we reach Rangoon, the capital of Burma, a city of 300,000 population. The river here is two or three miles wide, and deep, so that our large steamer sailed up and anchored near shore. Rangoon has excellent shipping and railroad facilities, and is the third largest commercial city in India (as Burma is now called part of India). The streets are wide and regularly laid out, and the buildings, two or three stories, built of stone or brick, give the city a first-class appearance in the business district.

The river bank is covered with wharves or jetties for two miles. There is considerable boat building done here, and



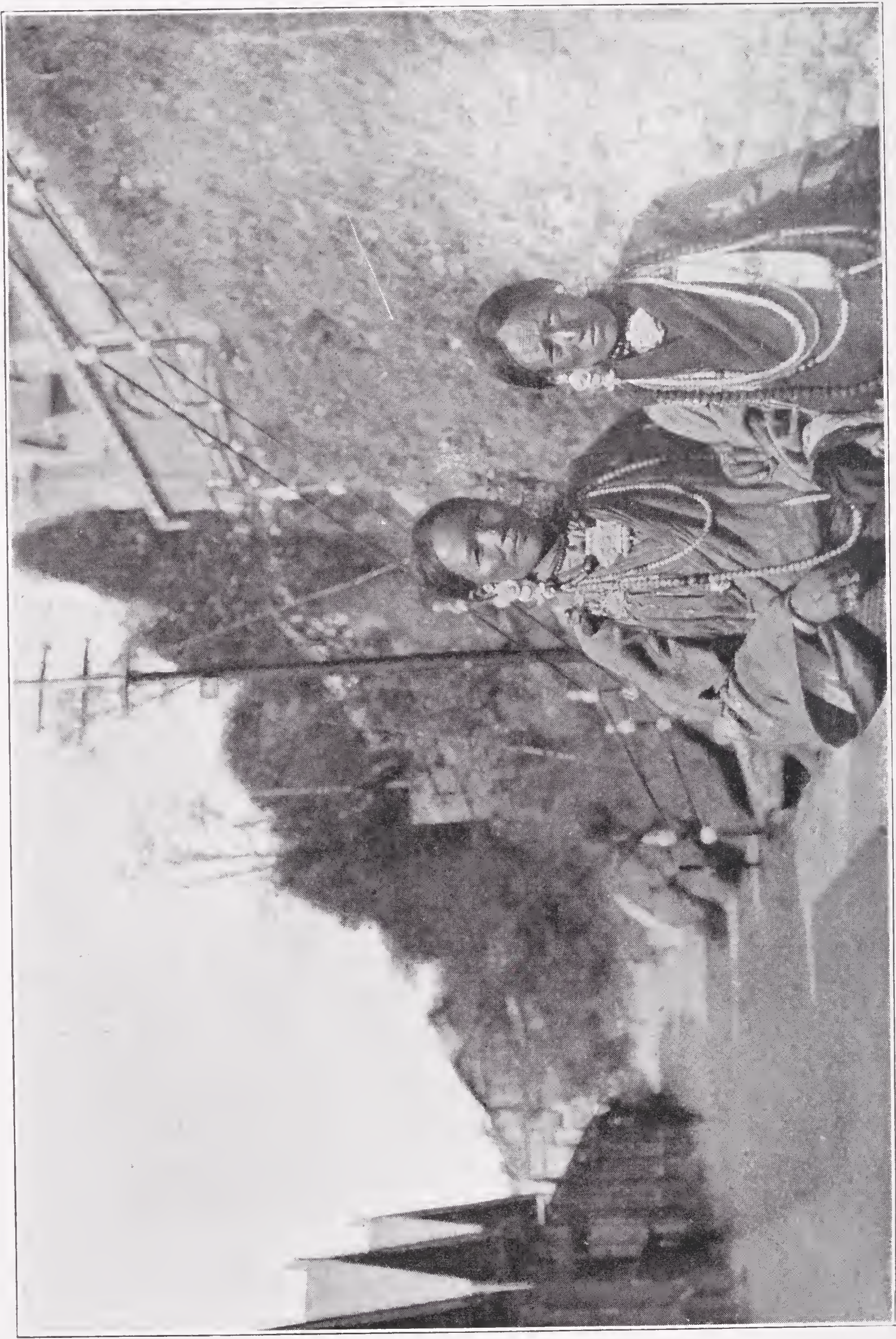
DARJEELING, SHOWING SNOW-CAPPED HIMALAYA MOUNTAINS.

some lumber and rice mills, also railroad shops, but manufacturing is small, and in its infancy in Burma.

This is the only country that I know of where the Standard Oil Company are shut out. *The Burma Oil Company* so far have no competition here. They have been able to prevent the Standard from getting permission to build tanks here, and the only way they can handle oil is to ship it in tank cars, and deliver directly from the car. This virtually shuts the Standard Oil Company out, as the Burma Oil Company has large tanks, about twenty on each side of the river, so that they can readily supply the local demand, and also can load vessels quickly and cheaply. They own a large fleet of oil vessels and deliver oil at all important points in India. They export now over ten million dollars worth of oil per annum.

Rangoon is situated latitude 17 degrees north; a very hot climate, and humid. The natives trot around all day in the sun, but the traveler will be wise if he stays in doors from twelve to four o'clock. The Coolies who form the great mass of the population, wear the least possible clothing, and do not think of the heat, which is great.

This city is improving, and in fact all Burma is rapidly becoming a field of operation for the English and Scotch. Many are here now developing the industries of the country, which they find profitable. While much of the merchandising of Rangoon is done by the natives in small shops, there are two large English stores here, which have a large and increasing business. Rowe & Company told me they had been here sixteen years, and grown from a small room to their present large business, over a hundred foot frontage, being now much crowded they need more space, and are at present erecting a new store building, which they will soon occupy; they claim it will be the largest and best store building in Burma. They sell at retail and wholesale everything from automobiles to



TIBETIAN WOMEN ON STREET—DARJEELING.

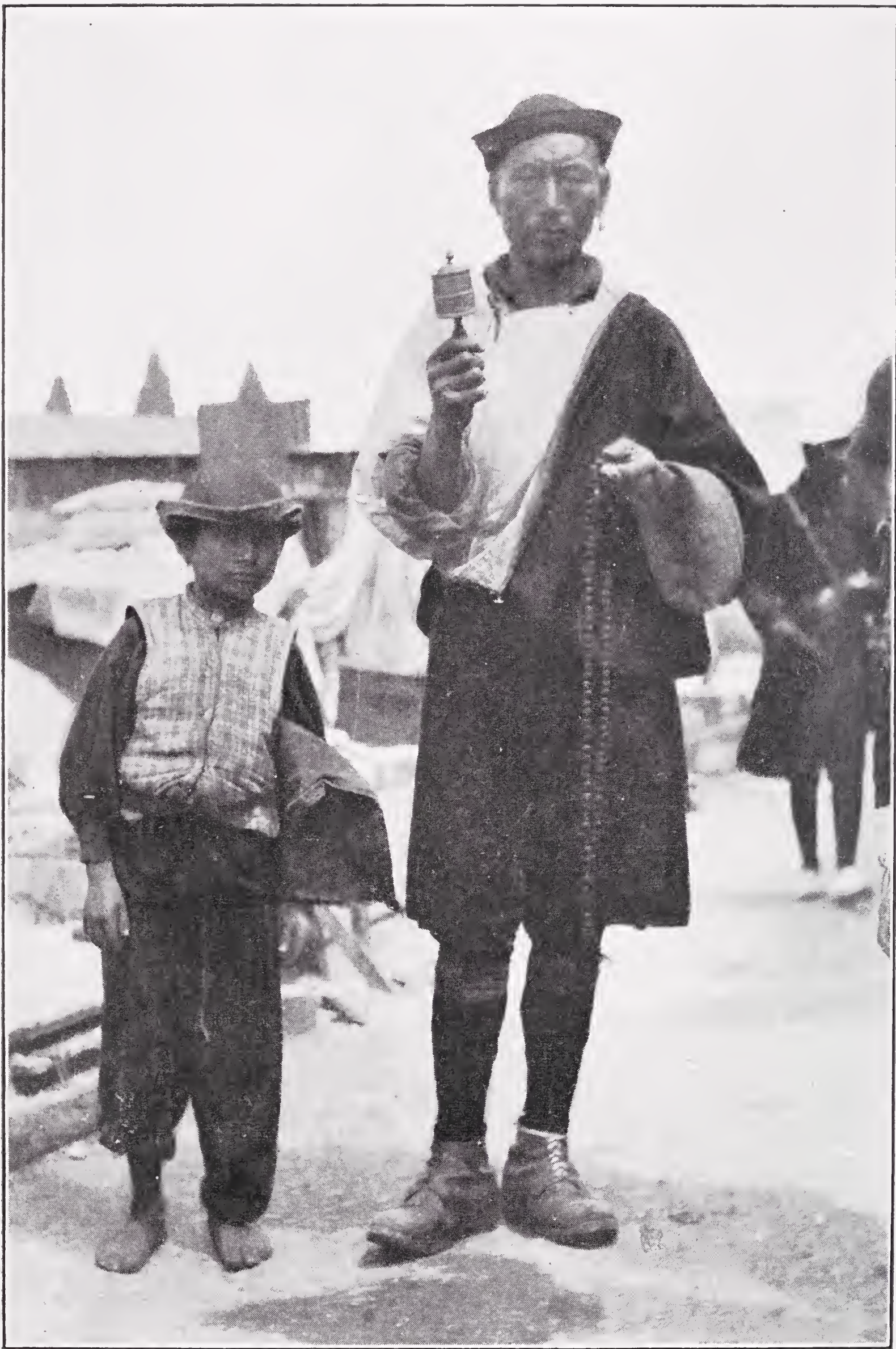
musical instruments. Their clerks are both English and natives. Mr. Rowe says the native Burmese make their money easy, as rice growing only requires labor part of the year and they spend their money freely. They are also learning to wear more clothing than formerly, but very few shoes are worn; almost everybody goes barefoot.

The hotels of Rangoon are not good. We took lunch at the Minto Mansion, which is reported to be the best here. When the fruit course was served the waiter brought a bunch of small bananas; the ants were much in evidence; I rapped on the stem, and a whole swarm of ants ran out; I motioned for the waiter to take it away, which he did, brushed off the ants and brought it back again. Now, in one sense, I am a Buddhist, that is, I will not take the life of an ant by eating him. However, one must not be too particular in this country about such small things as ants and lizards.

One of our party was entertained last night at the Bungalow of a private family in Rangoon, and the table legs were all standing in pans of water; in that way they manage to keep the ants off the table. Those who have been here for years get accustomed to this form of tropical life.

The greatest attraction for the traveler to the city of Rangoon is the *Shwe Dagon Pagoda* founded 588 B. C. It is the greatest Pagoda in the world, built of stone, and as a curiosity it ranks with the wonders of the earth; situated on a hill about 170 feet high, the Pagoda itself is 317 feet high, 1350 feet in circumference, and covered with gold leaf, from base to top, sometimes called the "Golden Pagoda."

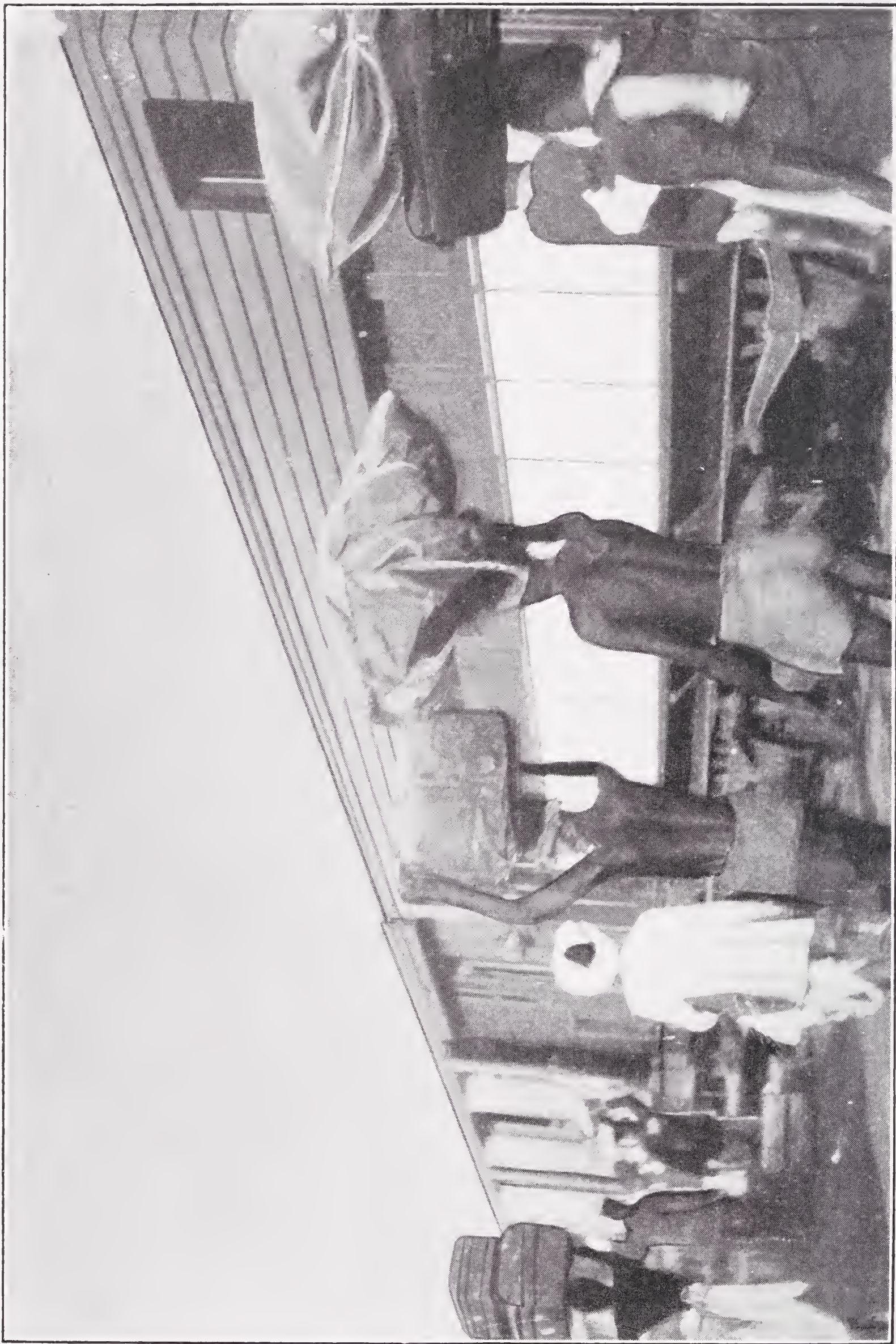
The terrace or hill on which the Pagoda stands is 900 feet long by 680 feet wide. On this base, all around the Pagoda are built hundreds of shrines or small Pagodas. We never saw such an exhibition of spires and gilding. There are so many of these small shrines with idols in them, that one



TIBETIAN PEDDLER—DARJEELING.

is at first bewildered with the great beauty and glitter of the place, and at present there are several new shrines being built. One of them has a beautiful marble floor, with marble pillars in front; these pillars are covered with colored glass and mirrors. At the back on a raised platform, which is covered with many colored glass are three idols, about five times life-size. One is made of white marble, and the other two of plaster; also there are several smaller idols about life size, gilded with gold. The ceiling of the room is a beautiful plaster work, laid on so that it appears embossed, and is painted or frescoed in keeping with the surroundings. Altogether it is the most wonderful shrine or worshiping place that we have seen. This is only one of the many, but we mention this particular shrine and its idols because it is not yet completed. Many others are larger and more important. At many of these shrines a hundred or more candles are burned for an hour every day. This causes much grease to accumulate around the candles, and much smoke stains the fine marble.

The Shwe Dagon Pagoda is covered with some kind of metal and gilded with gold. As the gold gilding has been worn off and renewed so many times, it has been decided to have the top thirty feet plated with gold so that it would not be necessary to renew the gilding so often, and at present a staging of bamboo poles surrounds the top, and the artists are now laying on the plating of gold so thick that it will not soon have to be renewed. It is a difficult thing to do, as there is no way of going up on the inside. When the workmen go up to the top, they stay there until the job is completed, as there is no way to come down, except on a small car, which is hauled up on a rope running over the Pagoda near the top.



TRANSFERRING OUR BAGGAGE FROM GANGES RIVER TO TRAIN.

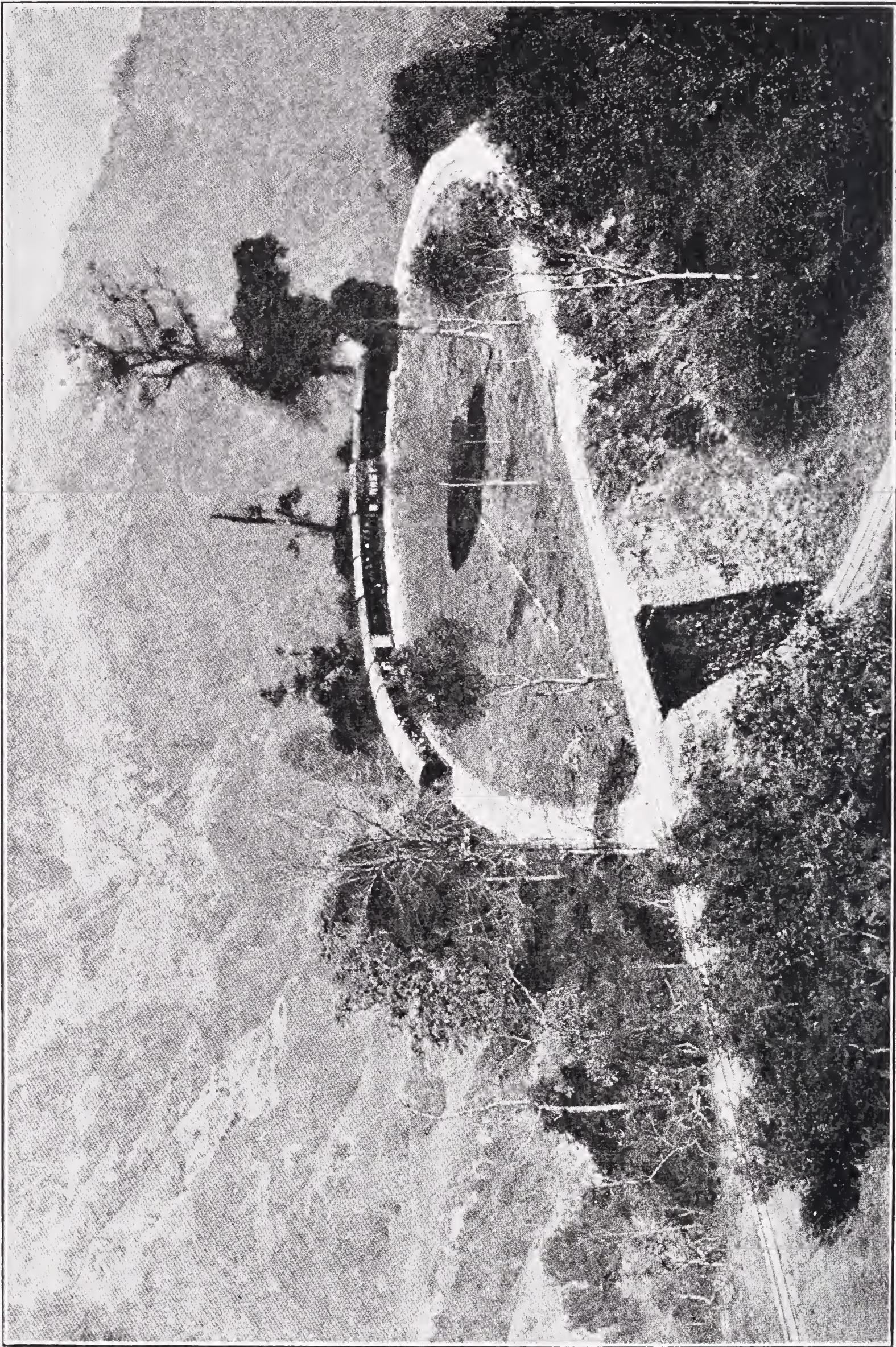
At present the manager of the gilding work goes up in this car every Sunday morning, taking enough gold to keep the workmen busy for a week, or until he comes up again.

This glittering Pagoda can be seen even from the sea on a bright day, when it glitters for all who look, and everybody looks, as it is the most conspicuous object in Rangoon.

The great terrace is reached by long and broad flights of marble stairs. These steps are covered with a huge roof made of teak-wood, and along on each side of these steps are located many Indian peddlers, with all kinds of trash, such as gongs, toys, flowers, and every conceivable kind of small wares, which they earnestly pursue the traveler to buy. Some of these peddlers place their wares in the hands of naked infants, to run before you and hold up their articles for sale.

The first thing we saw on our arrival at the top of these stairs was a shrine with 100 candles burning before a Buddha Idol. This Idol has had many costly jewels bestowed on it, presented by the faithful. There are strings of pearls, diamonds, etc., nearly covering it; value estimated at \$250,000. Also, there are show cases on the terrace in which are large gifts, such as an ivory elephant, a silver ship, and valuable jewelry, donated by the Buddhist worshippers and a watchman is kept here day and night to protect these gifts.

This Buddha has a lattice work door before him, but we were permitted to look through and see him and his jewels. There were half a dozen Indians on their knees in prayer at the time we were there. These worshippers must have learned prayers of the Mohammedans, who are many in India, as they have the same form of praying, in a kneeling posture, and frequently beating their heads against the ground. Of course, every traveler who comes to Rangoon will visit this famous



CIRCULAR LOOP ON THE DARJEELING RAILWAY.

Pagoda. The Buddhists make pilgrimages to this Pagoda from all parts of Burma.

The Mohammedan makes one pilgrimage to Mecca and that is enough to last his lifetime, but the good Buddhist continues to make frequent pilgrimages to the *Shwe Dagon Pagoda*. They are coming all the time, both day and night. At night the faithful carry torches or lighted candles, and present a weird spectacle. There are many Buddhist priests in and around this great Pagoda. They are Indians, dressed in yellow cotton cloth, draped around their bodies. These priests live on the bounty of the people. They do not beg, but each has his assistant or apprentice, who goes out at meal time with a large brass bowl and a gong, beating on the gong lets the people know that the priest, his master, will accept anything that he can eat.

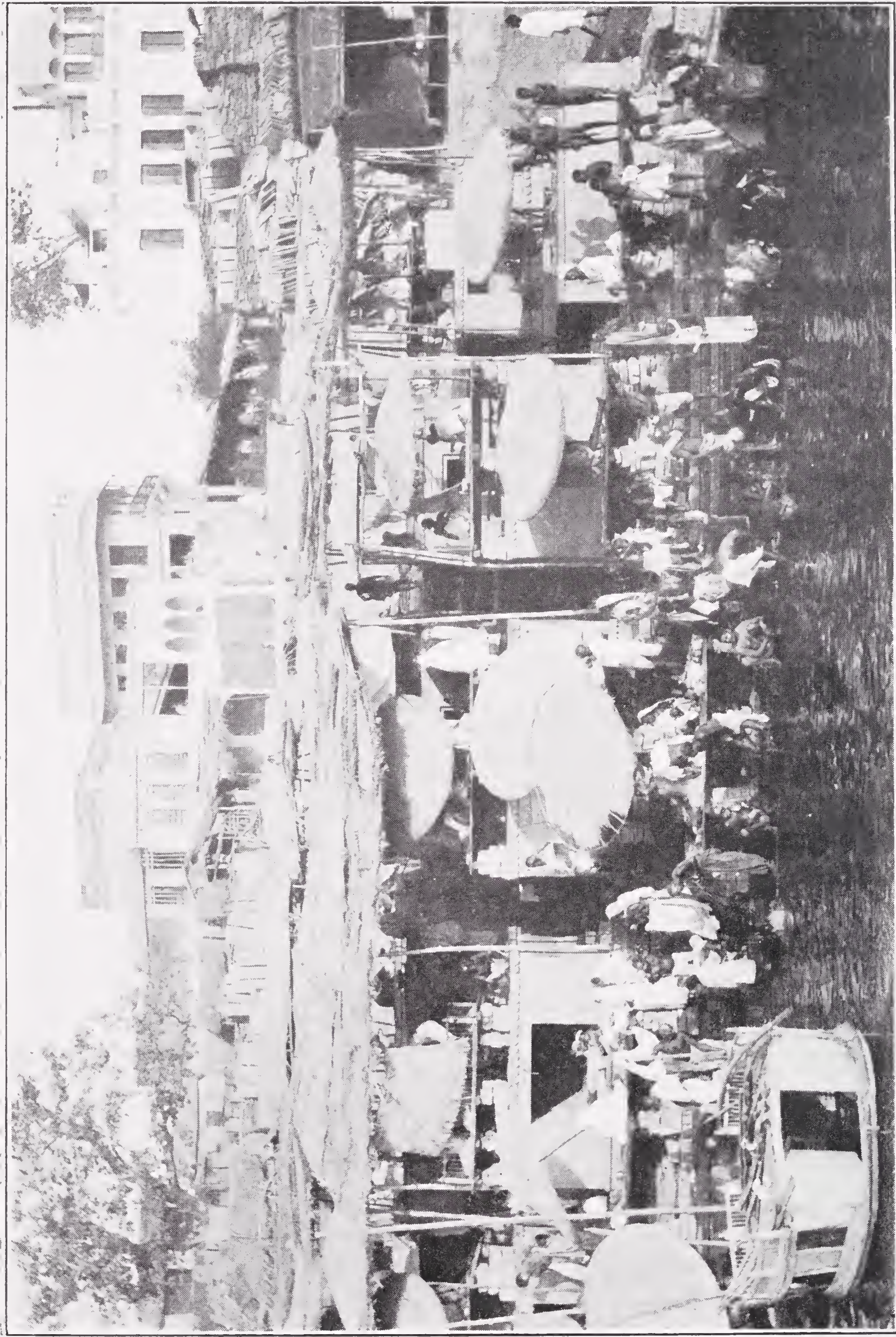
There is more gilding, plating and bronzing required to keep this great Pagoda and the thousands of smaller ones on this hill all brightened up, than one would think. A whole forest of spires to keep bright. The whole thing is a *Tawdry Jewel for Pagan idolatrous worship*, and the most dazzling thing of its kind in the world.

There is a Pagoda about 100 feet high at the crossing of two prominent business streets in Rangoon, called the *Zulu Pagoda*, erected in honor of the great Zulu Prince, whose spirit guards the city.

There are many other smaller Pagodas of the same pattern as the great Shwe Dagon, erected in many different places around Rangoon.

It is not claimed that the great Shwe Dagon Pagoda was built to its present height in 588 B. C. At first it was only twenty-seven feet high and has since been built over many times until its present great size was attained.

A lady of our party who was entertained by a resident of



BATHING GHAT ON THE HOLY GANGES RIVER—BENARES.

Rangoon said to me "I have not done much for foreign missions, and think I shall do nothing for them in future, as I am told that these Buddhists really live better lives than the Christians, so what is the use of converting them." I replied, "my dear lady, the Buddhist belief in brief is, that all beings that have breath have souls, the animal, the bird, the reptile, the insect, etc., and when one dies his soul enters some other being which has life, and so continues indefinitely a life of misery and distress. If, however, the individual lives a blameless and holy life, and does not take the life of any living thing, he may attain such a holy plane that his soul will not be reborn; that would mean simply the blotting out of the soul from existence, which condition they claim is greatly to be desired, to avoid the continual misery and distress that is the lot of all living beings, and the true Buddhist therefore endeavors to live a blameless life, and will not take the life of anything that breathes. It is said that when he sleeps he covers his mouth with a thin cloth or veil to keep out insects, as the insect might by chance be killed.

They are idolators and worship idols made of wood and stone. We have been commanded by Christ to "go into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature" and endeavor to convert them to the Christian faith, therefore, we should contribute to foreign missions to the fullest extent of our ability. While the vast number of Pagans make the task look too great, and the number already converted seems so small in comparison, as to discourage the missionaries, still it is God's work, and he will in his own good time make this labor effectual in the conversion of these millions. We know that some of the work done by missionaries is poor and indifferent, that is the case in any and all work. We do not have the best ability in every man we have in our business, still we do not condemn our business efforts for that reason. Then



BATHING IN THE GANGES RIVER—BENARES.

let us encourage the missionary cause by contributions and encouraging words.”

A novel sight to the traveler is the elephants at work in the timber yards in Rangoon. They work with much intelligence in piling the heavy timbers. They are much like the natives, as they squeal and bellow when a timber is heavier than they like to lift, and walk very slowly as their dinner hour approaches.

Many of the Rangoon maidens are called pretty, they wear silver bracelets on their ankles and arms, and rings in their ears and nose; many of them wear a gold button or rosettes on the left side of the nose; also they wear skirts or “*Sarongs*” made of a yard and a half of bright red, scarlet, or purple silk, and a very short white waist or jacket. The women are the actual masters of the family, and do the trading and spending of the family funds, as well as keeping the native shops, while the men do the heavier work of pulling loads on wagons, laying water pipe, making roads, sawing timbers, and all heavy work.

The East Indian, also the Burmese, are coal black, they have straight hair, good features, and a high order of intelligence.

There is a steam railway out from Rangoon, a very good electric street railway line, electric lights, city waterworks, oil works, ship-building works, railway repair works, etc. Most of the goods used here are made in Europe. Shipping facilities are good, and the principal business of the city is in the shipping line.

INDIA—CALCUTTA.

After a short sail down the Irrawaddy and through the Bay of Bengal, we come to the great Gangesriver, or rather one of its mouths, which is called the *Hoogli River*. This is like the Irrawaddy in bringing mud and silt down to the sea,



HOTEL DE-PARIS—BENARES.

and in the many past centuries has filled in millions of acres of rich alluvial soil along its banks. This is very fertile, and great crops of rice and wheat are growing here.

We steamed up the Hoogli sixty miles to Diamond harbor, though why it is called a harbor we could not understand, as it is simply a station on the river bank, where a fort has been built. Here we left our steamer "The Cleveland" as the river is too shallow for her to go up to the city. We boarded a small steamer for the remainder of the trip forty miles up to Calcutta. The tide was running strong against us and it took from two o'clock p. m. to nine p. m., or seven hours to run this forty miles. *The weather was intensely hot*, and when we finally landed we were a weary, heated crowd.

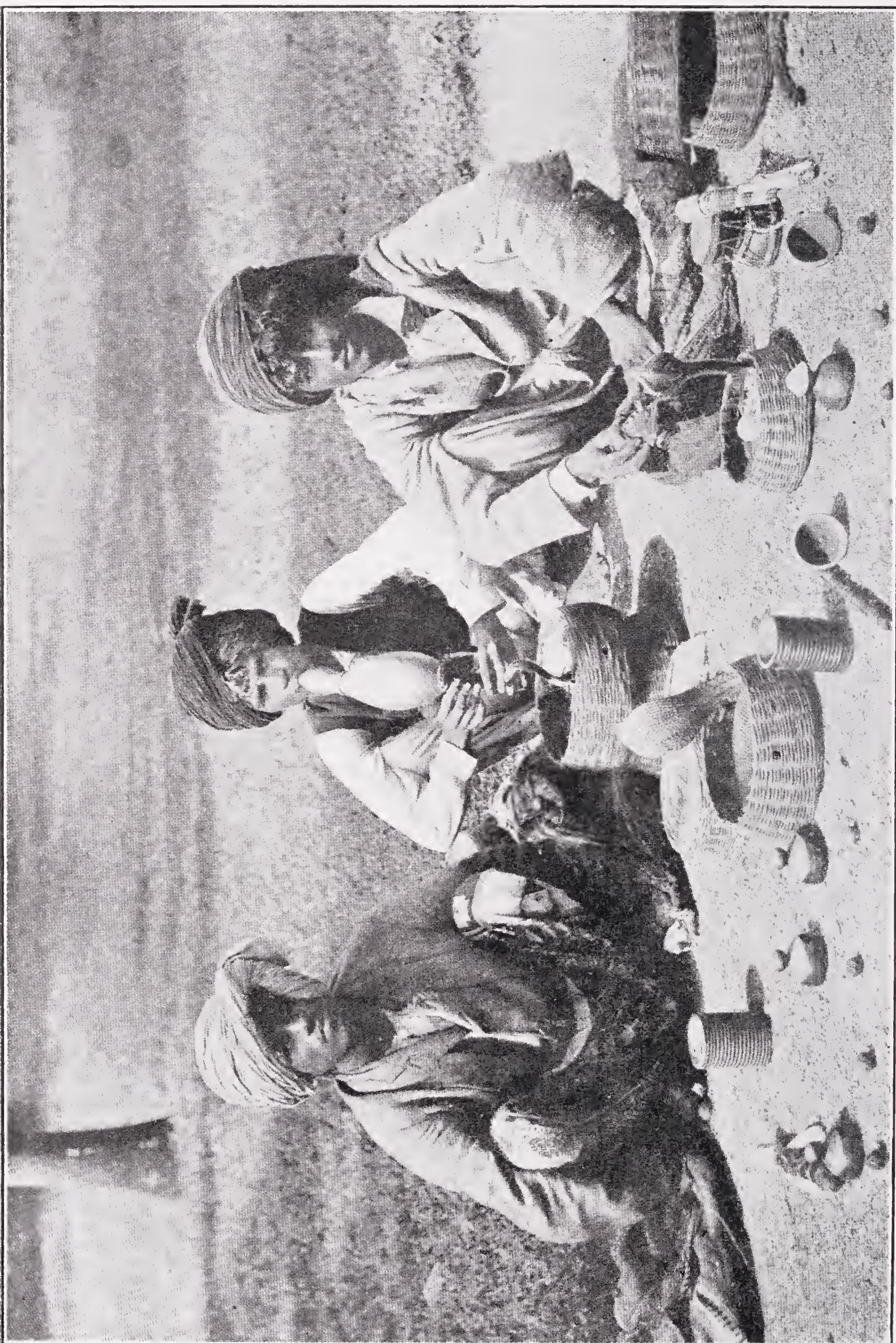
Calcutta in the English section, is a beautiful city, with wide streets, fine buildings, many beautiful parks and drives.

The Grand hotel where we stopped is just opposite a beautiful park of several acres extent. So many of these parks make this part of the city beautiful, but the native parts are mostly built of very poor, cheap houses with narrow streets and many bad smells.

The population of Calcutta proper is over a million, and there are several large towns adjoining, which are not included. It is claimed if all these suburbs were added, Calcutta would have over three and a half million people. There are thirty thousand Christians in Calcutta and vicinity.

The city was founded in 1686. At present it is quite prosperous, and several large buildings are being erected.

We were talking with a resident Englishman who told us that this was the largest city in the world, except London. I asked him what was the population, and he replied 14,000,000; I could not repress a smile. They have many handsome government buildings, as Calcutta is the capital of India, also



SNAKE CHARMERS—INDIA.

the State Capital of Bengal, and all their officials reside here. Also, *Fort Williams* is located here on the Hoogli river, the largest fort in India, having 619 cannon, 80,000 stand of small arms, and a very strong garrison.

There are a great many factories here, making sugar, cotton cloth, silk goods, jute cloth, burlap, etc. This city has railroad connection with all parts of the vast territory of India, and gathers trade from all directions. At least one-third of all the foreign traffic of India passes through Calcutta, making their exports and imports very large. The principal items sent abroad from this port are rice, cotton, wheat, jute, sugar, indigo, coffee and tea. As there is a population in India of over 300,000,000 it would seem that their cotton and silk mills would have quick demand at home for all their products. However, it only takes two yards of cheapest cotton cloth to make a breech clout for the men, and that is all the clothing used by two-thirds of the men. One would think that the city residents would be clothed better than above indicated, and many of them are, but the ordinary laborers in Calcutta wear only the one garment above mentioned. We saw hordes of factory hands going from work, who only had this one garment, and sometimes we wished we could go with the same kind of dress ourselves, as this is a very hot country; thermometer was 112 degrees in the shade and 170 degrees in the sun one day when we were in Calcutta, and much humidity, as the city is only 100 miles from the sea and has a large river where the tides ebb and flow.

The city has a fine Botanical Garden a short distance out. One feature of the garden is a large Banyan tree over 100 years old, and still spreading. It now covers an acre, and is a popular place for those who visit the garden in the hot portion of the day, as it offers a grateful cool shade.

The annual rainfall at Calcutta is 64 inches. However,



TAKING A MORNING BATH—GANGES RIVER, NEAR BENARES.

it is not well distributed, and during the months of March, April and May no rain falls, therefore, irrigation is quite generally in use.

The East Indians when educated make good clerks, and from what we saw of them, think they make very shrewd and unscrupulous business men. We were doing a little trading with one of the Hindus, and found him a very sharp and diplomatic salesman. I told him I would be glad to have him for a salesman in the wholesale dry goods business, and he replied that he would be glad to come with me for six months. Upon reflection, however, I decided not to employ him, as I was afraid he would in six months, have most of the capital of the business.

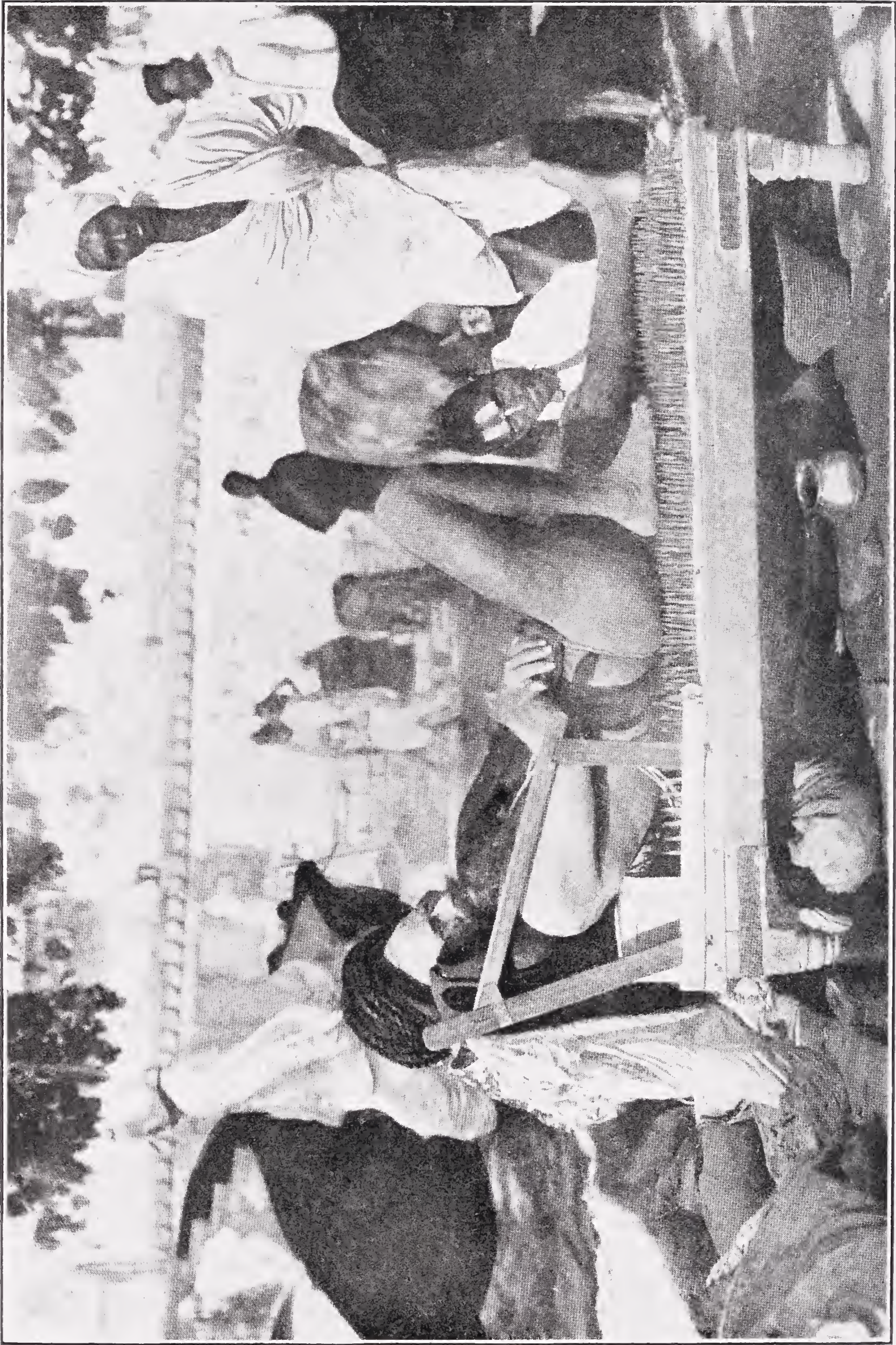
There are many Hindu and Mohammedan Temples here, but the most beautiful was built by a sect called Jains. This little temple although small is very pretty, and situated in a fine garden, which is filled with statuary, plants and a small lake.

One of the places of interest to the visitor is the *Calcutta Black Hole*, a dungeon fourteen by sixteen feet, where the Newab of Bengal, who captured Calcutta in 1756 threw 146 men and kept them there until morning, when all were dead except twenty-three. The original spot is marked in the sidewalk near the postoffice.

The money of India is the "Rupee," worth about 32 cents, and the "Anna," worth two cents.

We left for Darjeeling on March 11th by rail. The track is five feet six inch gauge, and well ballasted with rock. In fact all the railroads of India are well built, better than ours on the average.

Although the weather was hot and dry, we had very little dust. After about three hours we crossed the *Ganges River* by ferry. 100 miles up from Calcutta the river is full



FAKIR ON BED OF SPIKES—BENARES.

of sand and silt, and the channel changes frequently, so that the ferry which is now about five miles long, is not always in the same place, as the shifting sands of the river sometimes form sand bars, forcing a change in the ferry. The river at this point is about one mile wide.

Crossing the Ganges, we took sleeping cars, and by morning were at the foot of the Himalaya Mountains. After breakfast we embarked on a small train, two foot gauge, built for climbing the mountains. The cars are built to carry six persons each, and hang low, not more than one foot above the track. Three seats face forward and three backward. The sides and ends of the cars are protected from the sun and storm by white duck curtains. As it was fair while we were making the trip, we had the curtains drawn back, and the rear end curtain rolled up, so that we had quite a comfortable observation car.

The country on this line is all mountains, except small narrow valleys not more than a quarter of a mile wide on the average. There is not a bridge or tunnel on the line, which is sixty miles long, and in that distance rises 7,200 feet to Darjeeling, winding always around the edge of the mountains.

The engine is small and built low on the track like the cars. The train runs about ten miles an hour, and in one place makes a circle of about 100 feet in diameter, and crosses its own track. The tracks in places are built with switch backs, and zig-zag up the mountain side. Sometimes we could look down a sheer drop of 3,000 feet, and many times we were crawling up grades which must have been at least twenty per cent. It was certainly a great sight and interesting to all who are fond of grand mountain scenery.

These mountains sides are cultivated in all places where a man can walk without falling off. A new industry has sprung up in the last twenty or thirty years (the railroad was



MARBLE LECTURE HALL—LUCKNOW.

built thirty years ago) that is, *Tea Growing*. We saw more *Tea Estates*, as they are called here, than we have seen elsewhere.

The rains in season are very heavy on these mountains, about twenty feet per year. The tea plants get all the moisture they need in the wet season, and stand the dry season all right without rain. Frequently the valley and both sides up to the top of the mountain are covered as thickly as hills of corn in a corn field, with tea plants. It is the dry season now and the tea plants are in first-class condition, the picking about to begin. I think tea growing here will greatly increase, until this will be one of the greatest tea raising territories in the world. There is plenty of land suitable to this plant, and plenty of the cheapest labor, who are greatly in need of work. The plants grow strong and make an excellent quality of tea.

On arrival at Darjeeling we noticed that the people were not like the East Indians, which we had seen on the plains. They are Tibetians. Tibet is just on the other side of the Himalaya mountains, and these people have come over and located here. They are larger than the East Indian, and have Chinese features. They wear coats, shirts, trousers, shoes and caps; many of them wear felt boots and leather shoes. They are better workers than the East Indians, and are very eager to work; they almost fought with each other for the privilege of carrying our baggage.

The city of Darjeeling is situated in a section where there is no level ground; everything is on the side hill, yet there are many beautiful homes. It is called a summer resort, and many of the officials and others come here to spend the hot months.

There is a population of 7,000 and the little city looks prosperous. The snow capped tops of the highest mountain range in the world, the Himalayas are in plain view from Dar-



GOVERNMENT BUILDINGS—LUCKNOW.

jeeling, a grand and beautiful sight. In order to get the best possible view of these great mountains we were called at two o'clock in the morning to go ten miles to the top of Tiger mountain to see the sun rise. We had six stalwart Tibetians to each sedan car, and three others running along to change off when the carriers got tired, making nine men to each chair, the boss coming along behind to see that all did their duty.

Mrs. Wheeler and myself were last to start. Although the road is good, it was very dark, and the way lay along the precipice in many places so high it would make one's head dizzy to look down. While we knew this, we felt that we must trust to the carriers if we wished to arrive at the top in time, and they certainly did their duty well, for nearly all the two hours up trip they jogged along in a dog trot, and made the best time we ever experienced in being carried up a mountain, and they were singing, laughing and talking all the way.

We arrived at the top about ten minutes before sunrise and I should be greatly delighted if I had the ability to properly describe one of the greatest sights that are ever viewed by man. We were up on the Himalaya mountains, 8600 feet, and the distant peaks were 29,000 feet high, truly on the "Roof of the World." The sun was already making the eastern sky a brilliant red, and lighting up the universe. We were standing on a frame work just a little above the earth, and waiting; in just a moment the great red sun peeped above the horizon, and in another, was shining ever so brightly over the snow capped peaks of the Himalayas, and we were there to see; what a sight. We have often wished for this opportunity, and now we are here.

Across the entire western horizon the range of white peaks were in plain view, with the morning sun throwing its blazing light on each snow covered cliff, and point, a sight



NEW GOVERNMENT BUILDINGS—LUCKNOW.

which makes us feel how small we are, how great is this universe, and how much greater the all wise Providence who made it.

The Switzerland mountains are truly beautiful and a delight to the eye, but the Himalayas are not in that class; they are so much more grand and inspiring. The morning was clear and we had a view which we shall remember with pleasure all our lives.

Now we turn our faces back, and after an hour and a half rapid trot down the mountain we were ready for breakfast.

Before the English came to India the lions, tigers, and all wild animals were very numerous and killed many people. The Hindus (from religious principles) will not kill anything that breathes; if a wild beast should kill one of the family, they would simply try to scare him away. It is reported that a tiger ran into one of the stations on this road and grabbed the station master, the telegraph operator, who is a Hindu, jumped to his key and wired the superintendent at Calcutta as follows "tiger on the platform eating station master, *wire instructions.*" If the superintendent was a Hindu, he would perhaps wire reply "shake a red rag at the tiger, or beat a drum in order to scare him away."

Benares "The Holy City" was next visited. This is the Mecca for all pious Hindus, and a million of them make a pilgrimage to Benares every year to worship the Idols in the "Golden Temple," and wash away their sins in the sacred Ganges. Since the English occupation, there is no more sacrificing of infants by throwing them alive into the "Sacred Ganges" as was the custom, or by offering them as a sacrifice on the altar before the Idol "Kali" to appease her wrath and avoid trouble in future. A goat is now sacrificed every morning, and its blood sprinkled over the Idol Kali, which is



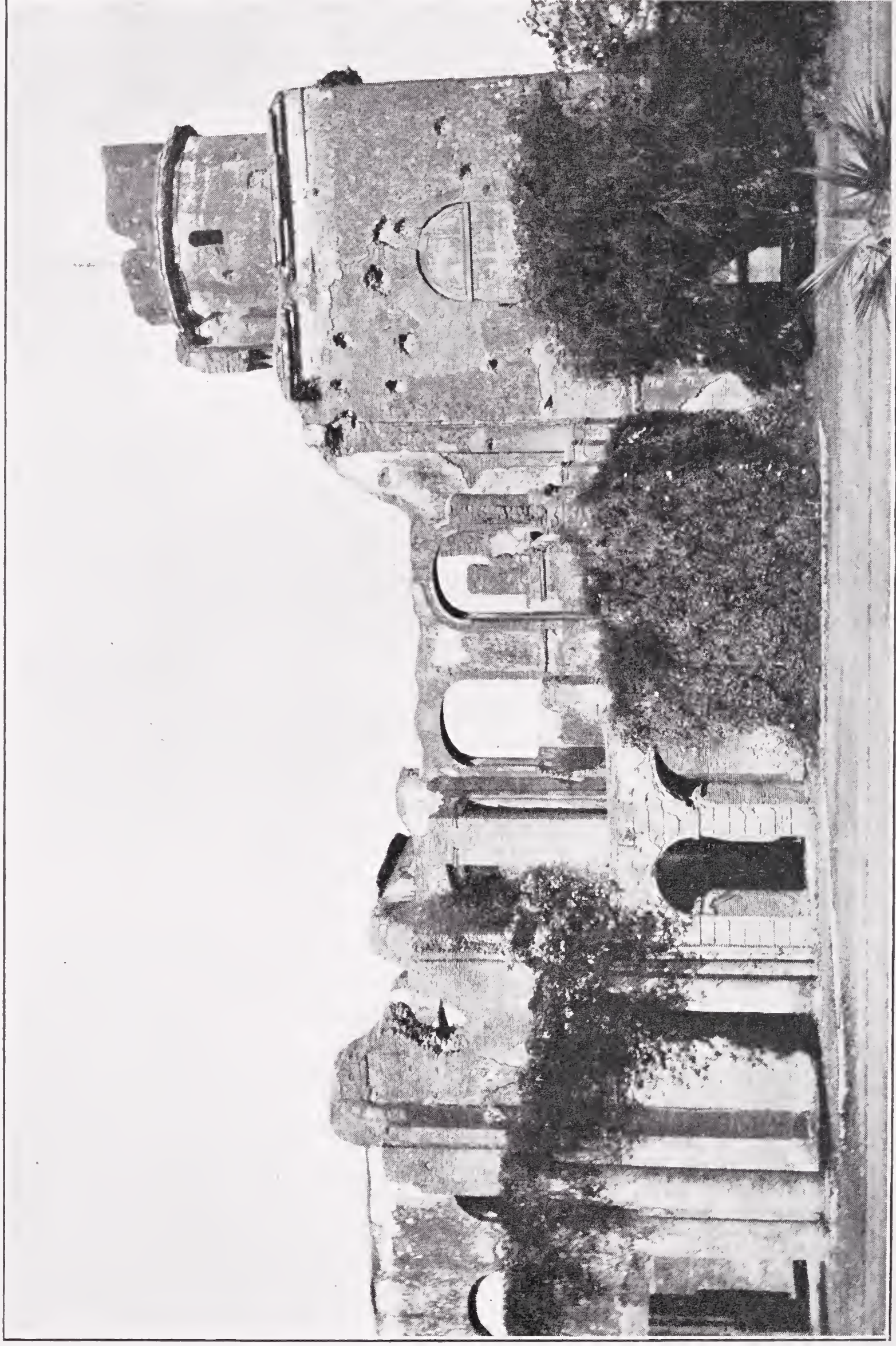
RUINS OF THE RESIDENCY—LUCKNOW.

all the poor idolaters can do. A goat had just been slain and the blood sprinkled over the great "Kali" as we arrived.

We left our hotel at five a. m. and drove rapidly to the Ganges, took a boat at sunrise, and paddled up and down the sacred river in front of the bathing Ghats and the burning Ghats, that we might have a good view of what was going on, without being molested. To say that we were greatly interested would be putting it mildly. The scene was extraordinary; we shall never see anything like it elsewhere. Even before sunrise, thousands of pilgrims, as well as Benaries religious devotees, were in the water along the river banks. To them the Holy Ganges cures all diseases, and if by chance they should only live to get into the stream, it would be a privilege to die in the Holy river. It is said that at some seasons of the year there are a great many feeble and sick who are striving to get to the Holy river, and die by the road side, and are left above ground where they die.

We saw thousands, of all ages and stations in life, bathing in the river—some with their hands raised before their faces in the attitude of prayer, and so remained as long as we could see them. One holy man (so called), had one arm extended towards heaven, as far as he could raise it, and continued in that position as long as we saw him. Our guide says he will keep his hand up as long as he lives. Maybe that is true, but if he did not take his hand down, and eat and sleep at night, I do not think he would point heavenward more than a few days.

We saw two bodies being brought to the burning Ghat. One was carried on poles by four men; in this case the body was covered with a cloth. Just a moment later we saw the body of a poor person being brought to the Ghat; in this case the corpse was stiff, and entirely nude, and was tied to a bamboo pole about nine feet long, and carried by two



RUINS OF THE RESIDENCY—LUCKNOW.

men, one at each end of the pole. They brought the body down to the burning place, and dropped it on the rocks, and left it there to be burnt when convenient.

Also, a father brought the body of his little daughter to the burning Ghat. It may be that he was not able to buy the wood to burn the body. At any rate, the authorities gave him a written permit to throw the body in the Sacred Ganges; accordingly he tied a stone to the little corpse, and dropped it into the river.

There is very little current to the river at this point, and for that reason the refuse and sewage does not float away as quickly as would be desirable. We saw much offal floating in the water. One object was a dead dog. There are not many sewers in the city, and can not be much sewage, but a great amount of foul unpleasant smelling trash is continually dumped into the river. All the sick and well bathe in the Holy Ganges, if they bathe at all, to get clean both in body and soul. All the soiled clothes are washed here, as their laundry is brought to the river at the Washing Ghat. The washer-man wets the clothes, and then beats or slaps them against the rocks until he calls them clean.

The city has a waterworks system, with pipes laid through some of the streets. The water is piped from the river; the intake is in the midst of all this pollution. We were told that it was filtered before being sent through the pipes, but even after filtration it seems that such water would give the whole city typhoid fever. *We did not drink any of the Ganges water.*

On leaving the river to go to the temple, we were surrounded by beggars, some were "Holy Men" with bodies almost entirely nude, and smeared over with stripes made of ashes, and some sticky material so that the ashes would stick to their skin; also they have long gray hair, never combed,



ENTRANCE GATE TO GREAT MOSQUE—LUCKNOW.

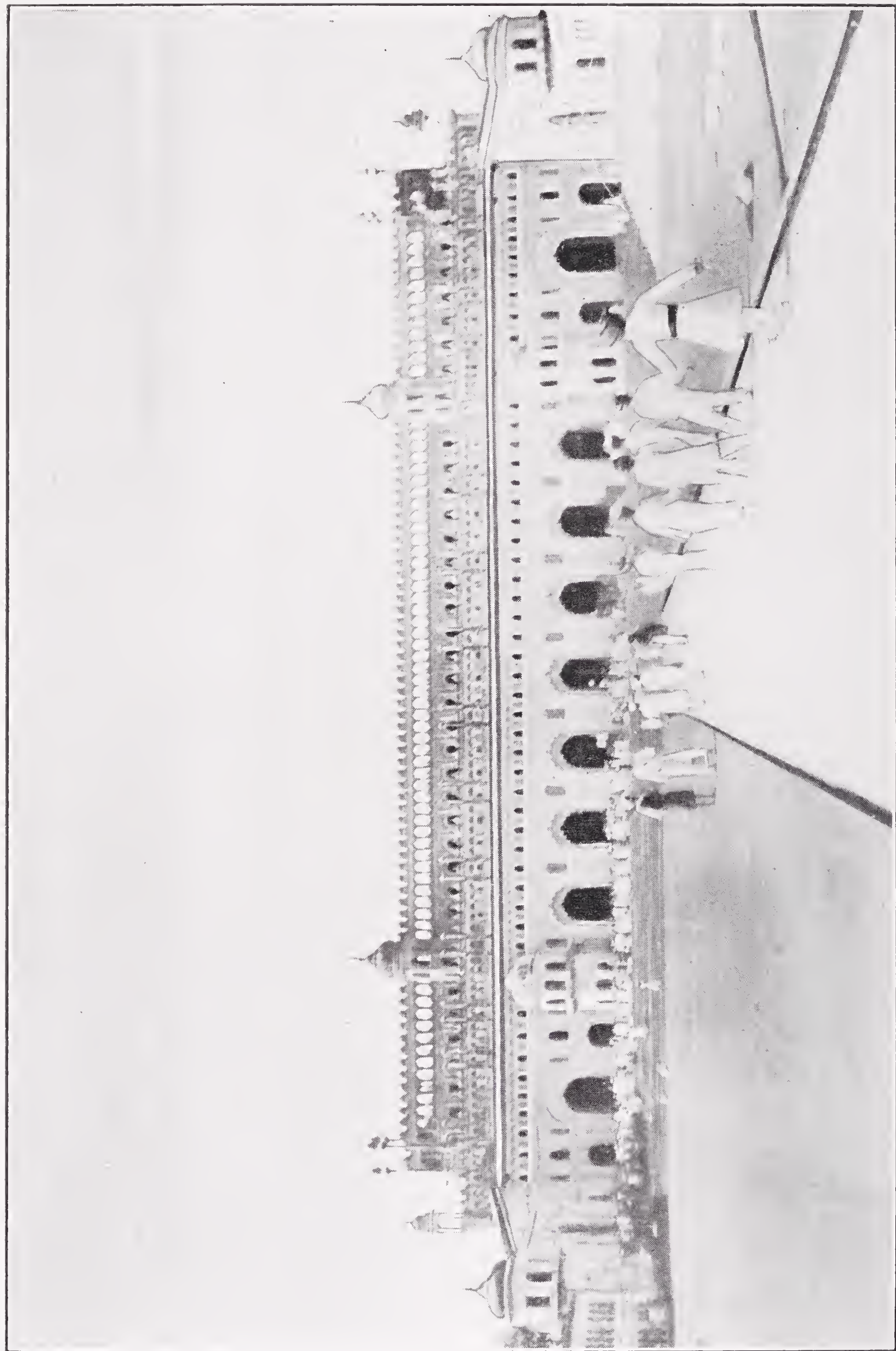
but stuck full of ashes or other offal, the whole person presenting a revolting appearance. This poor deluded idolator carries a long staff or cane, and a small brass bowl, and the people gladly contribute to keep him alive. He held out his bowl to us, and did some very loud talking but we did not understand his language. We never knew whether he was blessing or cursing us, but in my opinion one would be worth as much as the other.

Also, the Indian snake charmer was there, by the side of the Holy Man. He had a bright red snake, with red mouth and tongue, the tongue was darting out towards us, too close to be satisfactory. Also, he had a large flat head snake, which would snap at us, and make a blowing or hissing sound, and still another larger specimen, coiled around his body and arm, all said to be harmless to us, but did not look so.

The poor man with his nose eaten off with leprosy was there, begging with the most pitiful, pathetic voice one ever heard, and a horde of others too dreadful to mention.

Benares is a Mecca for all types of religious monstrosities, fakirs, conjurers, medicants, etc., who congregate here to beg, steal, and extort money by any means, from the continual stream of travelers and religious fanatics who visit the city.

We visited the "Great Golden Temple" where all Hindus go to worship the idols. The whole place outside and in was filthy and foul smelling, in the extreme, a great multitude of people were passing in and out, through a passage not more than eight feet wide. Along one side of the narrow passage was a row of women dressed in unbleached cotton cloth, sitting against the side of the wall, holding out their hands begging. We were told that they were widows; as the English have prohibited them from being burned with their husbands, as heretofore, they are now compelled to beg or starve.



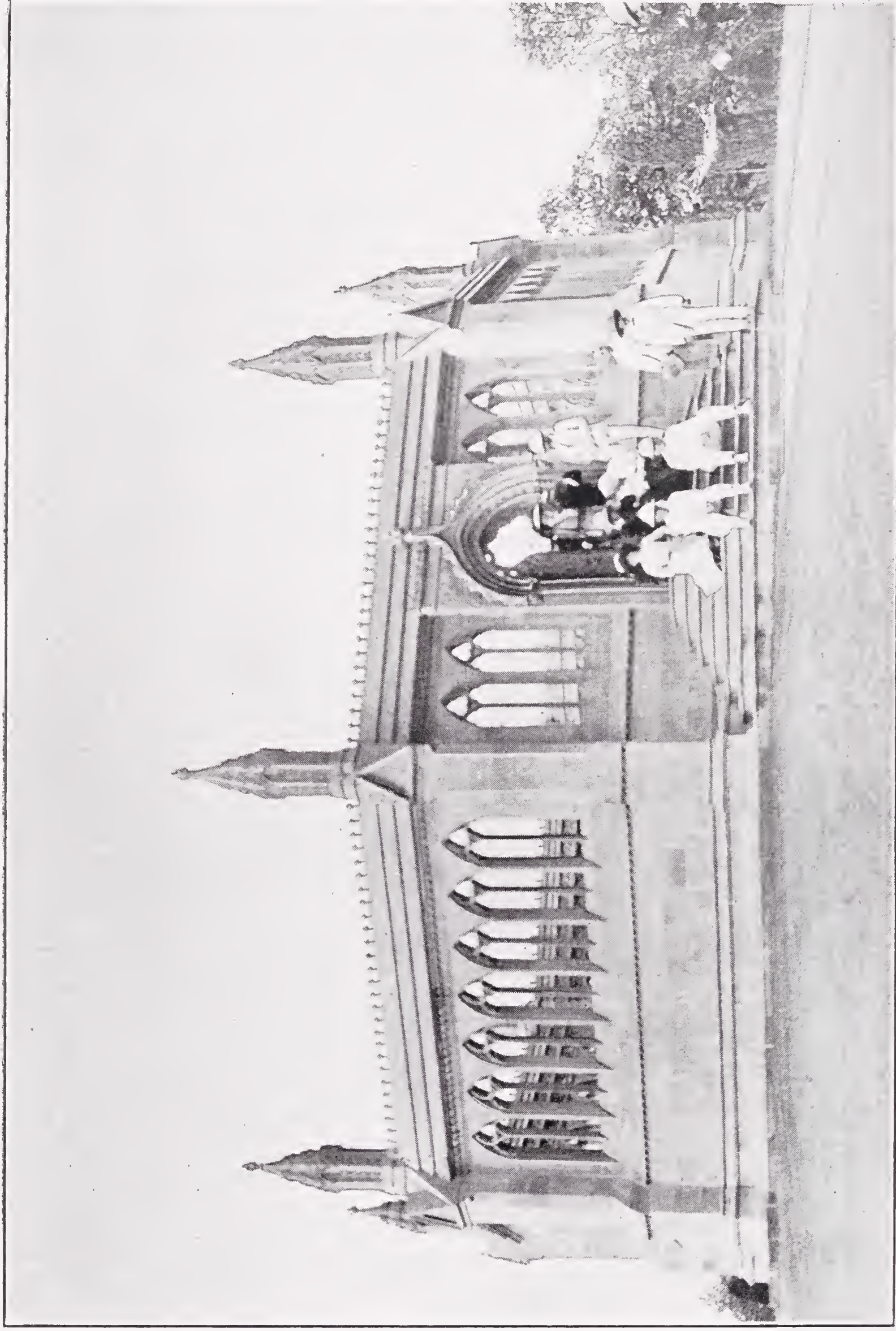
THE GREAT MOSQUE—LUCKNOW.

Inside the temple is a sacred white bull, which is well fed and fat, also a sacred well, and a shrine which was crowded with Hindus, walking around it, to do penance for sins, or to earn favor with their gods. They walk around this shrine, some a hundred times, some five hundred times, more or less according to their sins, and their strength to walk. Perhaps also according to their opportunity, as the place was full when we were there, about 9 a. m., and hardly any more could walk until some of the walkers dropped out. It was a great relief to us to "drop out" where we could get a breath of fresh air.

This "Great Golden Temple" is not large, and not high, all the Golden part now to be seen, is the two domes which are gilded with gold, and as that has been done some years ago, the gilding is now much the worse for wear.

The Monkey Temple does not smell as bad as some others, as it has plenty of ventilation. The monkeys are big fat fellows, many of them old and serious looking. They are in all parts of this temple, but in a class by themselves, and do not mix with the human monkeys, which throng the place. Here water buffalos are sacrificed during times of famine, and sometimes babies' bodies are to be found lying at the foot of the Idol Kali. As the English hold this to be a crime, and punish the Hindus for such murder, it seldom occurs now.

The sun is so hot in central India between the hours of 11 a. m. and 5 p. m. in April that we did not often venture out during the hottest hours. While the temperature was high, 112 in the shade, the air was dry, and we did not suffer from the heat when we kept in out of the sun in the hours above mentioned. After five we drove out to the ruins of the first Buddhist Temple, built 2588 years ago. These ruins consist of a solid brick stack, about fifty feet high, also excavations recently made, show that this temple with its many



OUTSIDE VIEW, CAWNPORE WELL—OUR PARTY ON STEPS.

buildings, covered a space about an acre in extent. There was a large pool in one part, and some stone columns are found in the other parts, but the main part of this structure was built of thin kiln burnt brick, which do not stand the wear of time like the rock temples of Egypt.

To show the rise and fall of the Buddhist religion, this was the first large Buddhist Temple. Here the faith was established twenty-six centuries ago; today there is but a small number of Buddhists left in India. The stronghold of Buddhism is now in Japan, and even there the Shinto religion seems to be gaining and Buddhism waning.

There is an old museum here, and many broken relics are to be seen. They resemble the relics in the Egyptian temples, but are not well preserved.

Benares is a city of more than 250,000 population, it is more than 2500 years old, and has not made much progress during all this time. The country around the city is generally irrigated. We did not see the crops, as they have all been harvested, but the soil does not look fertile. The people generally are very poor, most of their houses are mud huts, covered with a roof of thatched straw. They have numerous herds of cattle and goats, all in very thin flesh, showing that they, as well as the human beings, did not get enough to eat. There are many monkeys in the fields, as well as in the city.

The Hotel DeParis was cool and comfortable, and the food better than we expected. This hotel is situated in the English part of the city, more than a mile from the native section.

Lucknow is made famous for all time by the great "Siege of Lucknow," which occurred during the Indian Mutiny, lasting from June 30th to September 25th, 1857. "The Residency" was occupied by the English garrison, consisting of about 1000 soldiers, women and children, commanded by Sir



CAWNPORE WELL—INSIDE VIEW.

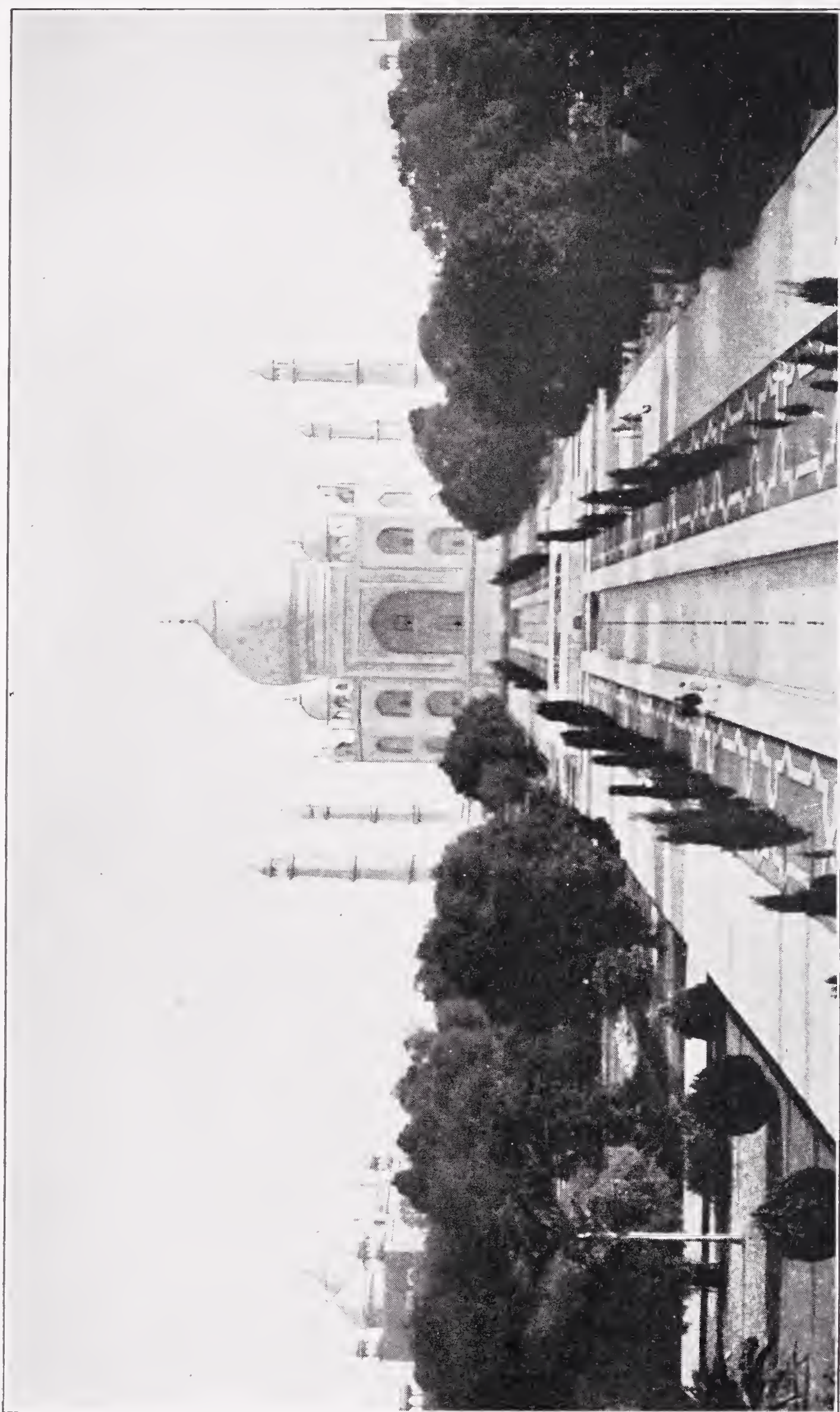
Henry Lawrence, who was killed by a shell July 4th, 1857.

As our train stopped for a few hours here we took a trip through the old ruins, which still show the holes made in the brick masonry by the cannon balls. The story of the many days of fighting, and waiting for assistance, are familiar to most Englishmen, and it shows bravery, pluck and persistency seldom equaled in the annals of war. Today the ruins stand in a beautiful park, shaded by trees, and carpeted by grass, as peaceful as if they had never been the scene of carnage, death and destruction.

Near there are the fine government buildings, now used by the Army of Occupation.

Taking carriages, we drove to the great Mohammedan Mosque, and thence through the native part of this growing city, which is now fourth in population in India, and a thriving place with good agricultural country round about.

Cawnpore is not of great commercial importance, except as a manufacturing town for harness, and leather work. It is however, remembered by all Englishmen for the atrocious deeds of treachery and murder which occurred here during the Indian Mutiny. General Sir Hugh Wheeler, who was in command of the garrison of British soldiers at Cawnpore, in the summer of 1857, learning of the Mutiny of the Sepoy soldiers at Meerut and Delhi, at once made haste to throw up breastworks, and barricade his small garrison, preparatory to what was soon to come, the Mutiny of his own Sepoys. The Nana Sahib had professed great friendship for the English, and General Wheeler placed the treasury of Cawnpore under his protection. However, as soon as the Sepoys at Cawnpore mutinied, the Nana took the lead as their commander, and immediately rifled the treasury, and began a siege against the small garrison. From June 4th to 25th, for three weeks these brave determined soldiers held at bay an

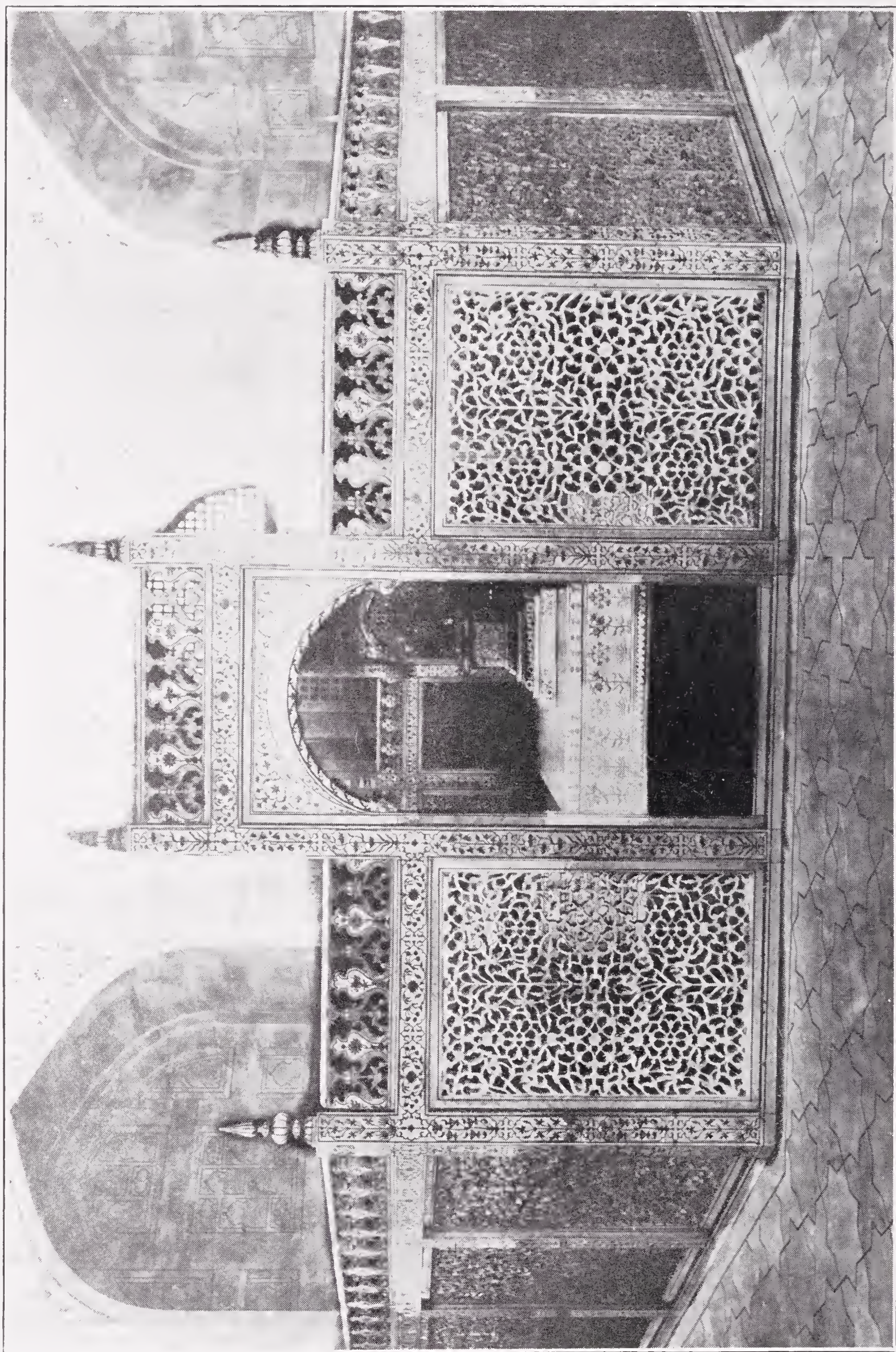


TAJ-MAHAL.

army of nearly ten times theirs in number. During that time they lost by death and wounded all of their artillery men, having an average of twelve deaths per day, the bodies of which they were compelled to drop in a well, just outside their breastworks, which they could only reach under cover at night; with food so scanty that each individual could only have a handful of flour and a few peas for their daily allowance; the sun blazing down at a temperature of 112 degrees in the shade, still they held their weak fortifications, resolved to hold on until re-inforcements could reach them, or die fighting.

The wiley treacherous East Indian Nana-Sahib sent a letter to the garrison, offering to guarantee protection if they would evacuate and go down the Ganges river, on boats furnished by him to Allahabad. As the garrison was in such a distressing condition they accepted this proposition, and marched to the boats. Before they were all embarked, the East Indians opened fire on them, and killed them all, except 125 women and children, and three soldiers. These three managed to reach the opposite side by swimming. The women and children were held for a few days, until it was learned by Nana-Sahib that an army was coming to relieve them. He then sent a detail of his soldiers to shoot them, but these blood thirsty Sepoys had not the heart to do the cruel work, and fired their shots into the ceiling. Nana then sent two Mohammedan butchers, an Afghan, and two Hindus into the house with swords, and those innocent victims were cut to pieces. Next morning their corpses with some children which had not died, were thrown, both dead and living into a well near the house of tragedy.

We arrived at Cawnpore about two o'clock on one of the hottest days we ever experienced, and went to the Army and Navy Hotel to keep cool until five o'clock. Then as the sun was getting low we took carriages and drove to the



CARVED ALABASTER SCREEN—AROUND THE TOMBS IN TAJ-MAHAL.

Memorial Church. Near the church are the graves of many of England's bravest and most heroic soldiers, who perished during the siege. The church walls inside are nearly covered with memorial tablets for those brave soldier boys who died during the siege.

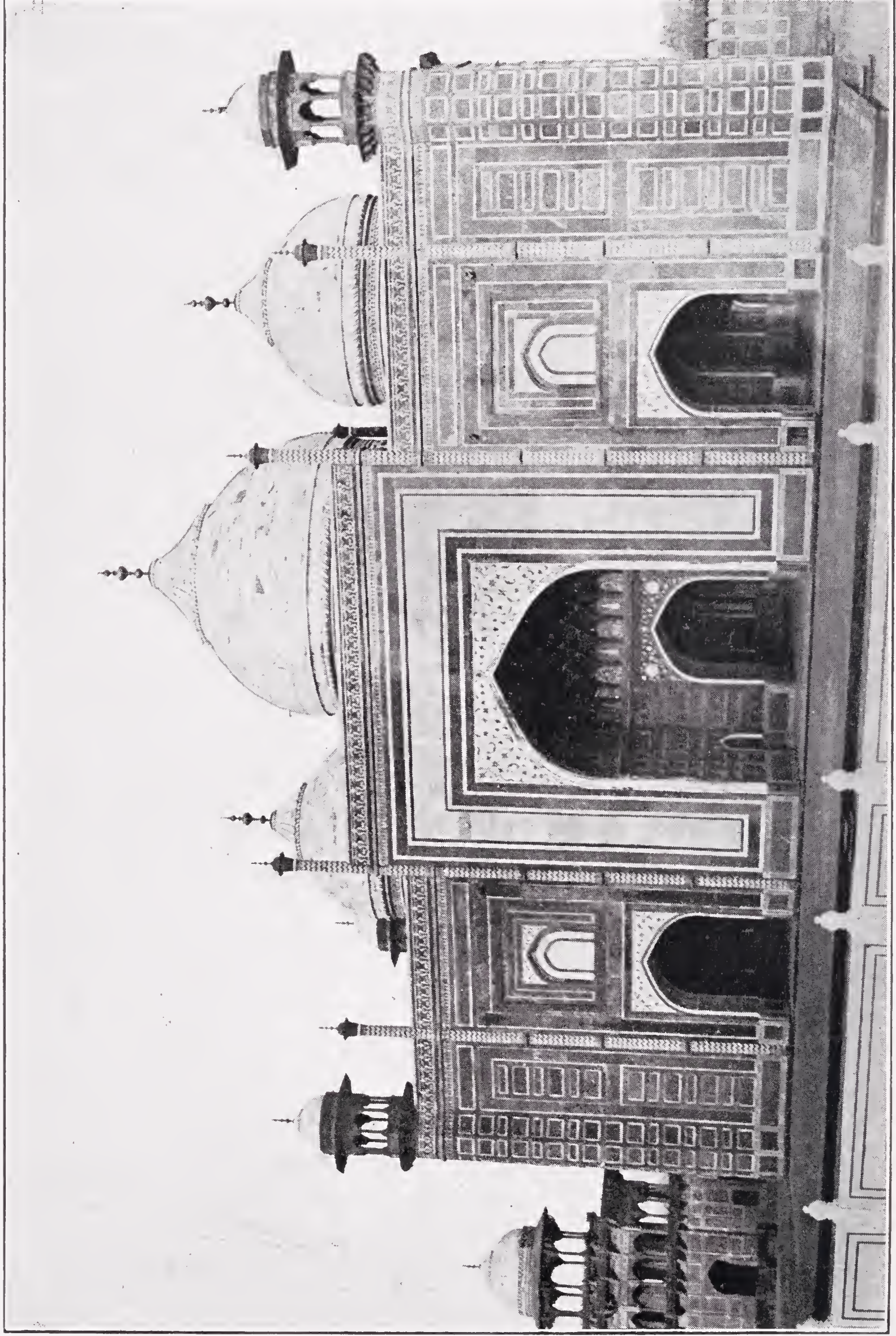
Then we drove to the Ganges river, where the treacherous massacre occurred, and next to the Cawnpore well, where 125 women and children were thrown dead and alive. The well has been filled, making it their permanent grave, and over it has been built an ornamental marble railing. Inside in marble is the statue of an angel with folded wings looking downward towards the dead.

Agra—We arrived here about 5 a. m. and drove at once to the Taj Mahal, that we might see it by sunrise. The drive was most delightful in the early dawn, when the air was fresh and exhilarating.

The road lay past the big red stone fort, through a large park, where the trees were beautiful, the grass green, and the hard road bed sprinkled, so that we had no dust; a perfect drive on a perfect morning in April. The birds of bright plumage were caroling their morning songs; the monkeys were playfully running over the house tops, and the native servants lazily clipping the grass from the lawn, while others were sprinkling the fragrant tropical flowers.

Our thoughts at such a time should be, and were at peace with all men. Our carriage halted before a building with high arched doorways, and ornamental roof, the gateway to the Taj-Mahal.

The Taj-Mahal in all its beauty lay before us. We involuntarily pause, take a long breath, look again, then sit on the gateway steps, taking into our vision and soul, the inspira-



MOSQUE, IN WEST SIDE OF TAJ-MAHAL.

tion of the sight, the most beautiful and perfect building in the world.

Graven above the magnificent gateway, is the Arab text "let no man who is not pure in heart enter the Garden of God." On entering, in the center, is a marvelous garden, with an avenue of dark cypress trees, that render whiter the far off monument. This perfect structure rises like a vision of loveliness. It is a floating dream which seems ready to vanish in the light of the dawn.

"As one approaches, the eye takes delight in the sumptuous simplicity of the pure surface, with the graceful borders of flowers, and Arabesques of delicate colorings, on which the light rests with soft, milky lustre, and the slender minarets that rise at the four corners of the broad marble terrace are like waxen tapers to light this beautiful abode of death.

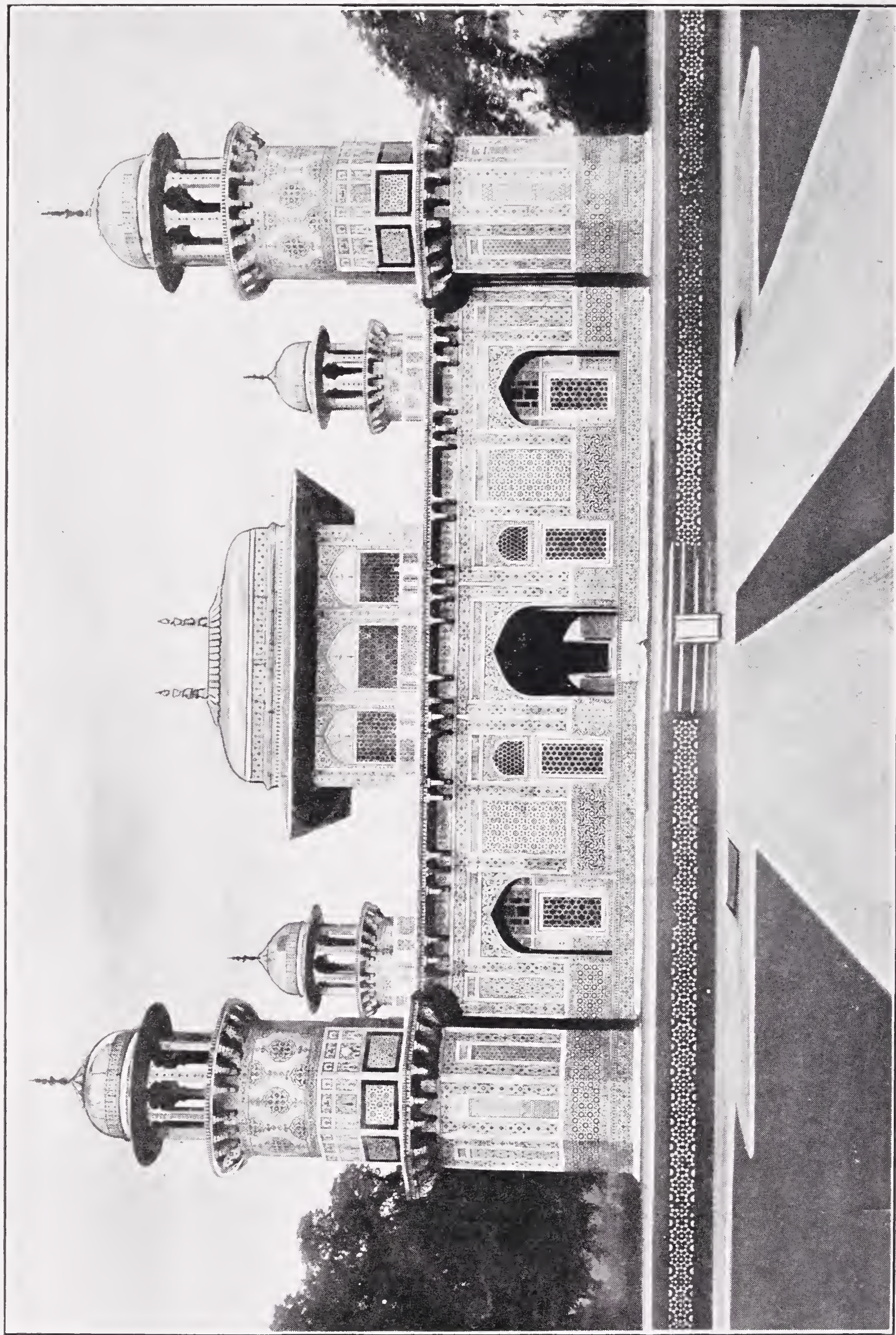
Inside, at first, is darkness, with a faint gleam of mysterious lacework of old ivory around the tomb of lovers. There they lie in silence, surrounded by the perfect things which celebrate their love.

Suspended above the tomb is a beautiful bronze lamp, the gift of Lord Curzon, in memory of his charming wife, who was beloved by the people of India. The sweetest echo dwells in this jewelled cavern. The dome receives all sounds and transforms them into perfect harmony.

The Taj Mahal is one glorified expression of immortal genius, too wonderful to be reality. It is in truth a dream in marble, the sweetest of all dreams, a dream of love. It is the Lady of the Taj radiant in her youthful beauty, who still lingers on the banks of the Jumna at early morn, in the glorious midday, and the silver moonlight."

Is it worth the trip to come from America to see? Yes, without a moment's hesitation, yes.

This is the tomb of Arjumand, built three hundred years



TOMB OF ITMAD-UD-DAULAH, GRANDFATHER OF THE LADY OF THE TAJ.

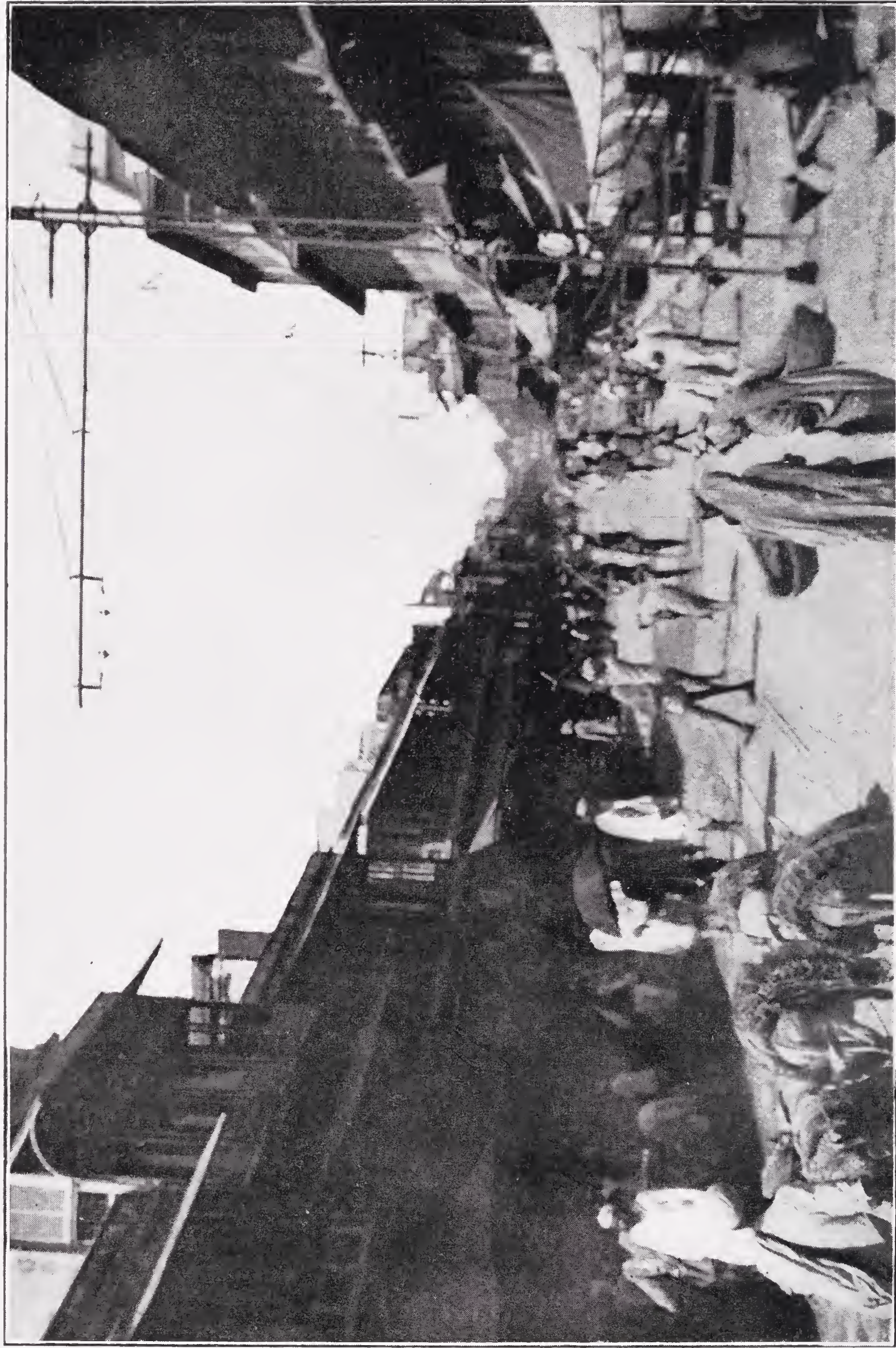
ago by her husband, Shah Jahan, so new and clean, it looks like it might have been built a year ago. In style and architecture it is so perfect that one never tires of viewing it. In nearly every instance where we have read descriptions before visiting noteworthy objects, we have had a feeling after inspection, that the descriptions have been overdrawn—not so with the Taj—it looks so much more beautiful and perfect than we anticipated, that we feel it has not been properly described. In fact, if there is a traveler who can describe the Taj, we would be glad to read his description. It certainly is the most magnificent monument ever erected to mark the resting place of a human being. There is only one thing to say, go and see for yourself, as any satisfactory description is impossible.

The whole structure is built of marble brought from Jeypore, 300 miles distant on the backs of elephants, camels or bullock carts. Time in completing building, 22 years; cost estimated from 20 to 60 million dollars, and labor here costs not more than one-fifth what it costs in our country.

The foundation is a marble terrace seventeen feet above the surrounding ground level, and the top-most pinnacle, which surmounts the dome is two hundred and twenty feet high.

The windows are made of white marble, two inches thick, and cut through, so that they resemble delicate lace work at a short distance. The four towers or Minarets are each 133 feet high, and have a winding stairway inside. Under the center of the dome lies the remains of Arjumand, wife of Shah-Jahan, and by her side lies all that remains of the *Great Moghul Emperor Shah-Jahan*, who sat upon the famous Peacock Throne, which cost over \$6,000,000—the most kingly of kings, whose court was the most magnificent and splendid of all the extravagant Kingdoms of the east.

One would think that an Emperor who would build such a tomb for his wife, would be a man of kind consideration for



STREET SCENE—AGRA.

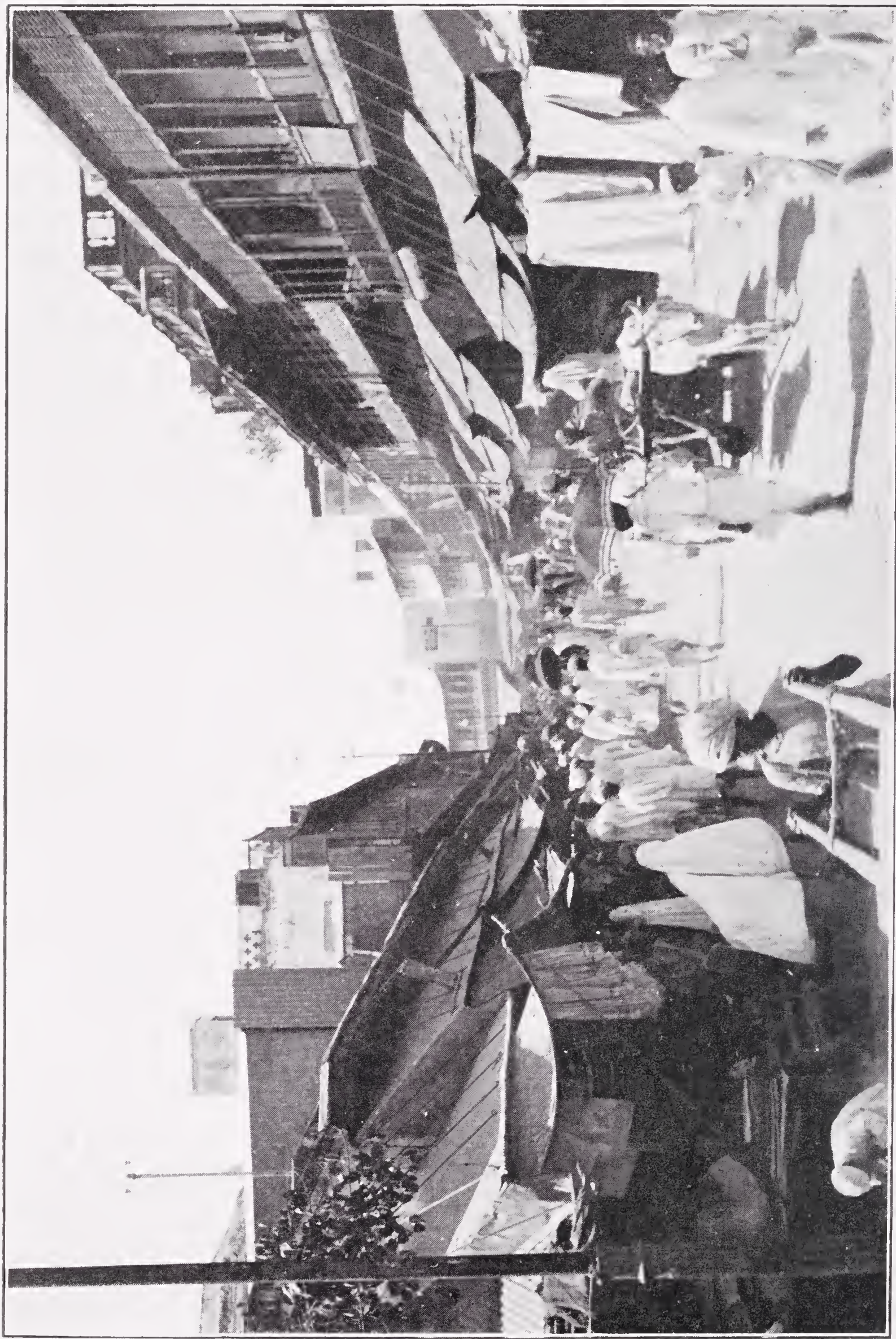
all, yet he is the man who, on coming to the throne, immediately proceeded to make his tenure of office secure, by murdering his brothers, and all near relations, who might think they could ever become king. Tradition says that he put out the eyes of the architect who built the Taj, that he might never build like it for others.

The greatest and grandest fort in appearance, that we have ever seen, is the fort at Agra, built by Akbar, grandfather of Shah-Jahan, on a low hill near the river Jumna. The walls are of red sandstone about seventy feet high, and enclose a space of many acres. There is probably no other fort in the world that looks more like a fortress.

There is a moat about thirty feet wide, and thirty feet deep, all around the walls, with heavy draw-bridges and gates. Room for a large army inside the fort, and loop-holes for a thousand musketeers. Within this fort is built the Pearl Mosque, the Jasmine Tower, and two palaces, side by side; the red sandstone palace built by Emperor Jahangir and the white marble palace built by Shah-Jahan.

A short distance outside of Agra, and across the river Jumna, is the tomb of Itmad-ud-Daulah, the grandfather of Arjumand, the wife of Shah-Jahan. This beautiful tomb was built by Jahangir. It is much the same style in many respects as the Taj, that is, the material used is white marble, from the Jaypore Quarries. The windows and sides are made of marble carved through, so that it appears like lace work at a short distance, and some of this carving is even more delicate and lace-like than the work on the Taj-Mahal.

We took an automobile drive twenty-two miles out to Fatehpur-Sikri, called the "Wonderful City of untrodden Streets," or the "Deserted City." This city is built on a hill 100 feet above the surrounding plains, and has a fine view, built by Akbar the Great in 1570, of red sandstone from quarries nearby. It is today almost in perfect condition, so



STREET SCENE—AGRA.

far as the walls, roof and floors are concerned, and it would require but little work to make these vast old palaces ready for use of a king and his court.

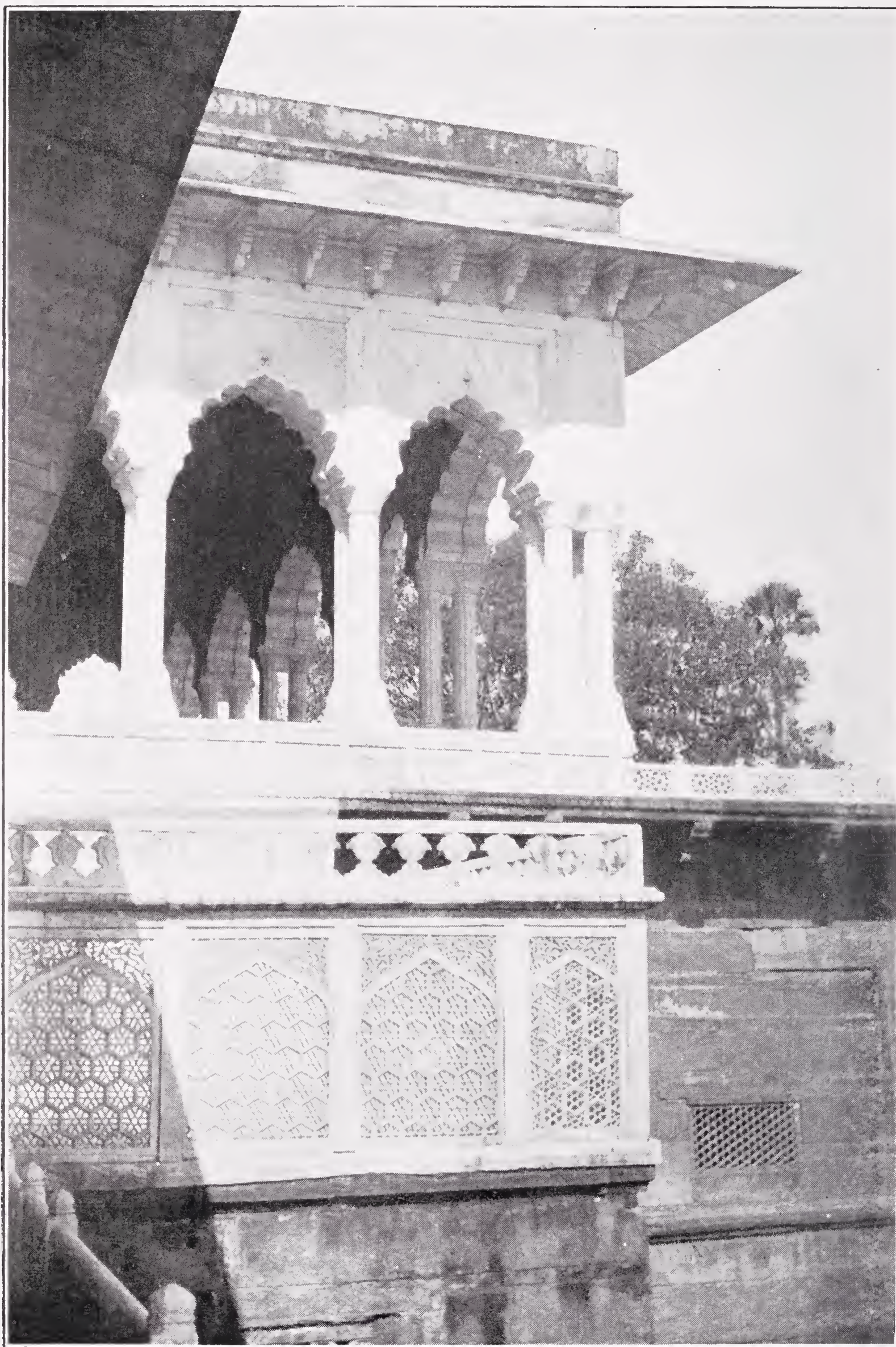
The guide who took us through is a grandson of one of the old officers, an East Indian, well educated, and a flowery, fluent talker.

We spent an hour and a half going through these deserted old palaces, courts and residences, where 340 years ago was the rush and bustle of the Emperor of India, with his thousands of courtiers, soldiers and followers. Now jackals and hyenas prowl here at night, and surely they may do so if they wish, as there is no one to hinder their coming and going under the cover of night, and tigers are sometimes seen here in the daylight.

The most beautiful tomb in all this land of beautiful tombs is here, built for a favorite priest, Sullim Christi, who had prophesied that the king would have three sons. When this came to pass, Akbar decided to build this beautiful tomb for his friend at his death. It is the only white marble structure in this city, about sixty feet square; built on a terrace about five feet high; one story, with roof projecting about four feet and held up by flying buttresses each carved in different design. The sides are of white marble, carved through like the Taj, giving the most beautiful lacework effect, and each panel different.

The tomb itself occupies the center of the building, and is entirely inlaid with mother of pearl. There is a canopy ten feet high over this tomb, and that also is inlaid entirely with mother of pearl. Compared with others in this country, this tomb is quite small, but it is the most beautiful of them all.

The Gate of Victory is on the east side of the palace,



CORNER OF AUDIENCE HALL—AGRA.

and the arch over it is 135 feet high, the highest arch in India, and higher than Napoleon's "Arc de Triumphe" in Paris.

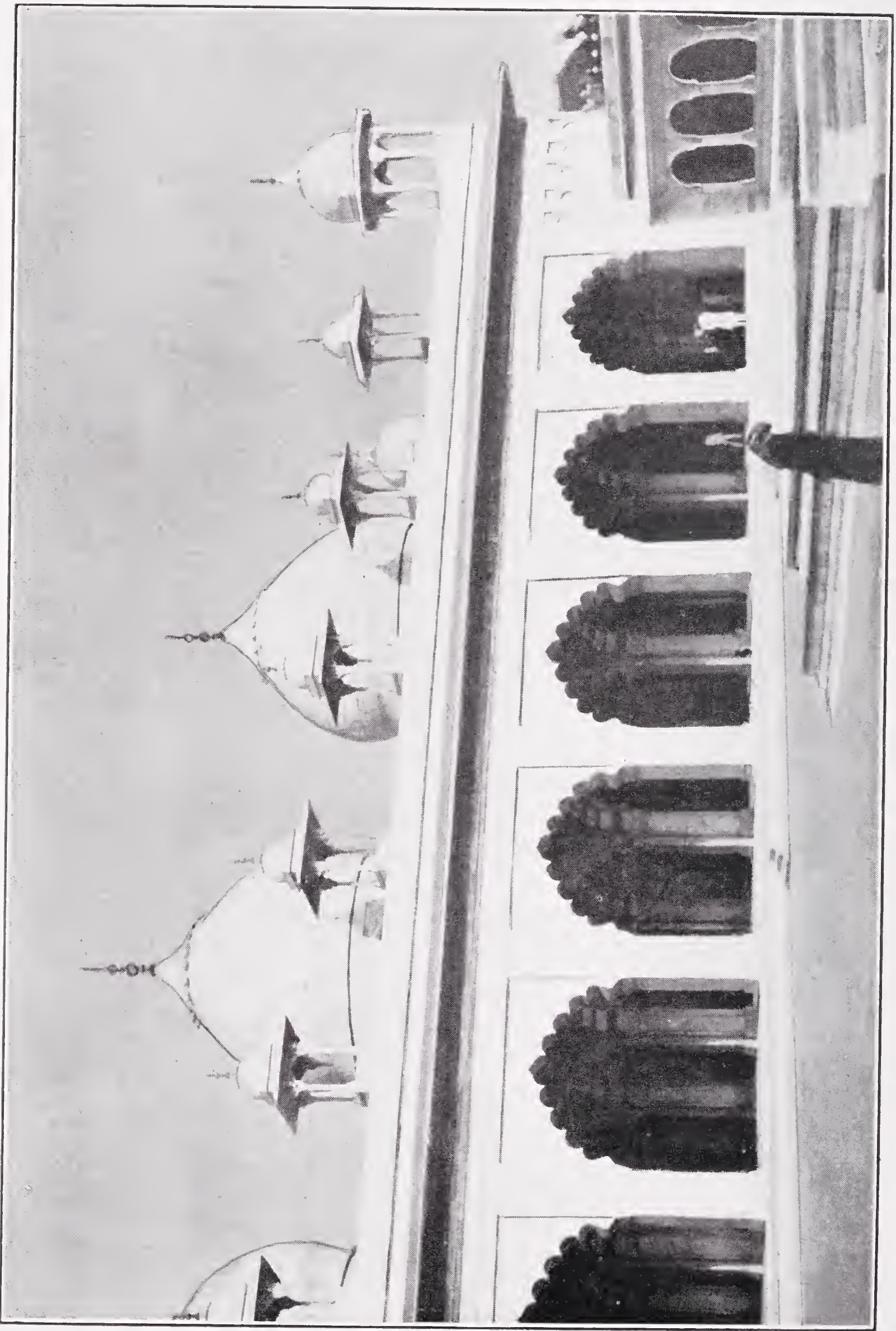
There is a large Mosque here, a market place, barracks for soldiers, quarters for servants, stables for an army of horses and elephants, also the King's audience hall and Queen's palace. It is said that Akbar had two favorite wives, one a Hindu, and one a Christian called Miriam, and here is shown their separate houses, with all the apartments to make a queen happy. One part of Miriam's house is a bath room where the tank is about twenty feet square, and a place for water to flow around it in a narrow channel about a foot wide and a foot deep.

Another house was built for a favorite general called Birbal. This house is so much like one of our modern high-class residences, that if it were set down on a first-class street in one of our modern cities, it would be just in style; two stories high, with every convenience upstairs and down. A wide roof projects about four feet; its walls and doorways are handsomely carved; taking this whole edifice it is surprisingly like homes of today in our own land.

There is a wall about seven miles long and thirty feet high around this city. There are gateways, but no gates to close, and the place is open for any and all.

In the Mosque a large bronze lamp is now being hung by chains from the ceiling, which is sixty or seventy feet high. The guide told us that this lamp was paid for from a trust fund in the Mohammedan treasury, which fund has been held in the treasury for something more than a thousand years.

We took a carriage drive through the native part of Agra, and were surprised at the great numbers of people in the very narrow streets and native shops; the place smells about as bad as the worst that we have smelled, and the people look half starved, beggars of high and low degree, women,



PEARL MOSQUE—AGRA.

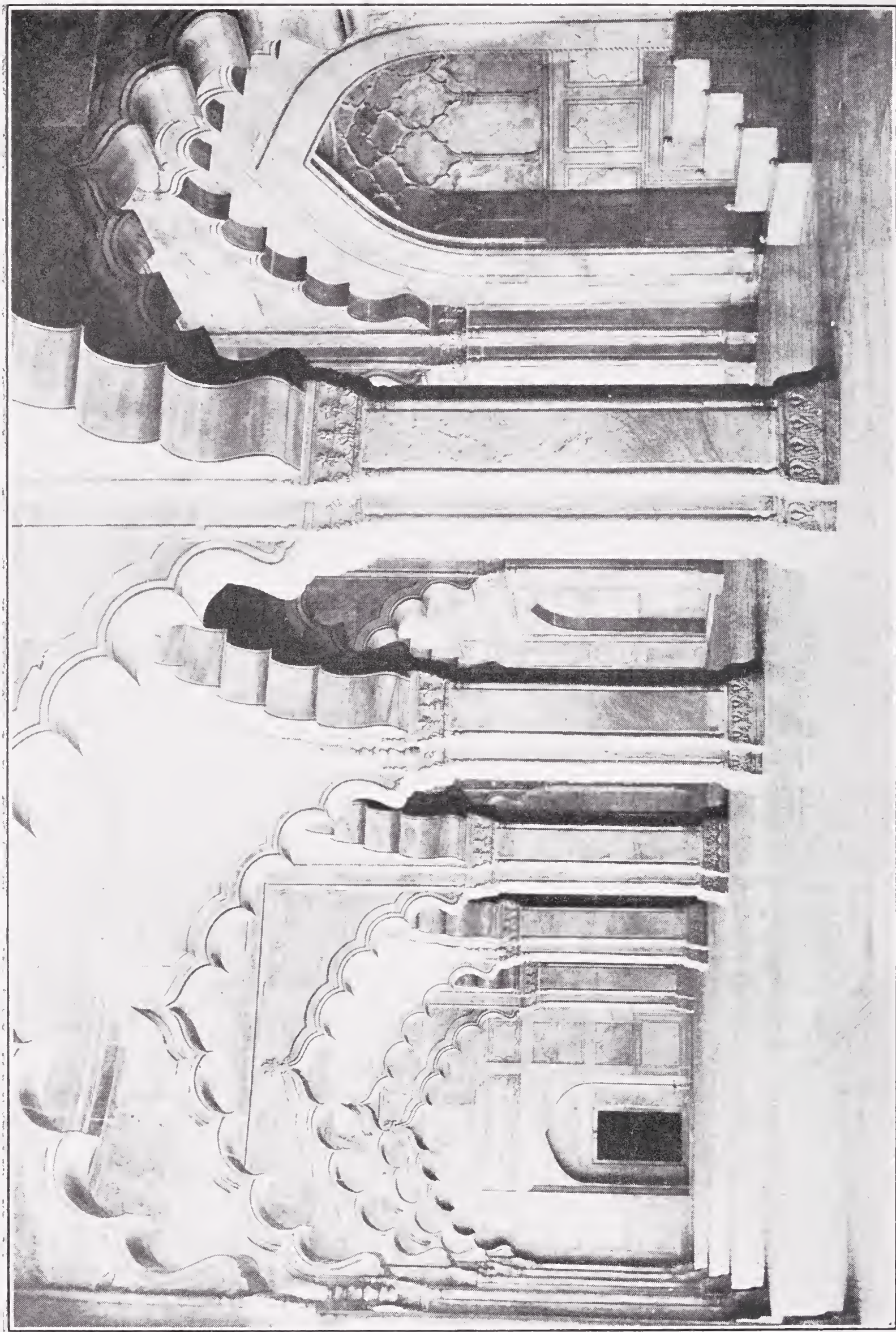
children, old and young. It is distressing to see such want and hunger in human beings.

Passing through this quarter again about ten p. m. many of these people were lying in the street asleep, this being a better bed than they have in their houses. Many who are sick, have a cot in the street during the day as well as night.

“The Holy Man,” who is the worst looking specimen of humanity that this country produces, the fakir with his tricks, and the snake charmer, are always present where there is a crowd, and when they see an American they spot him at once as an “easy mark” and try their best for a contribution. The snake charmer is ready to get up a fight between his best flat head snake and his Mongoose, and the fight is quite exciting. The fakir will make a mangrove tree grow a foot high, from a seed in half an hour; “The Holy Man” has such a distressing appearance that one is glad to make a contribution to keep him moving. This rabble is almost naked and look as though they had slept in the dust of the street for a month, without having the benefit of a bath. The farmers in the country between Agra and Fatehpur-Sikri look the same way; their faces and bodies have a dusty, dirty look as though they had never washed. Their houses in the country are simply mud huts, with thatched straw roof, one door, no windows; the floor is the hard trodden earth. The farmers near Agra have plenty to eat at present, as they are now threshing a good crop of wheat. The threshing is done by laying the wheat sheaves in a circle on the ground, and driving the oxen around the circle until they tread the wheat out; then the straw is carefully bound in bundles for fuel to cook with, or for fertilizer to be used on their fields.

The wheat is scraped up and cleaned from the chaff by pouring it slowly from a basket, so that the wind blows the chaff away and leaves the wheat clean.

There are a great number of small shops in Agra, selling



PEARL MOSQUE—AGRA—INSIDE VIEW.

embroidered goods, which are very fine work, and jewelry which is generally unreliable. These items are offered for sale to the traveler at four times their selling price. If one offers half what they ask, he is sure to get the goods.

Delhi is one of the large cities of central India, with a population of over 200,000. An important railway center, and a new railway station. The city is supplied with electric lights, a good water and sewerage system. It is ahead of most cities in India in modern improvements. Located centrally it does a great grain trade, and has many native shops or bazaars where the wiley East Indian merchant handles embroidered dress patterns, Delhi shawls, and a large line of Indian jewelry.

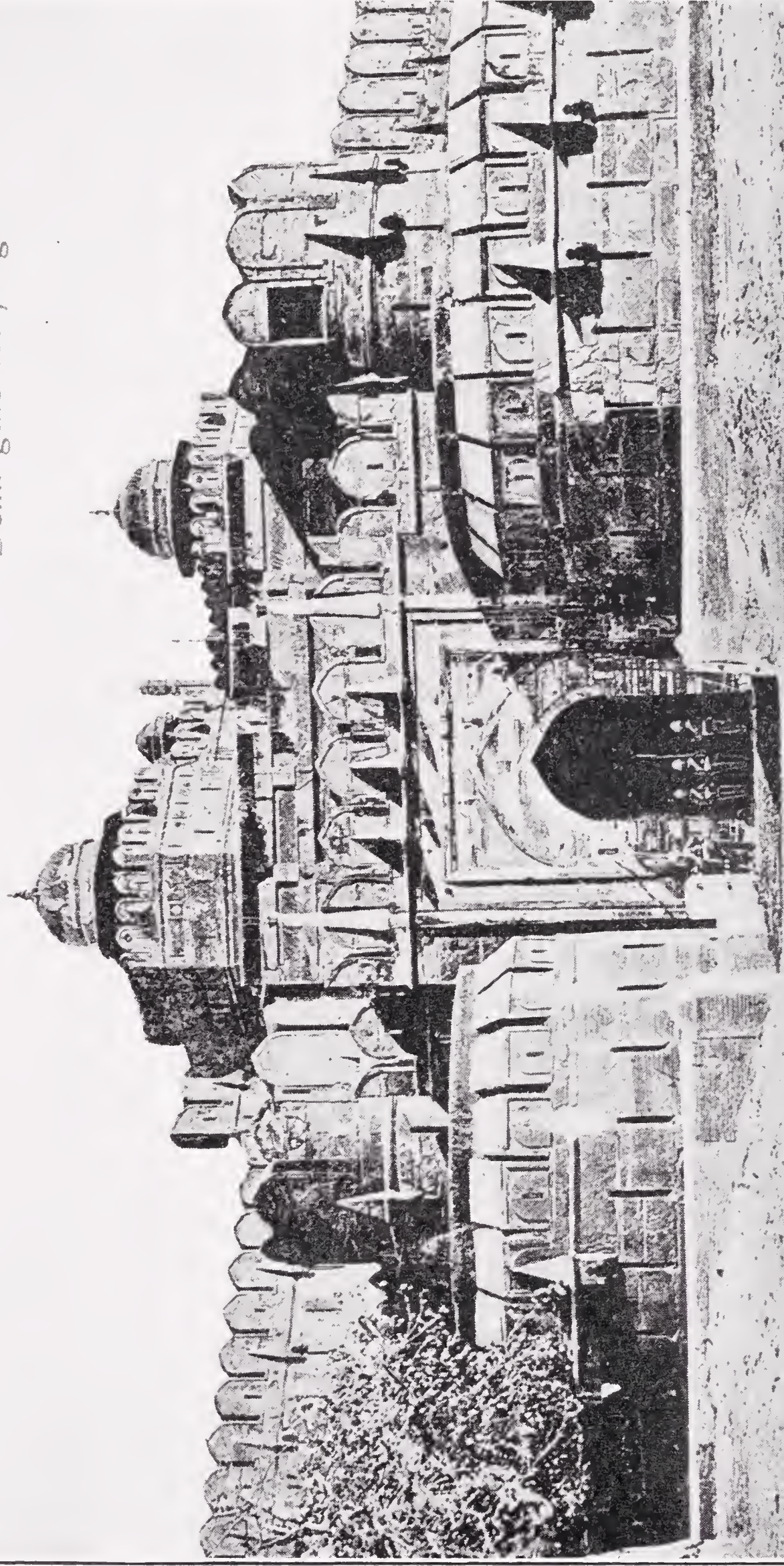
The city has the reputation of being the best market in India for the sale of such merchandise, as is usually purchased by tourists. It is the capitol of the District of Delhi in the Punjab, and has been for centuries the capitol of this District under various dynasties, and the scene of many battles.

The Mohammedans ruled here from 1193 to 1393, when the city was taken by Timur, but was again taken by the Mohammedan Baber in 1526. *Shah-Jahan built the most important part of the present city about 1638.*

It has a great city wall with several gates, but since the English took the city the gates have been cast aside. One large breach through the wall near the Kashmir Gate was made by the British when they stormed the city during the Sepoy Mutiny in 1857; since the present day artillery has come into use, city walls are not much protection and these are not kept in repair.

We visited Delhi April 20, 1910, and found much to interest the traveler. *The Moghuls Palace*, which was built by Shah Jahan is one of the places always visited by the stranger. It is still in good condition, at least, the walls, roof and floors, being built of white marble, much of its ancient

Delhi gate fort, Agra.



THE GREAT FORT—AGRA. RED SANDSTONE WALLS, 70 FEET HIGH.

beauty still remains. The arches in this palace are of special beauty.

The famous Peacock Throne was last located in this palace, valued at \$6,000,000, made of gold, and the two peacocks spread tails inlaid with sapphires, rubies, emeralds, pearls, and other precious stones, to represent the peacock colors. This most extravagant piece of king's furniture was captured by Nadir Shah, Persian in 1739, broken up and used where it would do most good, that is, in accordance with the views of the captor.

This palace, or court of the Great Moghul Emperor at Delhi, was probably the most expensive and extravagant in style, cost of building and finishing, of any palace in the world, either before or since its time.

The Hall of Private Audience is built of white marble, open on all four sides, and is most beautiful. Beneath the floor of this hall flows a stream of water about ten feet wide and six inches deep, to cool the place when the Emperor was present. This stream of water after passing under the private Audience Hall flows through the Ladies' Apartments, which still have the appearance of being exquisitely furnished, without regard to expense.

The Royal Baths are close to the Private Audience Hall. They are a series of rooms with white marble floors. A stream of water runs around the Queen's Bath. On the floor of this waterway were ribs of silver and black marble, alternating to form ripples. *The Silver Ribs* are not there now. Very much more could be said about this beautiful palace, but above is enough to give the reader a faint idea of how palaces were built in Shah-Jahan's time.

The fort at Delhi is built of red sandstone, and the wall



DESERTED CITY OF FATEHPUR SIKRI—NEAR AGRA.
Tigers and Hyenas roam here at will.

finished at the top in the same style as the great fort at Agra, and resembles it in style, but it does not make such an imposing appearance as its Agra mate.

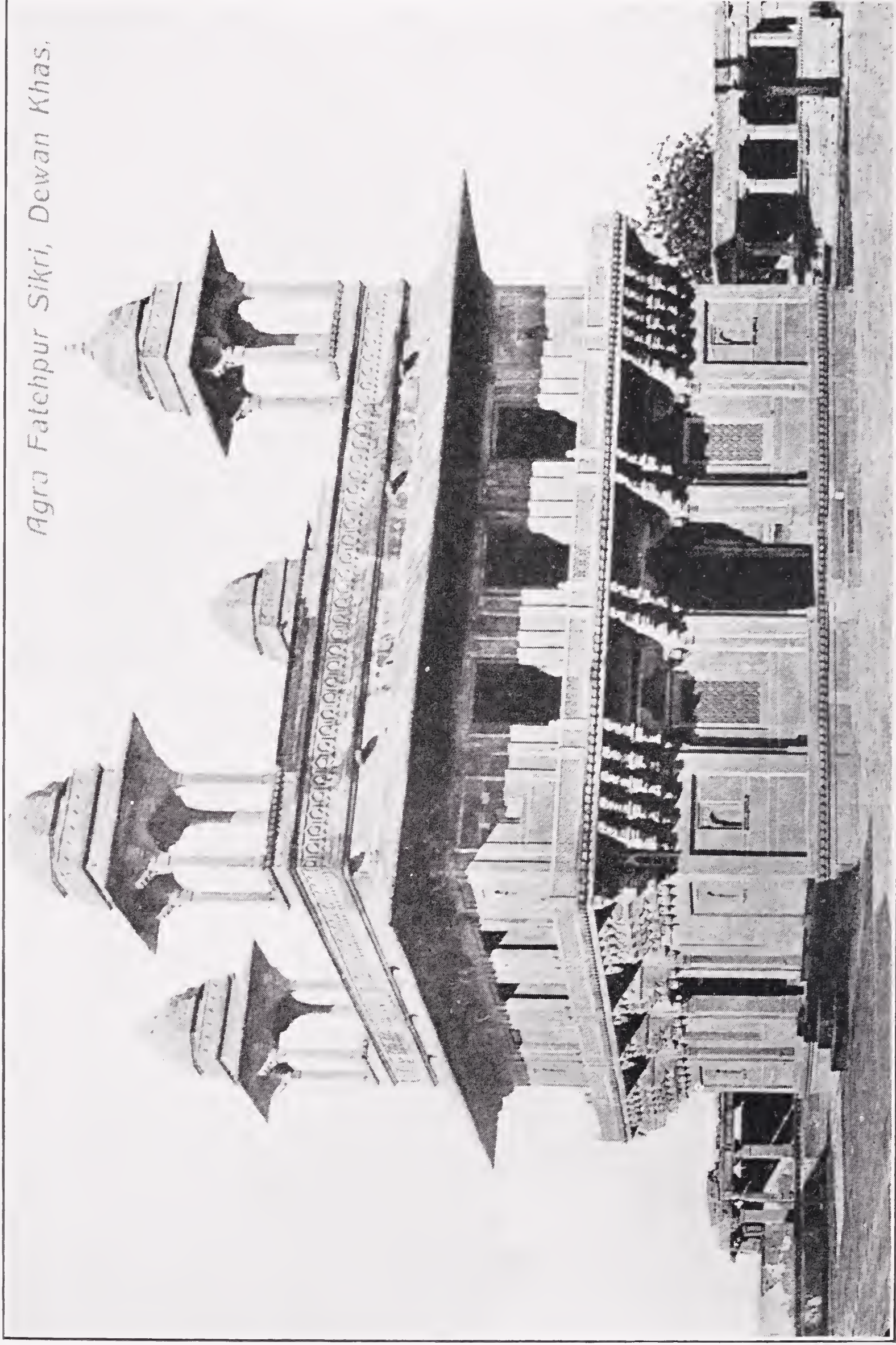
The "Jumna Musjid," the great Mosque of Delhi, the largest in India, is one of the sights of the city. This was also built by Shah-Jahan. It stands on a low hill, or a huge platform of red sandstone. The court is approached on three sides by wide flights of stairs, and at the top of each of these stairways, is a large gate or doorway. Inside of the doorway is the great open court, which would easily accommodate ten thousand people, and from the west side of this court a good snap shot photo can be had of the central part of this great Mosque, showing the three great domes, which can be seen above the city from every direction.

The great Mosque is built of red sandstone and white marble in varying degree, making the wall gradually appear lighter as it rises, so that the crowning part of each cupola and minaret are pure white, making the structure white on the sky line, and red at the base. The three domes are white marble striped with lines of black marble, topped with gilt spires.

There is another noted Mosque in Delhi built in 1386. It is the "Kalan Musjid" or black Mosque, located in the central part of the city.

"The Ridge" where the English were barricaded during the siege of Delhi is probably the place of greatest interest to the traveler and the recount of their long stubborn fight to take the walled and well garrisoned city and fort of Delhi, which was equipped with 174 cannon, manned with 40,000 Sepoy troops, which had been trained and drilled by the English, and located in the great fort, while the British force was at first only 3,000 and never more than 10,000 men, with 22 pieces of artillery, located outside the city, with no walls for protection. Instead of besieging Delhi, they soon found that they were themselves besieged, and forced to defend their

Agra Fatehpur Sikri, Dewan Khas,



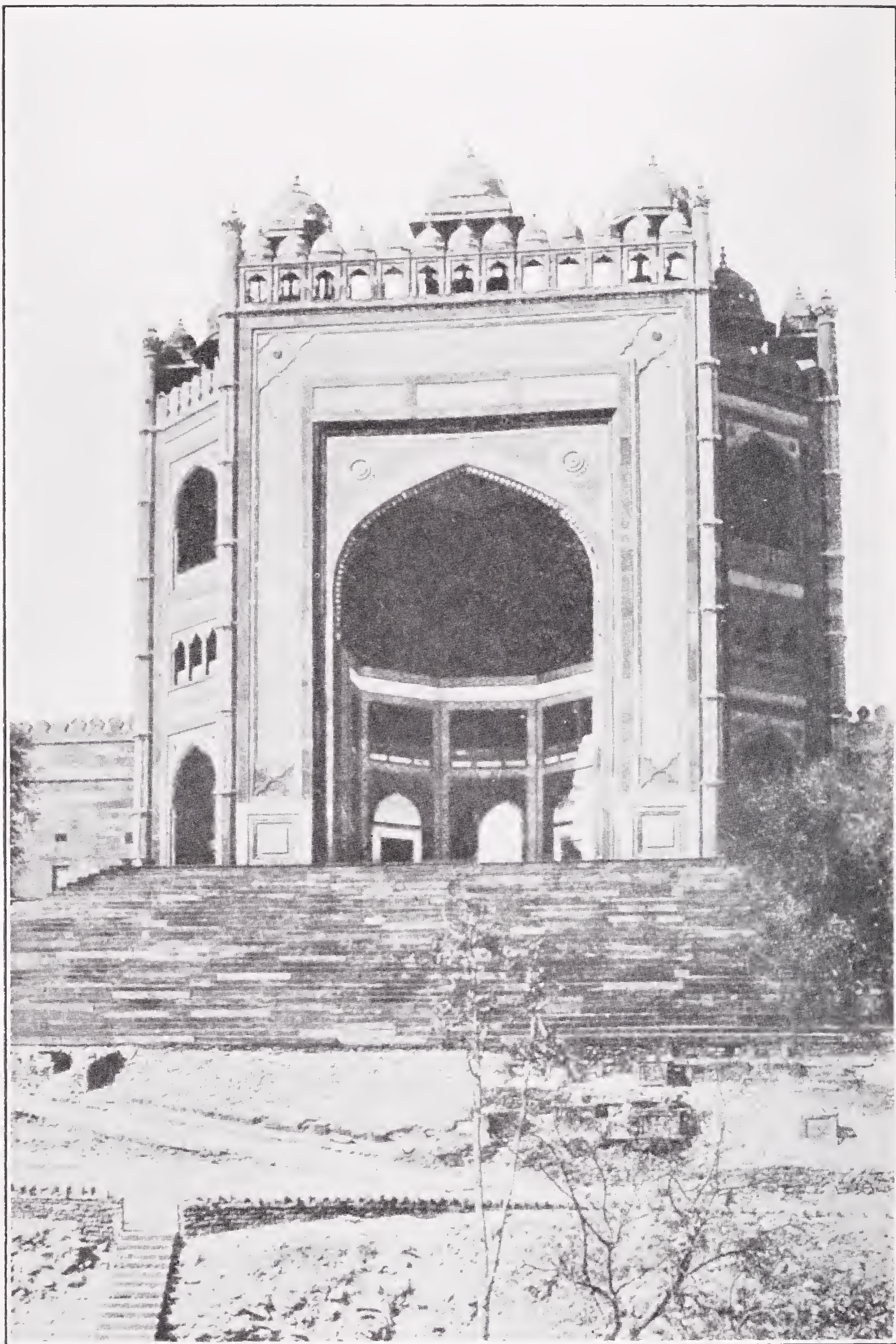
THIS WAS A FAVORITE GENERAL'S RESIDENCE IN FATEHPUR SIKRI.

Now entirely deserted, like the palaces of this deserted city.

weak position against ten times their number, and nearly ten times their strength in artillery.

The weather was intense, being the hottest part of the summer in India. There were no friendly walls to shelter them from the burning sun's rays and cannon balls. Their food supply, which was poor in quality, was very limited. By the middle of July two generals in command, had one after the other died of cholera, and the third was incapacitated by sickness. At the same time the adjutant general and quarter master general were both laid up with wounds. The condition was extraordinarily discouraging. There were 104 days of watching and fighting under these unfavorable conditions, during which time, out of their small number 3,854 men were killed and wounded, of which were 46 officers killed and 140 wounded. At last the end came, when with their small numbers they stormed the city, going in through a breach they had made with their cannon balls in the wall near the Kashmir Gate. At this time with recruits there was a force of 4,500 British soldiers, led by the gallant general John Nicholson, who was the first one to slide down the moat and scramble up the other side, the soldiers following. Although a greater force was attempting to hold the breach, they were forced to retreat, and the victorious column, weather worn and battle scarred, entered the city and took position near the inside of Kashmir Gate.

The fighting inside the walls was much of it hand to hand battle. The soldiers followed Nicholson along the narrow streets, that rattled with musket balls, until they had cleared the Mori and the Kabul Gates, and here there was fighting that few could face, but Nicholson could face it, and he did; with sword raised over his head, and his intrepid fol-



ARCH OF VICTORY
135 FEET HIGH. IN THE DESERTED CITY OF FATEHPUR SIKRI.

lowers close behind, he fell with a shot through the body. Delhi was taken, and today near the spot where he fell stands a soldier's statue on a high pedestal, inscribed on the base are these words only "John Nicholson."

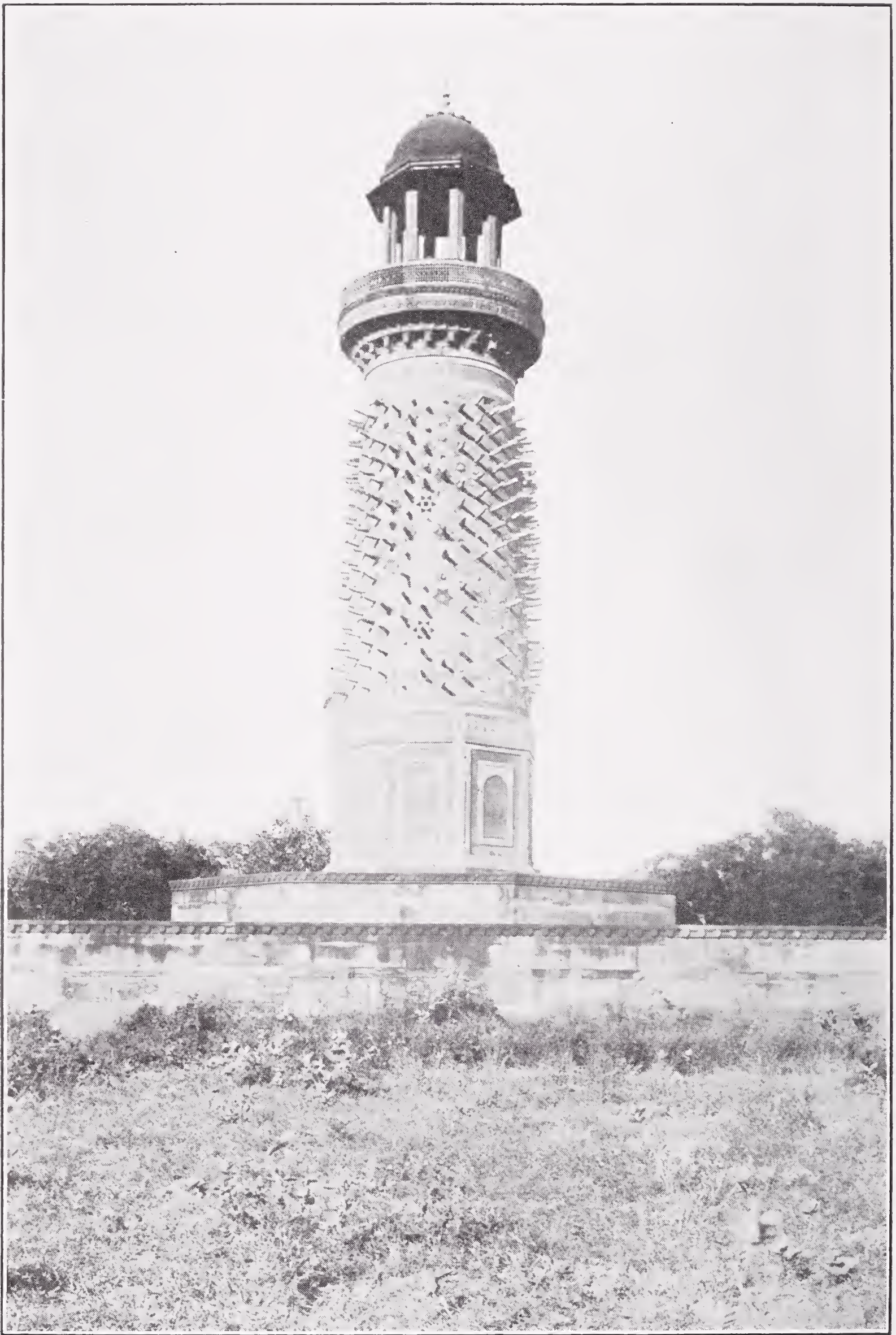
The Cantonment at Delhi (that is the English Residence section), is situated outside the gates; has wide streets, beautiful parks, and is a pleasant place to reside.

The city within the walls is too closely packed to be a pleasant or healthy city, and yet it is more cleanly than any other large city we saw in India. The masses, however, are much alike in all these various cities, all appear so poverty stricken, that they have not enough ambition left to make an effort.

Outside Delhi to the south is a plain where ruined cities extend a distance of forty-five miles, covering the whole scene like a forest. There have been several Delhi cities here, ruined and plundered by wars in the dim distant past, and each time a new Delhi has grown up to replace the old. Only the ruins of tombs, forts and towers now stand out of this vast sea of ruined walls, to test time a few centuries longer. There is no authentic history of these old forgotten cities, but some tombs are still cared for.

The Tomb of Nizan-ud-Din, the greatest of the Christo Saints, who died more than 250 years ago, is still preserved by his descendants, who live among these ruins, near the shrine in which is the tomb.

Eleven miles south of Delhi, in this wilderness of ruins, stands the "Tower of Victory," or Katub Minor, 240 feet high. On a clear day it can be seen from Delhi, and has been called the Glory of Delhi. It is a monument to Kutab-ud-Din, a Turki slave, who rose to be King of India, and died in 1210. The tower is built of red sandstone, five stories, each story has a balcony. It is wide at the base and tapers to the top, is ornamented with much carving and a scroll work carved



ELEPHANT TOWER—IN DESERTED CITY OF FATEHPUR SIKRI.

with verses from the Koran runs all around it. At the foot of this tower is a plain pillar of wrought iron, twenty feet high, known simply as the Iron Pillar. The interesting thing about this Iron Pillar is that it was placed there before any of our nations who boast of their skill in arts and science knew how to construct such a pillar. Some of these early generations have forgotten the arts which we call modern, and think we have invented.

Bombay, with a population of over a million, is one of the great cities of the world, and second only to Calcutta, in India. After passing through central India this city in the European section appeared to us to be much like our American cities in style and architecture and fine wide streets.

For the reason that Bombay has been under the control of the English since 1601, the architecture is modern, more particularly in that part known as the European quarter. The public buildings, hotels, churches, hospitals, store buildings, residences and wide clean streets are more European than any other city in this part of the world. The population is from all parts of the earth. The greater number, of course, are Hindus. There are Mohammedans with their white turbans. The Pathians from the northern frontier, large in size with hook nose; the Ethiopians from Africa; the half caste Portuguese; the Chinamen; then the Parsees, nearly white, who are the business men of Bombay, with a very few Europeans, make up the million people of this great city.

There is a first-class electric street car system, good waterworks, water is piped sixty-five miles; electric lights, in fact all modern city improvements are established here. Streets of the European part are swept clean and well sprinkled. Ox carts hauling cotton are the most common sights on the streets.

The weather although warm was so much more comfort-



WHITE MARBLE TOMB OF A PRIEST, SULLIM CHRISTI—FATEHPUR SIKRI.

able than the central part of India, that we were pleased with the climate.

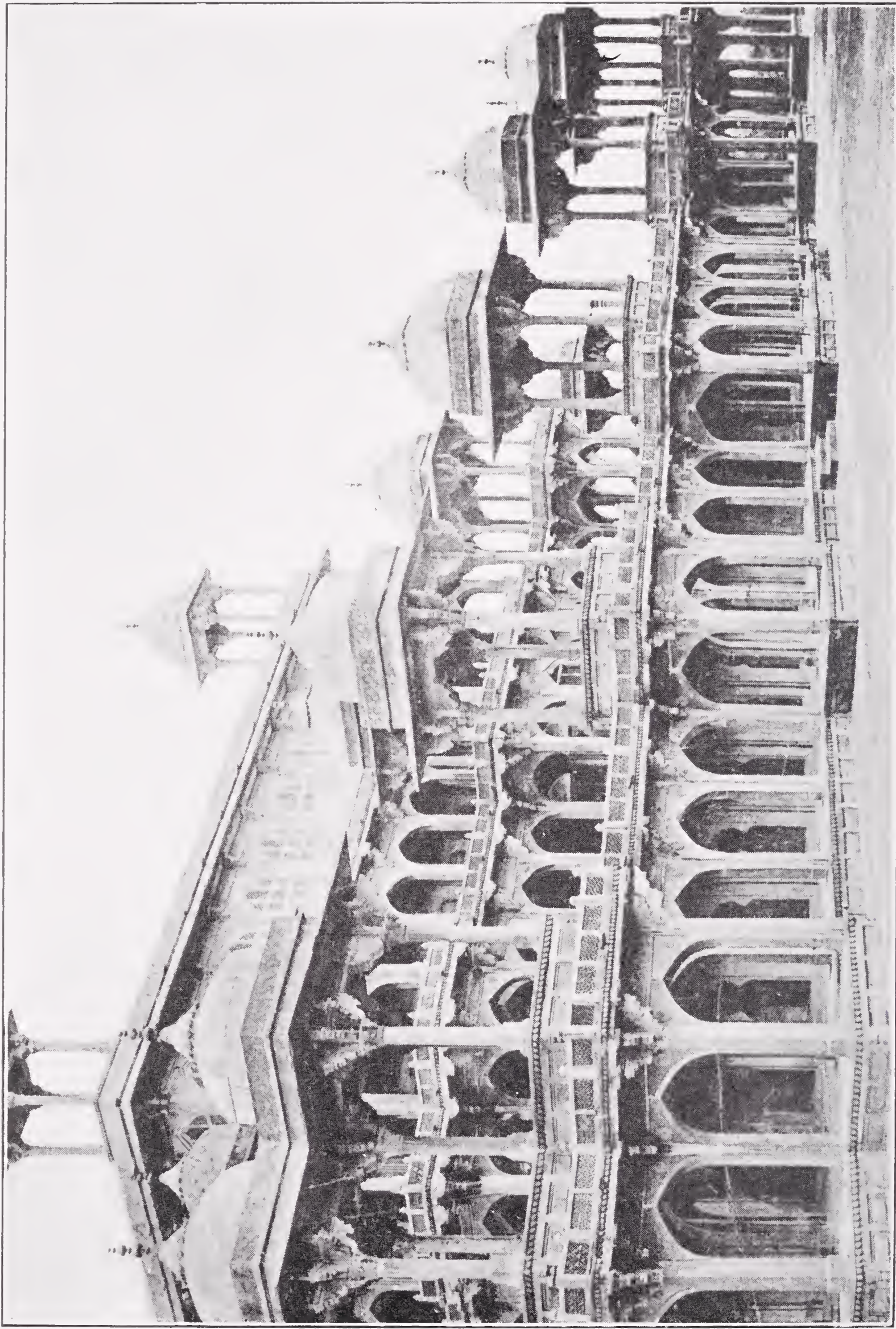
This city is fanned by a good sea breeze, which makes the weather more pleasant in the heated term than the inland parts of India.

We had pleasant rooms at the "Taj-Mahal" Hotel, the largest in India, and among the largest in the world. The meals and service were good. This wonder of eastern hotels is owned by the Parsees of Bombay, built by Mr. Tata. The manager and principal assistants are all Parsees, not a European is employed in the hotel, so far as we could learn. The Parsee hotel people speak English fluently, and have a keen eye for the profit all the time. The waiters are Portuguese negroes, Hindus and Mohammedans. The room boys and general house servants are Hindus, and not to be trusted; when there, keep your doors locked, and do not put your shoes outside to be polished, or you may never see them again.

We took a taxicab—there are a great many of them here for hire at eight Annas per mile to carry two or three people. They are French automobiles, and run very smoothly with very little noise, for a view of the city. To Malabar Hill everybody drives in the cool of the evening about five o'clock. This is a delightful drive along the bay near the water for two or three miles, then climbs the hill gradually; when at the top we were about 200 feet above the sea, and had an excellent view over the whole city and water fronts.

On this hill are situated many of the fine residences of the city; embellished by beautiful gardens, with wide lawns, houses so built as to get the cool breeze, and avoid the sun's heat, they look cool and inviting. These handsome homes belong mostly to the Parsees, but some are owned by Mohammedans and Hindus, and a few by resident Europeans.

After a long drive along the bay, through this elegant residence section, we returned through the Hindu or native



MAUSOLEUM OF AKBAR THE GREAT—SIKANDRA, NEAR AGRA.

quarter, coming through this part of the city about half past six, we had an opportunity to see these people after work hours, and it was a great sight. For miles we worked slowly through the crowded streets full of people, and very seldom did we see any vehicle, everyone on foot. It is a very poor place to drive an automobile, and these natives are not at all afraid of being run down, and do not hurry to get out of the way.

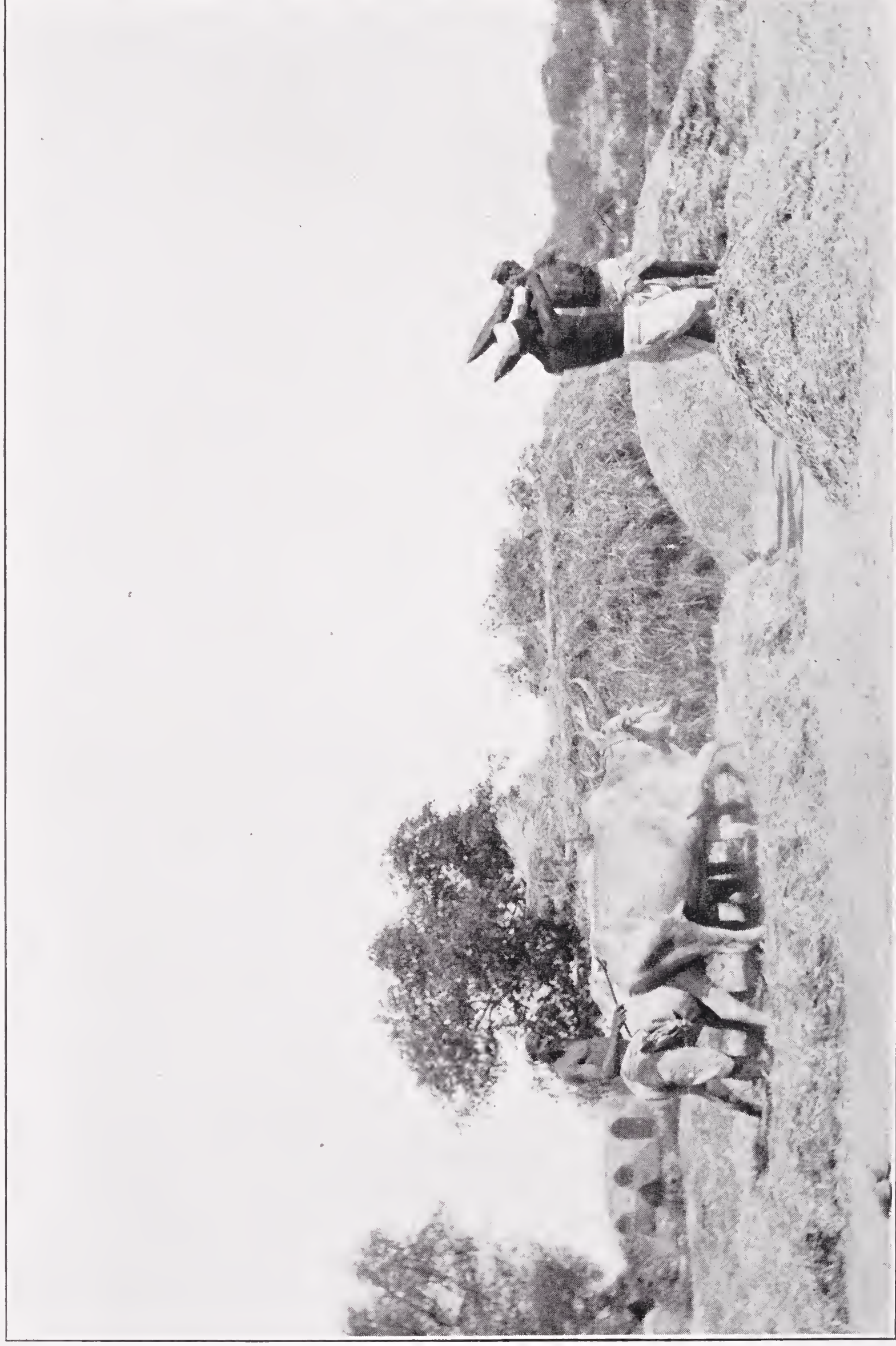
Their cooking is done in the street, or so nearly in the street that we get all the kitchen odors. The people eat on the street or in the little "hole in the wall" houses, and generally remain on the street walking or talking. They seem to have plenty to eat, as there is opportunity in Bombay for them to obtain employment, and their physical appearance is much more robust than the natives we have seen in the interior.

They are not quarrelsome, and we saw no disputes or fighting. Here in Bombay, the laboring class wear but little clothing, still they are better clothed than is the case with the Hindu in other cities.

After a long drive through this section, we came back to the European quarter and drove out to Lava Point. This is a narrow strip of land, really a small peninsula extending for a mile or two out into the bay. The first part is occupied by handsome residences, with very small front gardens, in this respect much like our own city residences, but the houses are very ornamental in style, plastered on the outside, painted yellow, and occasionally blue, very pretty.

A fort and army barracks occupy most of the peninsula for half a mile or more. These army quarters look comfortable, and the British soldiers make a fine appearance, dressed in white duck suits.

We made a special trip to see the "Towers of Silence," being the place where the Parsee people dispose of their dead



THRESHING AND CLEANING WHEAT—INDIA.

on Malabar Hill, in the finest residential part of the city, a rocky abrupt part of the hill. We climbed a long line of stairs, and at the top came to a flower garden filled with tropical ferns, flowers and trees. Here is a rest house, or gateway to the tower grounds, and we were shown a plan or drawing of the inside of the towers, which has three circles or grooves for bodies, the inner or smallest circle is for bodies of children; around this is the second circle, for bodies of women, and the outer circle for men. There are grooves in this circle, one for each body, and the whole is built on a slant to the center, where there is a large cistern or hole connected with a sewer to the ocean. We were not permitted to go further, but could see the towers, five in number, about a hundred yards distant, with the walls covered with large fat buzzards or vultures, waiting for the next corpse. There were probably 300 of these foul birds waiting here at the time we saw the towers. No one is permitted to go inside the towers except the bearers of the bodies, and the men who clean the inside.

When a body is placed here, always naked, the vultures remain respectfully sitting until the bearers have withdrawn, and then in a wild swoop they tear and fight in their eagerness to devour the corpse. In twenty minutes or half an hour every shred of flesh will be torn from the bones, and we were told that sometimes small fragments of bodies or bones which had been dropped by these foul scavengers, might be found inside the finest residence grounds nearby.

To my mind this is the most revolting way to dispose of the human body that could be imagined. The burning Ghat being far preferable, yet these people, the Parsees, are the brightest and most intelligent, well educated people in India. As we left quietly and silently we met two corpses coming up to the towers, one a full grown man on a litter covered with a white cloth, borne by four men, no attendants; the funeral



RAISING WATER FROM WELL—INDIA.

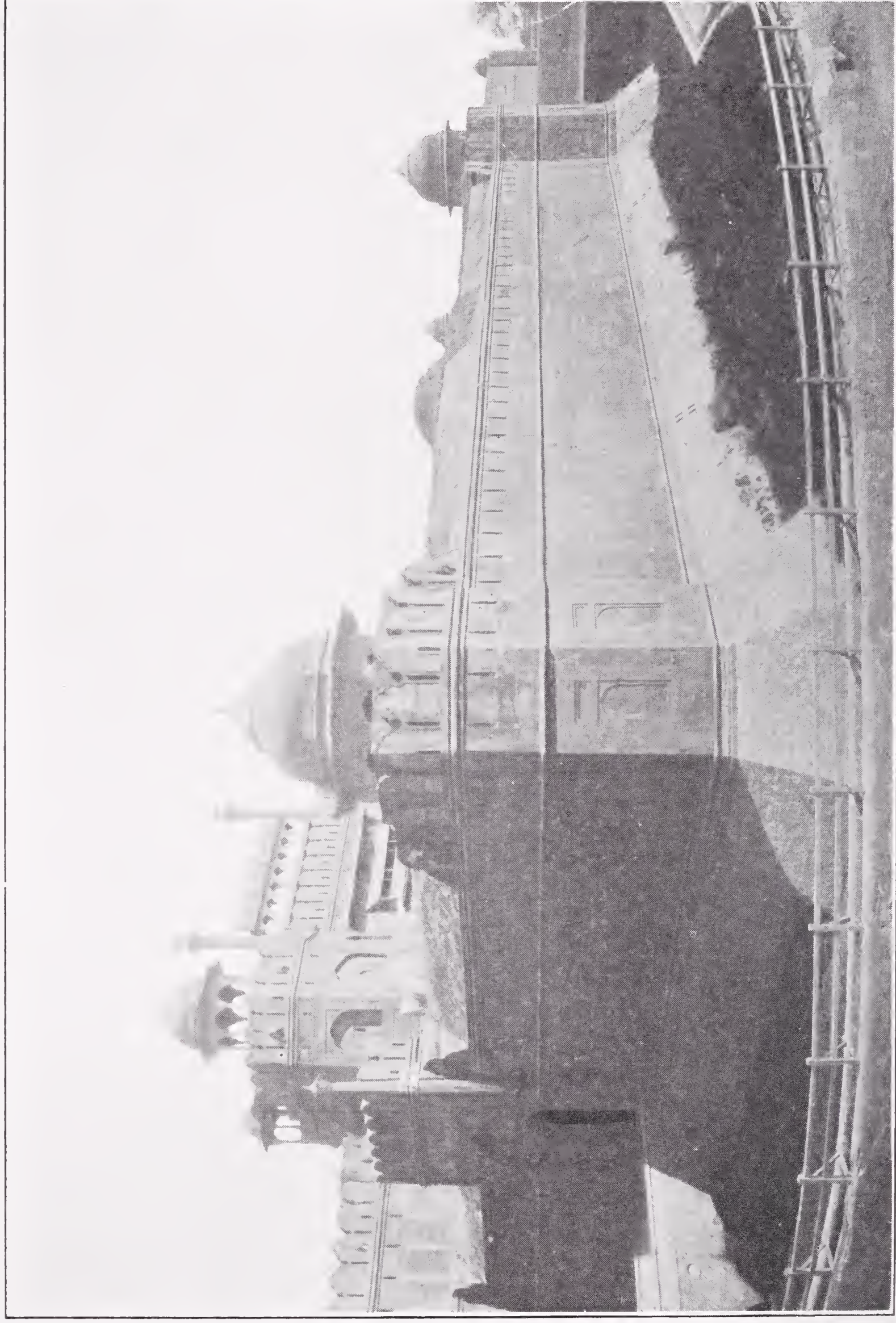
ceremonies ended at the home. Also, one infant on a small litter covered with a white cloth carried on the shoulder by one man, another man walking by his side, no attendants.

The Parsee of India is a distinct class or sect, being Persians. They were exiled from their country centuries ago, and drifted to India. They have the strong facial appearance of the Jew, are nearly white, much larger and better physique than the Hindu, and have the keen trading ability of the Jew. There are less than 100,000 of them, and they have prospered wonderfully since their coming to this country. In Bombay they own much of the best real estate; a large number of the banks, and most of the largest mercantile and shipping houses, in fact, they are the money kings of Bombay.

This city is the greatest cotton market in India, more cotton is grown in India than any other country outside of the United States, and it is mostly marketed at this point. At the time we were there as much as ten city blocks were covered with cotton bales, piled up like lumber in the open, ten to fifteen bales high. The handling, hauling, storing and shipping of cotton is one of the most important industries of this great city, and some of the streets are nearly always filled with the small ox-carts hauling cotton. During our Civil War, when no cotton was marketed from the United States, 375 million dollars in extraordinary profits above the usual price was realized by the cotton growers of India, and the poor peasants of this part of India were made so wealthy that they shod their oxen with silver, and put silver tires on their cart wheels, but when peace was declared in our country, they had the greatest financial crash ever known in India.

There are now in Bombay more than eighty cotton mills, containing 23,000 looms and 26,000,000 spindles, and employing over 100,000 people.

Although Bombay is kept remarkably clean for an Indian city, it has the reputation of being the home of "The Plague."



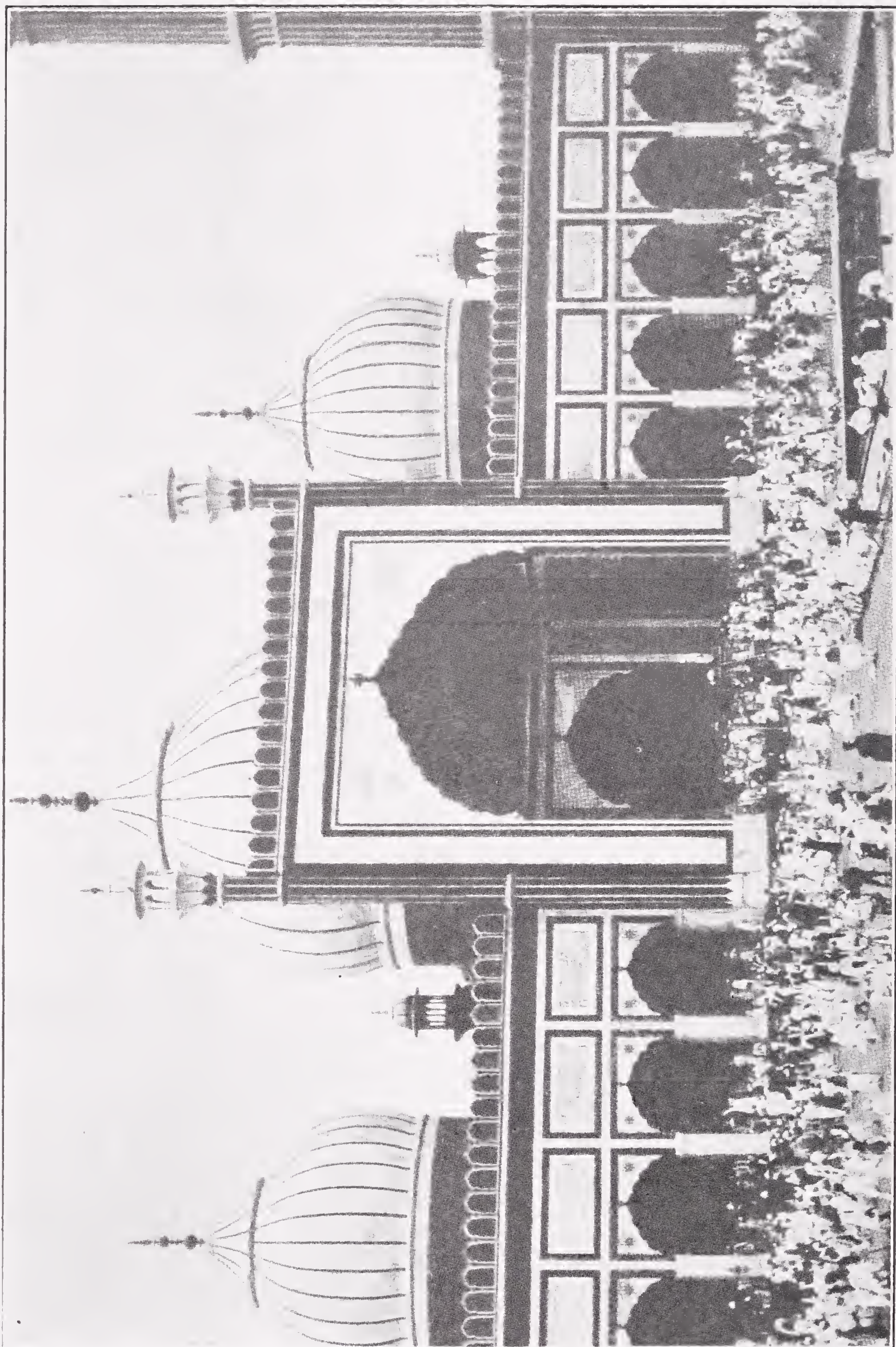
THE GREAT FORT—DELHI. RED SANDSTONE WALLS, 70 FEET HIGH.

While we were there the daily report of deaths published for one day was one hundred and eighty-five, out of this number forty were classed as deaths from "Bubonic Plague." This was considered by the city authorities to be a very small number, and the city was said to be in a healthy condition. It is hard to control contagious diseases in Bombay, as the natives keep such cases hidden from the health board as much as possible. The contagious diseases are mostly confined to the Hindu quarter.

The condition of the East Indian, or Hindu, is a subject which has been discussed by many writers of ability, and it seems presumptuous for a mere tourist, only seventeen days in the country, and all that time on the run, to make any remarks on the subject, yet, when in India this matter is so constantly before us that we think it no assumption to speak of these people as they appear to us.

About eighty-five per cent of the population are of the laboring class, farmers and coolies. While the Englishman in England has no race prejudices and freely mix with all colors of humanity, still they draw the color line in India, and the Hindu from natural timidity or from force, has been taught to stand aside for the white man, and so far as we could observe he does so without question. In railroad stations, in places where many were congregated, and we had frequent occasion to pass through crowded stations, these people made way for us quickly and without a request. Such deference is not the rule among crowds of colored people in the United States.

Almost invariably the Hindu is in thin flesh, his ribs and leg bones show plainly. I do not think this is at all times for want of food, but this condition is so general that we became accustomed to seeing these bony black people almost without clothing. We saw a very few who were half white,

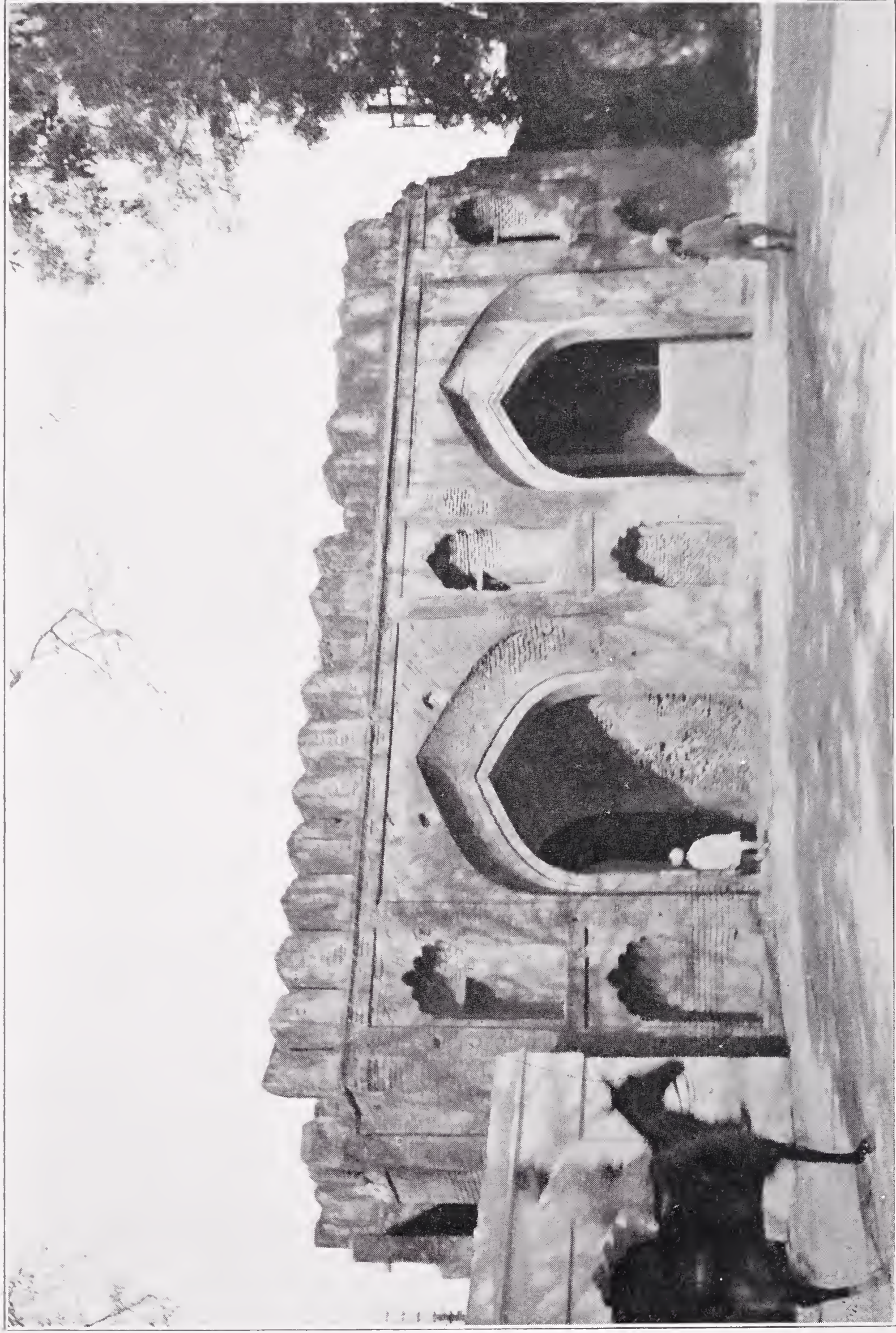


“JUMNA MUSJID” OR GREAT MOSQUE—DELHI.

and in good flesh, and the lack of clothing on such seemed indecent.

We learned from one of the leading educators of India that they have no free schools, such as ours. There are a few high schools that are kept up by philanthropic individuals. Also a few that are kept up by taxation. All the primary and grammar grades are paid schools. There are but few schools of any kind in proportion to the population, *and no schools for girls*. There are forty-three scholarships given annually to those who pass the highest examinations in the schools of the district of Benares, which has a population of 40,000,000. That will give some idea of their limited educational opportunities, so that nine-tenths of these people cannot read or write.

They have good ability, and a very few have been highly educated in England. Some have gone through Oxford and proved themselves excellent scholars. Those who have been fortunate enough to obtain a high degree of education are by it rendered unfit for the ordinary duties of life, as they then consider themselves of the literary class, and will never do manual labor. They will work as clerks in stores, or as teachers in schools at \$8.00 per month, when, with a little training they could get \$60.00 per month as carpenters, engineers or craftsmen. There is very little opportunity for the educated East Indian to get employment satisfactory to themselves, as all the clerkships in the government service are filled with Englishmen. Some of the lower paid offices have been given to the natives, but no position that pays a salary of \$1100.00 per year, or more, is ever filled with a native, so that their opportunity to get employment suited to the better educated is almost none. Very few indeed of the educated



KASHMIR GATE—DELHI.

natives get positions paying more than \$300.00 per year, while the ordinary Englishman gets a place in the government employ at salaries from \$1100.00 to \$4,000 per year.

As a rule these East Indians are frugal and temperate. Their condition is so near starvation that the greatest economy is necessary. Their farming operations and all kinds of work are carried on without labor-saving tools or utensils. They use about the same kind of tools as were used by Father Adam. The plowing is done with a crooked stick, having a small piece of steel about as large as a man's hand for a plow point. When the wheat is harvested, cut with hand sickles, it is laid on the ground and threshed out by oxen treading on it. Their houses are simply mud huts, without windows or floors, and a very poor excuse for a door. Their ox-carts have wheels almost of solid timber, one wheel would weigh as much as twenty of ours.

In gathering up the offal on the streets of Calcutta instead of using a shovel, they have a small piece of iron about eight inches long with which they scrape the refuse into a small box and throw it into the scavengers wagon.

India is not as large as the United States, and their land, which has been tilled for thousands of years, requires fertilizers to raise crops in those portions not irrigated. Still they raise fairly good crops where irrigated or fertilized, but there are over 300,000,000 East Indians and I really believe that not more than half of them ever in their lives had enough *to eat, and thousands die every year of starvation*, yet, some parts of India export rice and wheat, while other parts need it to prevent starvation, and the people are too poor to buy.

A member of the English House of Commons has recently made a trip through this country and written a book, showing their condition as he found it. He says the people are *taxed to the starvation point*. In many cases being taxed fifty to sixty-five per cent of all the crops they raise. It



STATUE OF JOHN NICHOLSON—DELHI.

does not seem possible that such could be the case. If it is true, then we would say, the people should revolt, and continue in revolt, until such taxation was removed. At any rate, their condition is deplorable. We never saw such poverty in any other part of the world as exists in India.

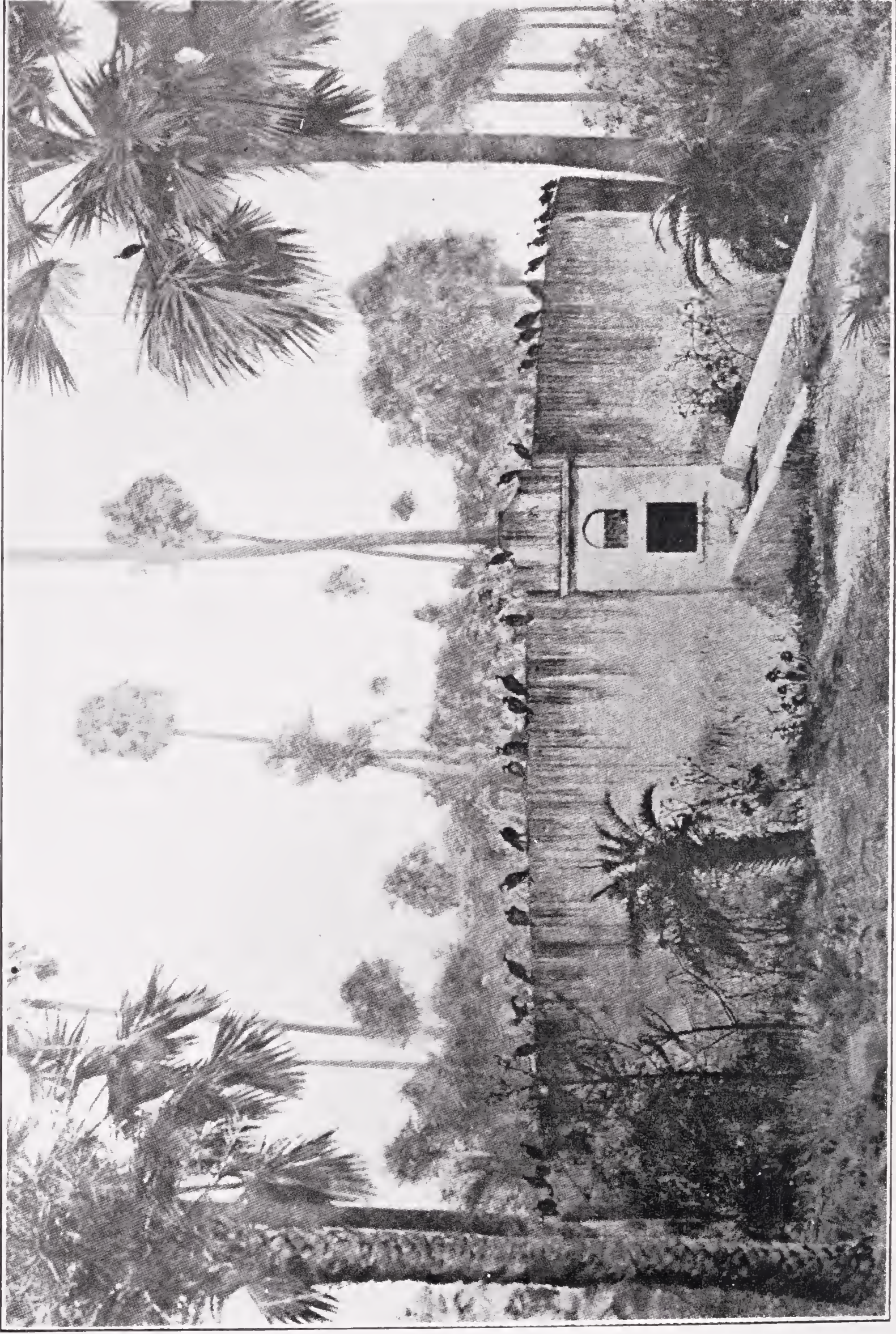
India has 67,000,000 Mohammedans and 250,000,000 Hindus. They are more religiously inclined than any other people of the Far East, at least, such is the impression given to a stranger, as they flock to their temples in great numbers, and assume an attitude of prayer before their idols or gods. The worship of idols is much more in evidence than in Japan or China.

After leaving Bombay we had five days uneventful sailing to Aden, a town of 40,000 on the point of Arabia, where we enter the Red Sea. This place is of very little importance, being a British fortress and one of the desert places of the earth. Not enough rain falls here to supply the scant wants of the inhabitants. Unless a ship needs coal it seldom stops at Aden, and we steamed past without a stop and entered the Red Sea.

It took us four days more to reach Suez, the northern end of the Red Sea. Many tales are told of the intense heat in this sea, and we had been often advised that it would be "hot enough for us" when we passed through the Red Sea. However, we had our usual good luck here, as elsewhere, and found the weather fairly comfortable. One day it was a little too cool for us.

On the morning of the fourth day we landed at Suez, the southern end of the Suez Canal. This is an inferior town, situated on the desert as well as on the canal. Population 17,000, mostly Arabs.

Here we took a train for Cairo, about 120 miles distant. The railroad runs alongside the canal about half of the distance to Cairo, and this part of the country beside the canal



TOWER OF SILENCE—BOMBAY. WHERE THE PARSEES DEPOSIT THEIR DEAD.

is a sandy desert, but when we leave the canal and head off direct toward Cairo we almost immediately enter the "Fertile Delta of the Nile," and such a contrast is not seen elsewhere.

This "Delta of the Nile" is certainly the richest and most fertile land in the world; the land is undoubtedly all silt, washed down the great Nile in the untold past ages; a black soil and deep. The Nile has several mouths or outlets, and thousands of canals lead the water to every part of this fertile Delta. There is not a hill three feet high in all this vast alluvial plain, unless it be where the earth has been dug out to form a canal. Many of these canals are built large enough to carry the water to the land, and also to float boats to carry their produce to market.

The whole country is densely populated by Egyptian Arabs, water buffalo, camels, and donkeys, and is always growing the most luxuriant crops. At present half this country is covered with wheat, which is yellow and ready for the harvest; the other half has the greenest of green alfalfa and other crops. The contrast of yellow and green is beautiful. The fields are mostly cut up in small patches, as each farmer cultivates only a few acres. The small towns are very close together; the houses are black mud huts, usually one story; the roof is flat covered with cornstalks, simply to keep out the sun's rays. As it rains so seldom here it is hardly necessary to build a roof to keep out the rain.

We arrived at Cairo in time for dinner, and were much pleased to get good meals and beds at "Shepherds." We had been at Cairo five years ago, and the sights were not new to us, still in Egypt the American will see enough things different from home life to keep him interested all the time.

The points of interest in Cairo first to be visited are the Pyramids and Sphinx, the Citadel, the Obelisk, and the bazaars, or native stores. The fakirs or scamps who live at the expense of travelers are numerous in Cairo, and they are



OX-CARTS HAULING COTTON—BOMBAY.

persistent. One can hardly reach the sidewalk, coming out of the hotel, before he is beset by dishonest vampires, in the shape of men, who surround him on every side, "want a guide?" "want an old scareb?" "want a morning paper, price two piasters," "no, I'll give you one piaster," "alright, take it"; "want your shoes blacked," and a hundred others, insistent on doing something to get a few piasters, and they follow along side, or in front, as we walk, and continue their urging for blocks, or until we take a carriage, or go into a shop to get rid of them.

At the pyramids we were surrounded by the donkey drivers and the camel drivers, each yelling "take my donkey, only one shilling," "take my camel, only two shillings," and while the native policemen are there they do not interfere unless we call on them for help, which we did at last, and the Arabs were compelled to stand back a little.

We then made a bargain with the owner of the camels that we were to pay two shillings each for two camels, to ride to the Sphinx and back, distance about half a mile; we were annoyed almost all the way by people who wanted "to run to the top of the pyramid in ten minutes for one shilling," or "want to sell old scarebs for one shilling," or "want to take your photograph at the Sphinx for nine dollars a half dozen," reducing by degrees to four dollars, and wanting to sell us government tickets for admission to the Sphinx and Pyramids at a shilling a ticket, when no government ticket is required, unless we go inside the Pyramids or Sphinx Temple, but these rascals insist that a ticket is required and did collect a shilling each from some of the visitors.

After making the trip on the camels, which took but a short time, as we did not wish to climb the Pyramids, or to go inside, we paid the owner of the camels as agreed, two shillings each for the ride, and supposed that covered our obligation; then the two camel drivers demanded a shilling each



COTTON BALES PILED ON VACANT LOTS—BOMBAY.

for leading the camels; this we paid, although unjust; then the owner of the camels who had ridden a donkey along with us, although not requested to do so, demanded three shillings, claiming he had been our guide. Of course, these claims were preposterous, but we paid them rather than have any loud wordy contention with fifty of these fellows. We simply mention this to show the kind of people one will meet at Cairo.

After a stay of only two days (we felt like staying two weeks), we left with regret, took train for Port Said, and embarked. The trip again through the "Delta of the Nile" nearly down to the canal was delightful. A short time before we reach the canal we run into the sandy desert, which continues several miles alongside the canal, to the northern end, where Port Said, the "Wickedest City in the World" (so reported) is situated.

The canal is 240 feet wide at the top and 120 feet at the bottom. Today ships drawing twenty-eight feet of water can go through, but steam dredges are kept at work all the time to keep that depth. There is a small fresh water canal running along side the ship canal, also a railroad and a telegraph line, altogether making a great waterway through this desert for one hundred miles. For a short distance in the central part the canal runs through Bitter Lake and Lake Timsah; both these lakes are small. There is a great amount of shipping going through the canal every year, and it is now paying a dividend on the investment, but the expense of this canal cannot be compared with our project at Panama.

The Suez canal runs through a sandy flat country, no cuts or fills were required to amount to anything, *and no locks*. It carries nearly all the shipping from Europe to the Far East. The majority of the stock is now owned by the English government.

Port Said is strictly a canal town, made by the Suez Canal. It lies very flat and low, only about five feet above



NATIVE QUARTER—BOMBAY.

sea level; a tidal wave of moderate proportions would overflow the city. It has the name of being the wickedest city in the world, but that may not be the case.

Population is 17,000. It is a coaling station for ships; has the offices of the Suez Canal, a boiler factory, large light house, and a statue of De Lessups, the engineer and promotor, who built the canal. As our ship sailed as soon as we embarked we had no opportunity to visit Port Said.

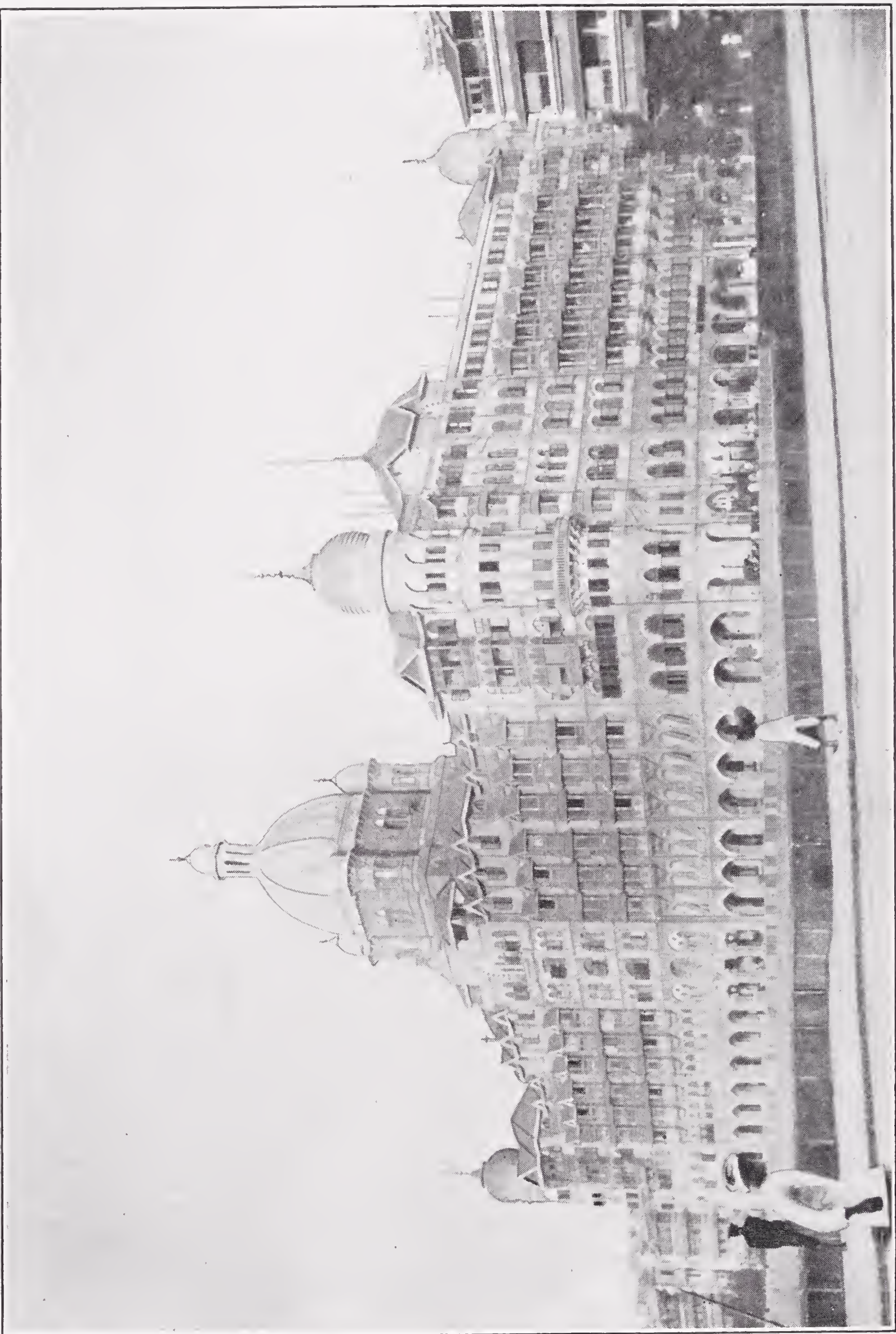
On our way to Naples we halted at the ruined earthquake cities of Reggio and Messina, these cities being on the waters edge, we had an excellent view of both as we sailed close in shore, and quite slow.

It is sad to view these ruins where 200,000 people so recently lost their lives. The ruins have in places been built up again, but for the most part, they remain as the earthquake left them, and both cities today bear the evidence of destruction and desolation.

As we sailed along we saw Mount Aetna, which is now in eruption, and sending out vast quantities of smoke. We were not near enough to see the lava streams.

Also, late in the afternoon we sailed quite close to the old volcano Stromboli, an Island in Sicilian waters. It still has a good strong fire going, and sends out a vast amount of smoke and fire, and much lava. On one side there is a great slide 1,000 feet wide and half a mile long, with a slope very steep, where the lava slides into the sea. This volcano has been active for a long time. About fifty years ago in a great eruption 80,000 people were killed, or all that were on the island, but these Italians cling to their volcanic homes tenaciously, and today there is a good sized town of 2,000 people on one side of Stromboli.

Next morning by daylight we were in the beautiful bay of Naples, claimed to be one of the most beautiful harbors in the world, and here we saw old Vesuvius sending out a lazy



TAJ-MAHAL HOTEL—BOMBAY.

volume of smoke. It looks like the fire was banked, just to keep the thing good and hot, ready for business whenever needed.

That makes three smoking volcanos and the ruins of two earthquake cities we have seen inside of twenty-four hours. It certainly looks like this part of the world may go up in smoke almost any time.

We landed at Naples May 13th for a short run across Europe to take steamer again on May 20th at Cherbourg.

Naples is always beautiful, but our time being short we were off the next day by rail going through Rome, only stopping there for dinner, and early next morning were at Genoa.

Here we had intended to take an automobile over the Italian and French Riviera to Nice, France, a drive of about 160 miles, which is made in eight hours. These Italians thought we were so desirous of making the trip that they asked us one hundred dollars for the automobile service for one day. Accordingly we decided to go by train, and bought our tickets, then they offered to take us by auto for sixty dollars; as we had bought the tickets we concluded to go by rail to Monte Carlo and take an automobile from there to Nice over the *Upper Corniche Road*, which we did, and found it a magnificent drive.

This road is cut into the side of the mountain and rises to an elevation of one thousand feet or more, and curving around the edge of the mountains at so great a height it gave us a fine view of the Riviera between Monte Carlo and Nice. By this road the distance is twenty-six miles, and we made the drive in an hour and twenty minutes.

We stopped at Nice one day. This city is the most famous winter resort of all Europe. It is beautifully situated on the Mediterranean; the winters are so mild that they have a great profusion of palm trees, tropical plants and flowers.



ON THE NILE—AT CAIRO.

Here come every winter people in great numbers from Russia, England, and all northern Europe to escape the cold winters at home, and incidentally to try their luck at the gambling tables of Monte Carlo.

The greater part of Nice is occupied by hotels, with the most beautiful grounds and elevated prices.

The whole country along the Mediterranean coast, from Nice to Marseilles is perfectly delightful to look upon at this season of the year. We bought magazines to while away the time reading on the train, but found it so interesting, viewing the passing landscape, that we could not spare time to read.

The city of Cannes and several others are situated along this coast, and there are more beautiful homes, with extensive and delightful landscape gardens, than we have ever seen elsewhere.

After leaving Marseilles we went straight through to Paris on night train. One day while in Paris we took an automobile out to the palace of Fontainebleau, forty miles over a well graded and paved road. This old palace, built in the twelfth century, rebuilt and improved many times since, is very interesting and imposing.

The marks of every dynasty governing France for the past 800 years are here, among these a great many Napoleon reminders. The cocked hat, which he wore in many battles, and which is painted in many Napoleon battle scenes, is here under a glass screen.

The ball-room which has been the scene of so many state balls is one of the finest in the world. It is about eighty feet wide and twice as long. The ceiling is sixty feet high. The colors are white and gold. The room is in excellent repair at present, and presents a dazzling appearance. The many rooms occupied by Napoleon and his predecessors are all kept in order by the French government and exhibited with pride. There is a small town with a population of about 3,000 ad-



NATIONAL MUSEUM—CAIRO.

jacent to the palace, and surrounding the town is the forest of Fontainebleau, which extends for some miles on all sides, with fine graded roads running through the forest almost as frequent as in a thickly populated city. We drove several miles through this forest, and in almost any part the woods look inviting enough to use as picnic grounds.

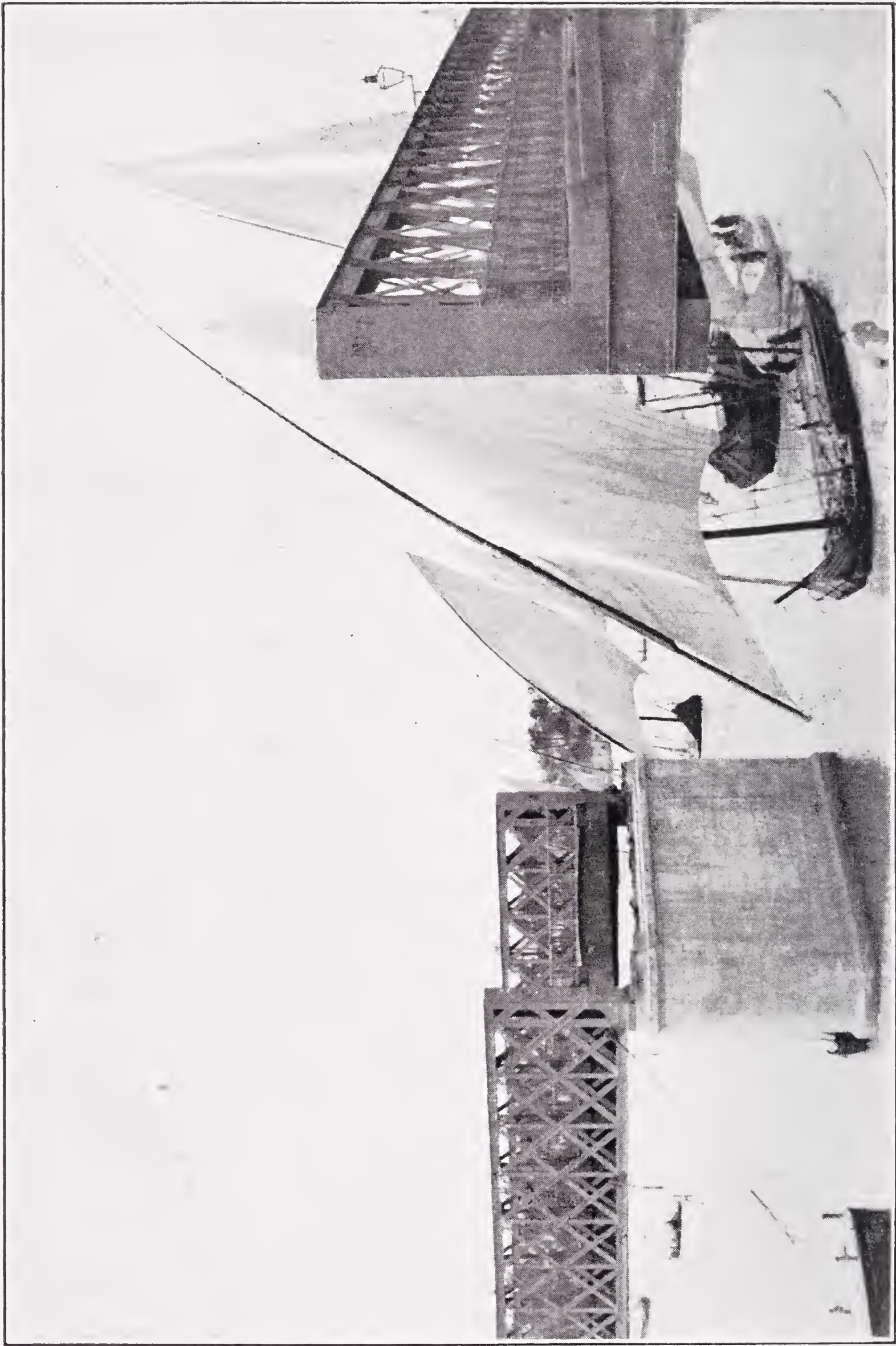
Much rain has fallen during the last month and all verdure is emerald green. These forests have been hundreds of years coming to their present state of perfection. Nearly all country roads in this section are lined on both sides with a double row of shade trees, so that they shade the roadway completely. Many places these avenues are three or four miles long, so straight and level that, looking ahead the end of the road appears to narrow down so that both sides the trees come together.

On May 20, 1910, we went by train to Cherbourg to embark on the *Amerika* for New York. That part of France north of Paris at this season is perfectly beautiful. The overabundance of rain makes the whole country look much more green than usual. A good part of this section is irrigated. At this time all streams and irrigating canals are bank full. Most of the country is given up to grazing and meadow land. While we have seen some beautiful plains in Texas, dotted with cattle, we never saw finer pastoral scenes than in northern France.

There are thousands of acres very nearly level dotted with cattle, and grass the greenest of green with here and there a shade tree, and irrigating canals everywhere. The beauty of this section will remain in our minds for a long time.

The wagon roads through this part of France are perfect, and the villages and towns, of which there are many, are built in the quaint old Normandy style.

This is the place where the ancient wars between England and France took place, being only separated from En-

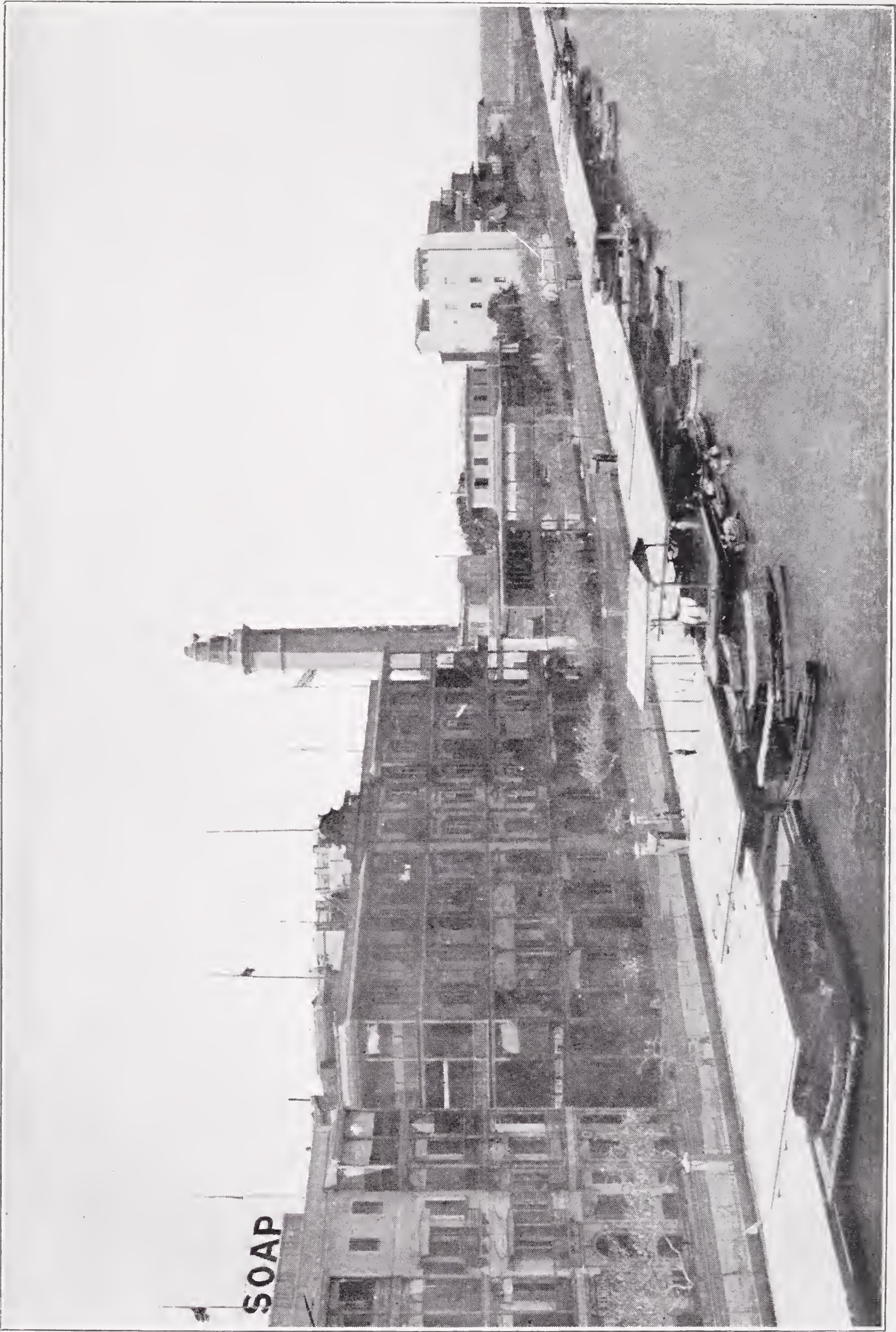


DRAW-BRIDGE ON NILE—CAIRO.

gland by the English Channel. We could not help contrasting these prosperous French farmers with those poverty stricken benighted farmers of India.

Cherbourg is a seaport city, with good docks and an excellent harbor, guarded by a great break-water wall which is built out into the channel two or three miles. This harbor has been the scene of some very important naval battles. The break-water wall is in fact a great fort, with heavy cannon all along, also lighthouses and signal stations, equipped with search lights, fog-horns and fog-bells.

We were made acquainted with this part of the harbor equipment from the fact that a fog was on at the time we were endeavoring to reach our steamer. This part of the channel is much subject to fogs, which are a great annoyance to shipping. A heavy fog settled over the channel shortly after the Amerika left Southampton, which compelled her to run slow, making her several hours late in reaching Cherbourg. Supposing she was waiting for us out in mid-channel as is customary, we boarded a small steam launch at six thirty p. m. and passed out in the fog to find her. We sailed around the location where we thought the Amerika should be for two hours, blowing our fog-horn and ringing our fog-bells, but could get no trace of our ship. The fog was so heavy that we could not see a ship's light if it was many yards ahead. Many of our passengers were very anxious for fear we might be run down by some big ship before we were seen. At last the captain decided that we should return to the dock and get our dinner, as we had nothing to eat since midday lunch. After getting a dinner, which was greatly relished, as we were hungry from our long fast, we heard the fog-horn of the Amerika about three miles away calling for us. The captain of our small boat was unwilling to go out but wanted us to stay until the fog lifted, or until daylight, but he was persuaded to make the effort, and we crept along



PORT SAID—EGYPT.

slowly, guided by the fog-horn and fog-bells of the Amerika, until we finally reached her, about one o'clock in the morning. All is well that ends well, but hunting for a steamer in a fog on the English Channel made some of our passengers nervous, and if we could judge, made the captain of our launch more nervous than anyone else.

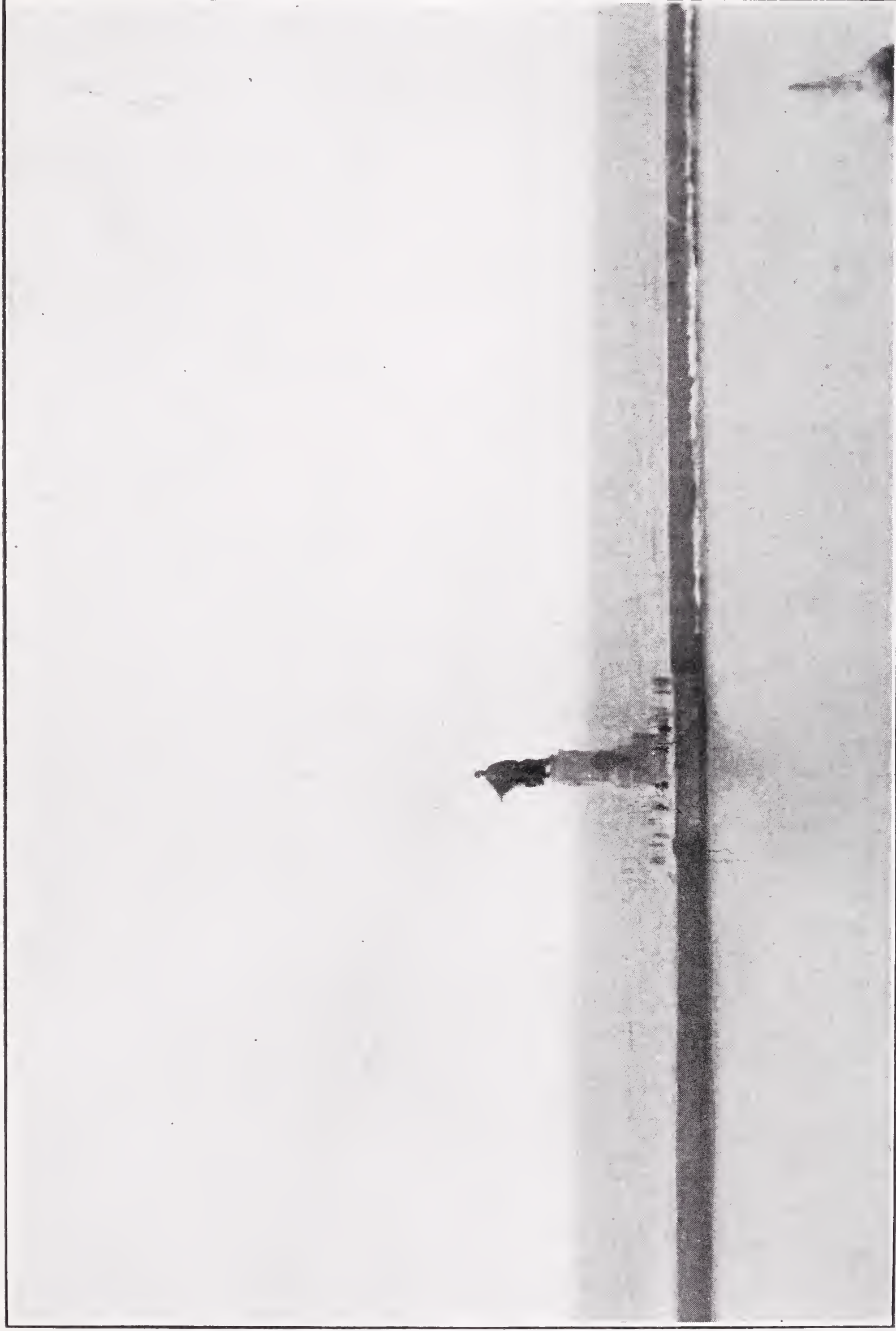
After reading a large lot of letters which were waiting for us in our cabin on the Amerika we tumbled into our beds, about two a. m., and did not wake until long after daylight, when we found that the unpleasant fog had cleared away and we were far out to sea, heading for home land at the rate of four hundred miles per day.

We were greatly pleased with the steamer Amerika; she is a floating palace, not fast, but fitted up more elegantly than any steamship we have seen. Over 700 feet long, eighty feet wide and fifty-five feet deep; gross register over 22,000 tons; capable of carrying 16,000 tons of freight, or 1,600 carloads and 4,000 passengers when full. We were glad she was not full.

On the top deck is a *winter garden* eighty feet long, and nearly as wide, filled with palms and flowers, fountains and singing birds, as fine as one would see in a conservatory. They cut these flowers and have them for sale fresh every day. Also, there is a restaurant on the upper deck in charge of the Ritz-Carlton Hotel Company of London, where meals may be had a la Carte as good as at any hotel, and at prices fully as high. Many people engage passage on this steamer without meals, taking all meals at this summer resort restaurant.

The whole steamer with smoking rooms, ladies' salons, lounge rooms, restaurants, dining-salons, elevators, gymnasiums, etc., reminds one much of a large summer hotel.

Being equipped with wireless telegraph we were continually in communication with Europe and America. The steamer issues a daily paper called "Das Atlantische Tage-



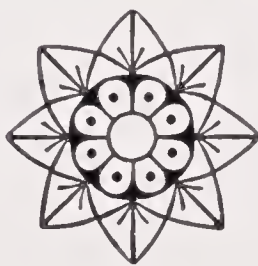
DE LESSEPS STATUE—AT ENTRANCE OF SUEZ CANAL.

blatt,” giving the most important news from both sides of the “Pond” and quotations of the leading stocks and markets.

I am afraid we shall not hereafter be satisfied with the ordinary steamers which are in use in other parts of the world.

After eight days fair sailing on this palatial steamer we came in sight of that grand statue “Liberty Enlightening the World,” in New York harbor; all the surroundings “look good to me.”

Breathes there an American so dead,
Whose soul within him hath not said,
United States, so fair and free,
Is certainly good enough for me.



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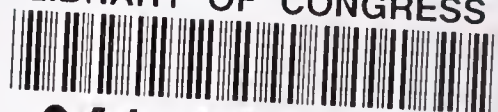


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